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THE ELDORADO OF THE ANCIENTS



Carl Setters.

THE ELDORADO OF THE ANCIENTS

BY
DR. CARL PETERS

AUTHOR OF
"NEW LIGHT ON DARK AFRICA," "KING SOLOMON'S GOLDEN OPHIR,"
"THE GERMAN EAST AFRICAN PROTECTORATE," ETC., ETC.

WITH TWO MAPS AND NINETY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY TENNYSON COLE

and from Photographs

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CARTE DU ROYAUME DE CONGO, DU MONOMOTAPA ET DE LA CAFRERIE;

Dressée sur les Mémoires les plus exacts & les observations les plus Nouvelles.

Tom. VI. 1782. Page 49.



REMARQUE.

Qu'on ne se laisse point séduire par le nom de Congo, qui n'est qu'un nom de ville, & qui ne doit point être confondu avec le nom de Congo, qui est le nom de la rivière. On ne doit point non plus se laisser séduire par le nom de Congo, qui est le nom de la rivière, & qui ne doit point être confondu avec le nom de Congo, qui est le nom de la rivière. On ne doit point non plus se laisser séduire par le nom de Congo, qui est le nom de la rivière, & qui ne doit point être confondu avec le nom de Congo, qui est le nom de la rivière.

INTRODUCTION

IN publishing this detailed account of explorations and researches which have occupied me from 1896 till 1902, I intend to prove that the most ancient nations of history obtained their gold, ivory, and other precious goods from South Africa. My discoveries show particularly that the "Ophir" of the time of Solomon was the country between the Lower Zambesi and the Limpopo River, and tend to establish the fact that the Egyptian "Punt" expeditions in search for the yellow metal, copper, frankincense, and many other things were directed to the same regions.

In order to grasp the evidence I bring forward, the reader must follow me on my expedition from the Lower Zambesi to the Upper Pungwe, through Macombe's country (which, I take it, was the empire of the fabulous Monomotapa of the sixteenth century), and from the Pungwe down south to the Sabi River. All over this district we shall find many ruins of an ancient gold-mining era, and remnants of the Punic Baal-Ashera worship partly in existence up to the present day. I can certainly prove that three to four thousand years ago South Africa was in regular communication with the Erythrean and Mediterranean world; in fact, that it formed part of the great circle of Punic enterprises which reached from the Baltic

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and the Scilly Islands to the Canaries; from Malacca to Bulawayo; from Madagascar to Corsica; and which included at the same time the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic.

In putting forward my theory, I have to say that I stand on the shoulders of a great many explorers and scholars who have materially contributed to the evidence, by which I hope to arrive at a final conclusion. Karl Mauch, Theodore Bent with Mr. Swan, Dr. Eduard Glaser, Professor A. H. Keane, Messrs. Hall and Neal, and many others who are mentioned in the following narrative, have done much to place the South African Ophir theory on a firm basis. .

While introducing this book, I think it also right to explain to a British public why my quest was turned from the field of German colonial enterprise in Central East Africa, which occupied me from 1884 till 1896, to this South African exploration. I have not voluntarily left my old work, nor with a light heart, but was compelled to do so.

In March, 1896, in a three days' discussion in the German Diet, originated by Herr Bebel, the leader of the Social Democratic party, I was accused of cruelties alleged to have been committed against natives in the Kilimanjaro district in 1891-92. Although the leaders of the Conservative parties, among whom were Count Arnim-Muskau, Herr von Kardorff, Baron von Manteuffel, Count Limburg-Stirum, Count Mirbach, took my side most loyally and emphatically, the Radicals with the Roman Catholic Centre carried the day, and the Government of Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst with Baron von Maschall instituted an inquiry, and, in 1897, an accusation against me for "misuse of official power," in

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consequence of which I lost my commission in the German service.

As I find that my English friends have generally a wrong idea of what really happened, I take this opportunity of laying before British readers the facts of the whole case, which have been already set forth in a pamphlet which Dr. Scharlach, of Hamburg, one of the leading German lawyers, has published under the title, *Zur Vertheidigung von Dr. Carl Peters* ("In Defence of Dr. Carl Peters").

In 1891 I was appointed by Kaiser William II. Imperial High Commissioner for the Kilimanjaro district of German East Africa, and duly received full power for preparing the formal annexation of this country, especially power over life and death. At that time a rebellious excitement spread generally over German East Africa. The commander of the "Schutztruppe" (military protecting force), Baron von Zelewski, with several hundred men, was killed by the Wahehe tribe. The communication between Kilimanjaro and the coast was, sometimes for weeks, interrupted by a rebellious chief in the Usambara mountains. In consequence I proclaimed martial law in my district.

Now in September, 1891, there happened several burglaries in my station, thefts of provisions, &c., the perpetrator of which could not then be found out. One night, however, I heard a noise in the mess-room of the officers, went out of my bedroom, and found that the messroom door had been forced open.

I alarmed the station, and told the men that I expected the burglar to give himself up. Should he do so, he would be leniently dealt with, but if not, I

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should have him hanged for endangering the life of whites in a state of martial law.

On the following morning a careful examination was made, and it appeared probable that the man had entered a room next to the mess in which some female servants of the station slept. Whether this was really so has never been ascertained.

After an inquiry, which lasted till the beginning of November, 1891, it turned out that my own head servant, who had tried to lead my suspicion to several others, was himself the criminal. A court-martial of three officers, presided over by me, sentenced him to be hanged, which sentence was carried out the same day. In this execution I in no way trespassed the power of the commission given me by his Majesty the Emperor.

In February, 1892, it was my unpleasant duty to order a second execution. I had in my district sixty-five soldiers in the midst of a hostile population of about 120,000 people. We had as a rule more than sixty chained prisoners in the station with only about thirty men of our military force. Twice a week these hard labour candidates were warned that an attempt on their part to escape would be punished by death. Two nights before I left the Kilimanjaro district to take charge of the newly-appointed Anglo-German frontier commission one of the women escaped from prison. This woman had to undergo six months' hard labour for conspiracy with a rebellious chief. She was subsequently brought back by the native chief, and a court-martial decided that she should undergo capital punishment, in order to keep up the general system of discipline in our station. I personally voted against this decision, but had it carried out,

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as the gentlemen who had to stay behind declared they could otherwise not answer for the security of German supremacy in the Kilimanjaro district.

In March, 1892, Bishop Smitthies of Magila, who, through native channels, had heard of the two executions, brought an accusation against me that I had hanged my "Boy" and my "Concubine" for adultery. In June, 1892, a first inquiry into this matter was instituted by the Governor of German East Africa, which rightly acquitted me of the charge. At the end of 1893 I was attached to the Colonial Department of the Foreign Office in Berlin. In February, 1895, I was offered a candidature for the German Diet, and during the election campaign, in which I was defeated by a Social Democrat, a Radical, and an Antisemite, the accusations of 1892 were repeated against me in the German Reichstag. I asked Prince Hohenlohe, then Imperial Chancellor, for a second inquiry into the matter. This was granted, and again I was acquitted, whereupon the German Government offered me the position as "Landeshauptmann" (Governor) in the Lake Tanganjika district, which I declined.

At the commencement of 1896 I started the movement for the increase of the German Navy. In February Prince Arenberg, one of the leaders of the Roman Catholic Centre in the German Diet, who had been the chairman of the "Colonial Society" in Berlin, was not re-elected. In his place I was by a large majority of votes elected president of the society. The consequence was that in March, 1896, an attack was made upon me in the Diet by the majority of Centre, Radicals, and Social Democrats, which lasted three days, 13th, 14th, and 16th of March. In the course of this attack Bebel told the Reichstag that in

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1892 I had written a letter to Bishop Tucker of Uganda, in which I had admitted having hanged my servant and my concubine for adultery. This, the Government declared, was a new fact which had not been known when I was twice acquitted, and so a new inquiry was ordered. Although Bishop Tucker himself declared that he had never in his life received any letter from me, and certainly not the one referred to by Herr Bebel, and although it was clearly proved that the accusation brought against me by Herr Bebel and others was devoid of any sort of foundation, inasmuch as the two executions which had taken place on the Kilimantjaro had no connection with one another, it was alleged that six years previously I had "misused my official power." I was committed for trial, and condemned by a "Disciplinary Court," and lost my commission.

This, in short, is the "Peters-case," of which, however, the last word has not yet been heard. Meanwhile, in 1901, Herr Bebel declared in the Reichstag that as to the "Tucker letter" he had been "mystified" by somebody whom he believed at the time, and that I had never written this letter. We have, moreover, found out that the chief witness against me before the disciplinary court is also the inventor of the story of the alleged letter to Bishop Tucker. My lawyers are of opinion that I may now have a case of conspiracy against this calumniator, whose gross lie led to the third inquiry against me.

I have founded German East Africa, and if my country has a colony on the eastern side of the Indian Ocean, it is owing to my endeavours and expeditions from 1884 till 1890. I am therefore convinced that my countrymen will let me have ample justice in time,

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and I hold to-day already very many proofs that this is the feeling and desire among gentlemen of German nationality.

Still, in 1896, disgusted with the course things had taken, I returned to London, and threw myself into the solution of that question which is treated in this book. It remains for the reader to decide how far I have been successful.

I gratefully acknowledge that in England I have found encouragement and support in my task from the British South Africa Company, as well as from individuals. The country of Newton, Carlyle, and Darwin cannot but accept the great principle that in scientific exploration and research the difference of nationality does not count. The company which backed my enterprise is an Anglo-German concern, with its seat in London, and my comrades in Africa during the expeditions which have provided the material for this book were partly English gentlemen and partly German. The results which I here narrate are, therefore, equally the property of both nationalities.

Should they meet with the approval and arouse the interest of competent critics in Europe, I hope to continue them at once in South and Central Africa.

CARL PETERS.

LONDON, *August*, 1902.

The Eldorado of the Ancients

CHAPTER I

MY CALL TO OPHIR

IN June, 1895, I was pottering about in the library of a friend at Blumenthal, on the Weser, when I chanced on an historical atlas in seven volumes, entitled *Atlas Historique, ou Nouvelle Introduction à l'Histoire, à la Chronologie, et à la Géographie Ancienne et Moderne*. This atlas was published in the years 1705-1709, and came from the press of L'Honoré and Chatelain of Amsterdam. In addition to an interesting series of maps of the different countries and other illustrations, it contained an accompanying and well-written text, done in the French language. In the sixth volume of this atlas I found a map of Africa which particularly excited my interest. Not only were the Congo River and the Zambesi noted with some accuracy upon it, but it also contained a remarkably complete demarcation of the Portuguese settlements in Central and Southern Africa, above all of the Portuguese gold markets and gold-mines south of the Zambesi. A detailed explanatory text made my find doubly

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interesting. This explanation was written, as is recorded in the preface to the sixth volume, by Monsieur de Geudeville. I fancy that the map must have been made either by the celebrated French geographer De l'Isle himself, or else by one of his pupils. It has many similarities with the recognised De l'Isle map of Africa in sections, as it was known at that day, and resembles it also in its general character, only it is richer in entries. I would call it a completed map by De l'Isle.

This is the most comprehensive and the most exact of the old maps of South Africa that are known to me, and I considered it worth while to republish it in 1895.¹ The text is, to all appearances, founded on the descriptions of Portuguese writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (De Barros, De Coutos, Dos Santos, &c.), and on the reports of the Dominican and Jesuit missionaries, who had developed a lively activity on the Congo River, and, more especially, in the Zambesi districts.

In the course of the researches which were incidental to the publication of this map, I was naturally led to consider the Ophir-problem which has occupied the heads of geographers and historians for more than two thousand years. Not only had the Portuguese conquistadors, whose activity was the *fons et origo* of this geographical work, themselves thought to have discovered in the Zambesi regions the goal of the Solomonic voyages to Ophir; but on the map itself I found the fabulous Mount Fura registered with a certainty which must have induced me to follow the matter through.

¹ Equatorial and South Africa as depicted in 1719: The Congo River and the "Great Forest" 165 years before their discovery by Stanley. Ophir and the Portuguese gold-mines on the Zambesi.

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The name Fura, as the Portuguese authors stated, was a corruption of the word *Afur*, or *Aufur*, by which Arabian traders called the mountain. *Afir*, however, was, as I was taught by the Arabists, the South-Arabian form of the Hebrew word Ophir. Was not here a possible starting-point towards a solution of the Ophir problem? The entry on the map, as well as the description in the letter-press, gave the impression of reality. Here was certainly no question of one of the numerous myths which characterise the history of African geography. By all appearances, everything rested on reliable historical sources.

I therefore began to occupy myself seriously with the Ophir problem from the year 1895, and in the course of my studies the conviction forced itself upon me that the word "Afir" has been preserved to our own day in the name of the continent, Africa.¹ The Romans learnt to know the name Afir from the Carthaginians in North Africa. They formed the adjective *Africus* from it and the names *Terra Africa* and *Africa*. The progression, *Afir*, *Afer*, *Africus*, *Terra Africa*, and *Africa*, as showing the development of our designation for the dark continent, is an altogether natural one, and effectively disposes of two geographical problems ; inasmuch as, on the one side, it offers the long-sought derivation of the word *Africa*, and on the other, it turns the treatment of the Ophir problem towards a settled direction. Is Ophir or Afir the old Semitic name for the continent of Africa in general, so must the Ophir of the Solomonic age be sought for in this continent ; and if, as stated by the Arabians, Fura on the Zambesi was the name that is

¹ Compare Chapter VII.

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still preserved from the Ophir of the Old Testament, it was natural that my glance should be turned in this direction when trying to gather further testimony. Thus far did my studies of the year 1895 carry me, which I set down in my book, *King Solomon's Golden Ophir*.

By this time Mauch's and Bent's discoveries of ancient ruins in Matebele and Mashonaland had given a very solid foundation to all Ophir research. It was these discoveries which gave the impetus which, according to Ritter, the South African Ophir theory had always lacked—namely, a real foundation and one based on ancient records, for the assumption that Hiram and Solomon may have sent their fleets to South Africa. In these ruins we had the proof that old South-Arabian settlements had existed in South Africa, and the repeated occurrence of the names Sabi, Rusapi, &c., pointed plainly to the fact that these settlements were specially related to Sabæan enterprises. One can hardly explain this multiform repetition of a name-sound, to which I shall have to return, in any other way. From this it comes that one of the gates of entry to this ancient region of ruins and mines still bears the name Sofala or Sofara, a name which is to be sought for in the Egyptian prefix "Sa," meaning "land," and Ofara or Ofer, the Semitic word with which we are concerned. It is probable that this name had, at the time of the translation of the Septuagint, already displaced the general use of the old form, Ophir.

To these philological and general historical reasons now came as an essential impulse the added fact that the territory in question was year by year proving itself more a land of gold in the fullest meaning of the

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term. South Africa, from the Zambesi to the Orange River, is a Dorado of the first order ; and here it exactly covers the fundamental characteristic of the Biblical Ophir. The last century has, indeed, left no doubt as to this matter, and, especially, the connection between the ancient ruins and gold-mining has been more than sufficiently established. The territory between the Limpopo and the Zambesi is covered with mining-works, which certainly in part were constructed within recent times, but which, also, are partly and without question the work of a remote antiquity. This Bent and others have demonstrated in exposition of the Zimbabwe remains, and to-day I am in a position to amplify their reasonings in several directions.

We have thus arrived in South-east Africa at the essential premises of the journeys to Ophir : *a Semitic colony with ancient gold-workings, for which the designation A.F.R.¹ can now be established in several places.*

In view of these facts it is easy to understand what an interest the map I had just discovered of this region possessed for me, occupied as I was with the solution of the Ophir problem, and with what enthusiasm I turned to the following information contained in the accompanying letterpress. I print this passage here in the original French, but I will also give the essential paragraphs in an English translation, because they are really the foundation and starting-point of the several expeditions whose occurrences form the matter of this book. Our atlas reports :—

¹ אפר = A.F.R. These three letters are the consonants of the word Ophir, whose root they form. Vowels were, as is well known, not in use at the time the Old Testament was put into writing.

MY CALL TO OPHIR

“ Pour décrire par ordre la situation et la disposition des habitations Portugaises, et donner une idée des Foires ou Marchés d'or, supposons que nous entrons par la Barre de Luabo jusques à l'Habitation de Sena, il y a 60 lieues. Toutes les terres qui sont au bord de la Riviere, appartiennent à la Couronne de Portugal. Les Jesuites ont deux Paroisses à Luabo, et une autre a Gombe qui n'est pas éloignée de Séna. Cette Habitation de Séna, située dans le Royaume d'Inhamoy, a son Eglise Cathédrale, la Miséricorde, le Couvent de St. Dominique, et la résidence de la Compagnie de Jésus fondée dans le même lieu, où l'on dépeçoit et l'on vendoit autrefois la chair humaine. Il peut y avoir 30 Familles Portugaises, et un grand nombre de Chrétiens du Pays de Séna jusques à Tété qui est la seconde Habitation des Portugais. Il y a aussi soixante lieues de Pays dans ce district: les Jesuites en ont une située dans le Pays de la Chemba, et une autre dans le Marangué. Il y peut avoir dans Tété 15 ou 20 Familles Portugaises, une Eglise Paroissale de Religieux Dominicains, une résidence de la Compagnie de Jesus et un bon nombre de Naturels bâties.

“ Nous entrerons ensuite dans le vaste Royaume de Mumhay, Patrimoine du Monopotapa, dont les Pays qui sont les plus avancés dans les terres s'appellent Mocranga; et ceux qui sont près de la Rivière Botonga. En navigeant donc de Tété 30 lieues en remontant la Rivière, on rencontre un rocher qui occupe et traverse toute cette Rivière, et qui empêche le passage des Vaisseaux. On peut néanmoins voyager le long de ce fleuve par un grand chemin royal, par lequel, du temps de Francois Barreto, premier conquérant des mines, dix Portugais allèrent

MY CALL TO OPHIR

pour en découvrir la source, dont ils ne purent rien apprendre.

“ Entre les Foires ou se faisoit la traite d’or, la première qui ne subsiste plus, étoit un lieu appelé, Luanze, éloigné de Tété de 35 lieues du côté du Sud, entre deux petites Rivières qui se joignent en une, laquelle prend le nom de Manzoro et se jette dans le Zambese. Il y avoit dans cette Foire une Eglise de Religieuses de St. Dominique. Elle abondoit en vaches, poules, buerre et ris. Il y a quantité de bonnes fontaines qui arrosent cette contrée et la rendent fort saine, comme sont toutes les Terres de Mocranga.

“ La seconde Foire étoit celle de Bocuto à trieze lieues de Luanze en ligne droite : sa situation étoit entre deux petites Rivières qui se déchargent dans le Manzoro, à demi-lieue de l’habitation. On portoit beaucoup d’or à cette Foire, ou l’on trouvoit aussi quantité de rafraichissements, d’herbages et de fruits, et où il y avoit une Eglise de Religieux Dominicains.

“ A 50 lieues de Tété à 10 lieues de Bocuto et demi-journée de la Rivière de Mansoro est le bourg de Massapa, qui étoit anciennement la principale Foire ; c’est encore aujourd’hui la résidence d’un Capitaine Portugais qu’on nomme le Capitaine des Portes, a cause que de là en avant dans le Pays on trouve les mines d’Or. Les Dominicains y ont une Eglise de Notre Dame du Rosaire. Tous les Portugais dans cet empire ont le privilège de prendre la qualité de Femmes de l’Empereur ; et même ce prince appelle le Capitaine des Portes sa grande femme. Cet officier est honoré de ce titre par les Cafres : jusques à présent il ne s’est trouvé personne qui ait pu expliquer ce que c’est ce Privilège.

MY CALL TO OPHIR

“Après de ce lieu est la grande montagne de Fura très riche en or, et il y en a qui prétendent que ce nom de Fura vient par corruption du mot Ofir. On voit encore aujourd’hui dans cette montagne des enceintes de pierre de taille, de la hauteur d’un homme, enchassées les une dans les autres, avec un artifice admirable, sans y avoir de chaux, et sans être travaillées au pic. C’étoit apparemment dans ces enceintes où demeuroient les Juifs de la Flote de Salomon. Depuis ce temps-là les Maures durant plusieurs siècles, ont été les maîtres de ce commerce. C’est entre cette montagne que passe la Rivière de Dambarari vers le Nord. Ces deux Foires ont été détruites par le Général Gamira, cafre, qui se souleva au mois de Novembre 1693, avec cette différence que les habitants de Longoe, tant Portugais que Canarins, eurent le temps de se sauver et échappèrent ; mais ceux de Dambarari, qui voulurent se montrer plus courageux périrent tous en se défendant. C’est ainsi que toutes ces Foires à l’Or, que les Portugais avaient établies dans la Mocranga durant un si long espace d’années, ont été ruinées tout d’un coup ; pour venger le tort et les injustices qu’ils avoient faites aux empereurs de Monopotapa, qui les avoient toujours reçus et traités comme leur enfants ; ou bien, suivant qu’ils s’en expliquent eux-mêmes, à cause que leurs femmes marquoient un peu trop d’amitiés aux Etrangers.”

“Fifty leagues from Tété, ten leagues from Bocuto, and half a day’s journey from the River Mansoro, is the fort of Massapa, which used to be the principal gold market. It is still to-day the residence of a Portuguese captain, whom they call the Captain of the Gates, because from there onward in the country one

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finds the gold-mines. The Dominicans have there a church of Notre Dame du Rosaire. . . .

“Near this place is the great mountain of Fura, very rich in gold, and there are people who say that this name ‘Fura’ is a corruption of the word Ofir. One sees to-day still in this mountain walls of cyclopean stones, of the height of a man, fixed together with an admirable art, without mortar and without being worked with a pick. It was apparently within these walls that the Jews of the navy of Solomon stayed. Since that time the Moors have, during several centuries, been masters of this (gold) commerce. Past this mountain the river of Dambarari flows to the north. These two markets were destroyed by the General Gamira, a Kaffir, who rose in the month of November, 1693, with this difference, that the inhabitants of Longoe, Portuguese as well as Canarins, had time to save themselves and escaped, but those of Dambarari, who wished to show themselves more courageous, all perished while defending themselves. So was it that all the gold markets which the Portuguese had established in the Mocranga during such a long space of years were destroyed at a blow.”

My readers will find, in the course of this narrative, that this report, which reads so mysteriously, yes, almost as something fabulous, is founded in every particular on geographical facts. It has been my guide to the Fura district. Here I will only remark that the persons mentioned in the report who agreed that Fura was a corruption of the word Ophir, were the Portuguese writers, who had received this interpretation from the Arabian traders of their day. Thus De Coutos says directly :—

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"The richest mines are those of Massapa, where they show the Abyssinian mine from which the Queen of Sheba extracted the greater part of the gold which she bestowed on Solomon's temple. And it is Ophir, for the Kaffirs call it Fur and the Arabs Afur. The veins of gold are so thick that they put forth such a strength as to raise the roots of the trees by two feet."

All reports connect the mines of Fura with the place Massapa. I have arrived at the conclusion that the name Massapa originated from the word Massaba through a slight consonantal transmutation, just as the river Sabi is transformed into the Rusapi in one of its chief tributaries. (Ru or Lu is a Bantu prefix and signifies a river.) We have thus in Massapa also the vocal sound that we laid down in Sabi.

On a further pursuit of the matter I found that all reports agreed as to the wealth of the Fura district. Thus the *Deccada* of Antonio Boccaro (p. 586) relates: "It is remarkable to observe with what a wonderful profusion nature brings forth and produces the metal. It is well known, and we have it from creditable witnesses, that in the Serra da Fura over £40,000 worth of gold was taken from a quarry in quite a short time. In some parts nuggets of virgin gold worth £400 were found on the surface, and several worth £150."

This note in the *Deccada*, together with the one quoted above, made me wonder whether also from the material point of view it might not repay one to revisit this Eldorado of the oft-mentioned Fura.

Where, however, was Mount Fura, as the English called it, or "*la grande montagne de Fura*," as it was named in my old atlas, or "*Serra da Fura*," as the



ENTRANCE TO THE LUPATA.

MY CALL TO OPHIR

Portuguese writers had it, to be found? On Stanford's map of 1896 the problem seemed to be already solved; for there it was entered in Mashonaland as Mount Darwin. But if Mount Darwin was the old Mount Fura of our map, either there must be a great deal of gold in its vicinity, or I must conclude that the old reports were entirely contradictory, and that the whole thing, therefore, was a myth. On Stanford's map of the year 1899 the identification of Mount Fura as Mount Darwin had been dropped again, but, in place of that, Old Fort Fura with Dambarari were pushed a good piece forward towards the north-west. Bent, as well as Theal, let themselves be guided by the river de Manzoro, or Manzovo, which, without more ado, they identify with the Mazoë River of to-day. This seemed at first very plausible, and for a long time I adopted this hypothesis, but in spite of the enticing conformity of sound this interpretation is a false one, as any reader who has carefully compared the old chart with the modern map of Zambesia will at once discover. We have one point on both which we can locate exactly, and that is the Lupata Gorge. This gorge was well known to the old Portuguese travellers who journeyed to Tete. They erroneously connected the mountain range, through which the Zambesi there breaks its way, with the slopes of Mashonaland and Manicaland. This was because they kept to the Zambesi River, and this impression is left when one sails up the river. The entry of the Lupata range towards the north and south is even on our map strikingly similar in appearance, judged from the point of view of the river voyager.

But even if these old geographers were not quite

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clear in their minds regarding the continuation to the north and south, still they must have known whether a special place was situated this side or that, east or west of the Lupata Gorge which they had passed.

Now Fura is written down very distinctly to the east of this river gorge, but the Mazoë flows away in the west. Mount Fura of the old chart lies nearer to Sena than to Tete. We have a second entry on the old map which supports this first indication of the Fura entry in a most complete and extraordinary manner. This is Lake Rufumbo, which is placed opposite to Fura on the north bank of the Zambesi. I also found this Lake Rufumbo on the latest maps of this territory. It lies exactly, where it was known to the ancients, on the left bank of the river, before the entrance gate to the Lupata Gorge. Naturally, it was not difficult for me to get well acquainted with the general surroundings even from Europe.

Where Mount Fura was entered on the map of 1705, on the modern chart I found Inja-ka-Fura. Inja, as I knew, was a purely local prefix common to all place-names in this district. "Ka" means great: Inja-ka-Fura is accordingly "place of great Fura." The old account further states that Mount Fura is situated on the river Dambarari. But this clue cannot be applied to the Mazoë. I found the district Tambara on our latest map next to Inja-ka-Fura in the east, and I knew that the change of "D" into "T" was of no consequence, and that the suffix "ri" or "le" is an adjective form. The river Dambarari was probably the Muïra, which flows into the Zambesi about a kilometer west of the Portuguese fort Tambara.

If my readers will carefully examine this old chart

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for themselves, they will find that the information given exceeds considerably the entry of Mount Fura.

First, it is noticeable that the lands of Monomotapa are located much further eastwards than most authorities assume them to be situated. No doubt that which is entered on the old maps as the Lupata range, running straight through South Africa, is merely the slope of the great tableland which runs to the south from Mashonaland by way of the Transvaal and Orange States. Monomotapa's territory is located to the east of this zone. In reality it is identical with Macombe's land of to-day. The real site of Monomotapa, which modern explorers look for in the Zimbabwe of Bent, is placed on our map north-east of Manicaland. This map has, as we have seen, been refuted by Portuguese sources of information, our sole guides to Monomotapa; it is therefore a highly important historical document for the location of this territory, confirmed most thoroughly by all other accounts, as we shall see presently.

East of the border of the tableland are the mines of Quiticui and those of Burro; in the latter name I seemed at once to recognise the Barué or Barge of to-day, and with it the present Macombe-land. To the south-west the author of our map already knows the highlands of Manica with its gold-mines. I asked myself whether it should be supposed that the entries on the map of Fura, Burro, and Quiticui, were less solidly founded on ascertained fact than those of Manicaland. That the latter were correct in all essential points we already knew in 1896. Would it not repay one to try and discover the whereabouts of the other gold districts mentioned on this remarkable map?

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I therefore began by trying to ascertain, from the old report in our map, where, in the light of our new critical discovery, this region, and especially Mount Fura, should be looked for. I would make it my starting-point, resolving in advance, however, to extend my researches over the whole of this remarkable region, or at least over Manicaland. Nor would I omit the gold-mines of our map, which are on the further side of the Lupata border, and must therefore be sought for in the present Mashonaland.

To these critical decisions was now added the very weighty factor that Inja-ka-Fura, even to this day, belongs to the territory of Macombe, the chief of the Makalanga, and therefore, exactly to the strip of land where the Portuguese conquistadors sought for and ultimately found the gold mountain Fura.

How, then, could I have been in doubt as to the starting-point of my voyage of discovery? Up the Zambesi I must travel as far as the eastern entry into the Lupata gate, and from there I must look around.

The further course of this enterprise was settled in advance. It was necessary to traverse the actual kingdom of Monomotapa, or, as I already knew in 1897, Macombeland. Then the eastern declivity of the South African tableland would have to be explored, and, in any case, Manicaland was necessary as a base for the practical work of prospecting. For here discovery had gone a good deal further than generalisations. Here, more practically, it could confine itself to the opening up of single gold-fields.

Thus there formed in my mind, during the years 1897-1898, the complete plan of a new South African voyage of discovery. My next step was to found with several friends a "Dr. Carl Peters' Estates and

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Exploration Company," in order to procure the necessary financial foundation for the enterprise. True, we all knew that such an undertaking took some time to get on its feet, was rather a long-winded affair, and that one could not expect any practical results between to-day and to-morrow. I myself was convinced that something more than an expedition was wanted for me if my programme was to be carried out in its entirety. The scheme was a daring one, but it was not the first time that I had attacked a similar enterprise.

By the end of 1898 the preparations in Europe were completed, and on January 21, 1899, I travelled from London to Southampton to embark for South Africa on the s.s. *Hawarden Castle*. On February 9th I was in Cape Town. Thence I travelled *viâ* Johannesburg, Bulawayo, and Salisbury, where I had to conclude some important business arrangements with the British South Africa Company, to Beira, where I arrived on March 15th. Here I gathered together the gentlemen I had already engaged for my expedition, and with whom I arrived on March 28th at Chinde, the new harbour at the mouth of the Zambesi.

My mind was excited to the utmost by the interesting task that lay before me. Let us try to solve the old riddle of Ophir over which scholarship has brooded for thousands of years! Let us see if we can succeed in acquiring for ourselves some of its half-legendary treasures! Let us follow the old traces of the Portuguese conquistadores of the sixteenth century! As with Baretto, so also with us the solution lies upstream on the Zambesi.

CHAPTER II

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

WE were to begin our attack on this old land of ruins starting from the mouth of the Zambesi, which, apparently, was even in the remotest times a high-road into the interior. I will endeavour to show later on that the Rhapta of the *Periplus Maris Erythraei*, a description of the East African coast dating from the first century A.D., was most probably our Quilimane on the most northern estuary of the Zambesi. Thus far, therefore, there existed two thousand years ago a regular trading intercourse from the Mediterranean basin, that without question, derived its chief support from the products of Zambesia.

To-day Quilimane has lost this importance, because the northern estuary of the Zambesi is choked with sand. Chinde, at the mouth of the navigable Chinde River, has taken its place. From here several river steamboat companies carry on the traffic to the Nyassa region on the one hand, up the Zambesi on the other. Eight or nine months of the year the river is open to steamers. In the dry season, from the middle of September till towards the end of December, the traffic above the Shire estuary has to be conducted by means of sailing and rowing boats.

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This is a great hindrance to traffic, but in judging it one often forgets that the rivers of the continent of Europe are every year closed by ice for almost as long.

I arrived, then, in Chinde at the end of March, 1899, my intention being to lead straight up thence to the eastern entry to the Lupata Gorge. We were, all told, a party of six, of whom I will only mention Mr. Puzey, Herr Gramann, and Herr von Napski. Thanks to the kind assistance of Mr. Eddelbüttel, of the International Flotilla and Transport Company, our preparations were finished in a few days, and we were ready to proceed up-river on board the *King*, on April 3rd. It was Easter Monday of the year 1899. My satisfaction will be understood if it is considered that we had to pack and load about fourteen tons of luggage, a weight that was caused chiefly by the instruments and machines belonging to the geological equipment.

The whole European colony at Chinde bade us farewell on the beach, as the *King*, in a wide circle, steamed from port into the Chinde River, and with three cheers and much waving of hats we were sent on our expedition. We answered the friendly salutations, and soon Chinde disappeared behind a corner of the green-bordered river. Both its banks are covered with mangrove bush; clear as a mirror its water floats beneath us in the rays of the setting sun, only the stern-wheel at the back throws up the glittering foam. Before us the sky is slowly painted in all the inexpressible colours and shades and tones of a tropical sunset, from brilliant gold and flaming red to dark violet, while fantastic groups and fragments of clouds throw fairylike pictures upon the

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glowing background ; caves and valleys are opening, rocks and mountains rise, and strange castles with towers and windows charm the eye. In manifold windings the Chinde River runs. We were standing in the fore of the ship and looking to the mysterious world in front of us, wondering what fate may bring to all of us. Slowly the sun sinks, and night falls over the world ; in the bush hundreds of glow-worms are flaming, and above us the star-spangled sky appears ; proud Orion, the Southern Cross, Castor



THE CHINDE SHORE.

and Pollux, with red-glowing Mars above, Alpha and Beta in the south, and a little later Jupiter in the east, and the Great Bear in the north are rising.

Then our amiable captain, Mr. James Moore, comes and informs us that dinner is ready ; in a well-appointed open saloon it is served on two tables. Besides the gentlemen of my expedition, an English prospector, who is going to North Charterland, and three Portuguese share it. About nine o'clock, while we are still at dinner, the *King* anchors for the night,

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and we spend another hour over a cigar, and then go to sleep in our cabins.

The steam navigation on the Zambesi as far as Tete is open eight to nine months in the year, from the end of December until the middle of September. During the other three months and a half there is no navigable watercourse, so that it is only open up to the Shire and Nyassa. Were the river properly regulated, certainly the whole lower course would be navigable all the year round up to Tete, as there is plenty of water in the river at all seasons. Such regulations I am sure will not be effected before more real interests are developed along the banks of the stream ; till this is done, navigation, owing to so many shallows, will be possible by daylight only.

We anchor regularly every evening till the dawn allows us to proceed, but although the navigation is thus practically limited to about twelve hours, and two heavy lighters are fixed on the right and left of the steamer on which the natives and the cargo are placed, we still do daily about sixty miles. The steamers are scarcely inferior in comfort to any modern ocean vessel, and beat any pleasure-steamer on the Rhine. During the day sometimes flies are troublesome, and in the evenings mosquitoes and beetles ; but the mosquito nets in the cabins are good, and the cool south-east winds drive the unwelcome guests from the quarter-deck, where I preferred to sleep after the first night.

On the morning of April 4th we ascend the river in a cheerful mood. Towards eight o'clock we leave the Chinde River and steam into the Zambesi proper, which here has a width of about two miles. The Chinde River, as is well known, is rather a new mouth



ANIMAL LIFE ON THE ZAMBESI.

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in the rich delta of this gigantic stream. At the spot where it leaves the Zambesi, at the corner of a mangrove island, we are delighted by the gay play of several hippopotami.

Hence we steam up the Zambesi in a north-westerly direction ; the landscape on both banks of the river is a genuine alluvial lowland, through which the mighty stream, with frequent islands and channels, winds its way slowly towards the ocean. The width varies from one to three miles ; the banks are covered with acacias, cotton trees, and groups of single palms. Among these the settlements of the natives are scattered, on which rice, ground nuts, maize and barley are planted, which now, after the rainy season, are looking fresh and green. On the banks and on the islands flamingoes, ducks, geese, and pigeons are seen ; in the water here and there clumsy hippopotami rise, or white-grey fish jump. From time to time trunks of trees or entire islands of grass float past us. " They come from the Shire and Nyassa," says the captain.

So we go on all day long, and when tired of looking at the strange landscape we take a book to read, or a pen to jot down some notes in the diary, or to write a letter.

After the sun had set, and while the red after-glow is dying, about a quarter past six, we anchor near an island called Mquira, 75 miles above the outlet of the Chinde River. Our boys jump ashore, and soon the camp fires are glowing around us, on which they cook their food for the evening, and for the following day.

At ten o'clock the boat is gathered in the silence of night. The character of the river next day remains

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unchanged; everywhere extensive marshy plains. Towards afternoon the southern banks rise a little higher and more compact, and about two o'clock we anchor near the Portuguese Custom House Station, Lacedonia, in order to arrange our Custom House business. It was here that Livingstone had to bury his wife, the daughter of Dr. Moffat. I then marched with Captain Silver and Mr. Puzey inland in order to try our rifles, and had a walk with Mr. Puzey, who knows the country and the people, to a native village in the neighbourhood, where we enjoyed a cup of "nigger beer." Strange is the way the natives salute you; the men make three regular bows, at the same time scraping the ground with their right and left feet alternately; the girls cross their hands over their bosoms, and make a deep curtsy after the manner of Louis XIV. This they have learnt from the Portuguese, who have been ruling here about four centuries. At five o'clock we steam on and anchor near a big village on the southern bank called Luare de Ramao, which was formerly the chief market-place for slave girls on the river.

On Thursday the landscape in the north undergoes a change; more and more distinctly the Shire Mountains rise on the horizon, in particular the imposing Marrombale, which is four thousand feet high. In the south alluvial deposits predominate. The Shire Mountains are the southern continuation of the eastern margin of the so-called "Great East African Ditch," which starts from the Dead Sea, through the Red Sea, passes along Abyssinia, and through the whole African Continent. I had crossed it in former years on Lake Baringo and in Ugogo. The bottom of the "ditch" is here seven miles wide, and the Shire runs

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

through it. The western margin of the "Ditch" is formed by the Mgowé Mountains, with its southern continuation of the Lupatas.

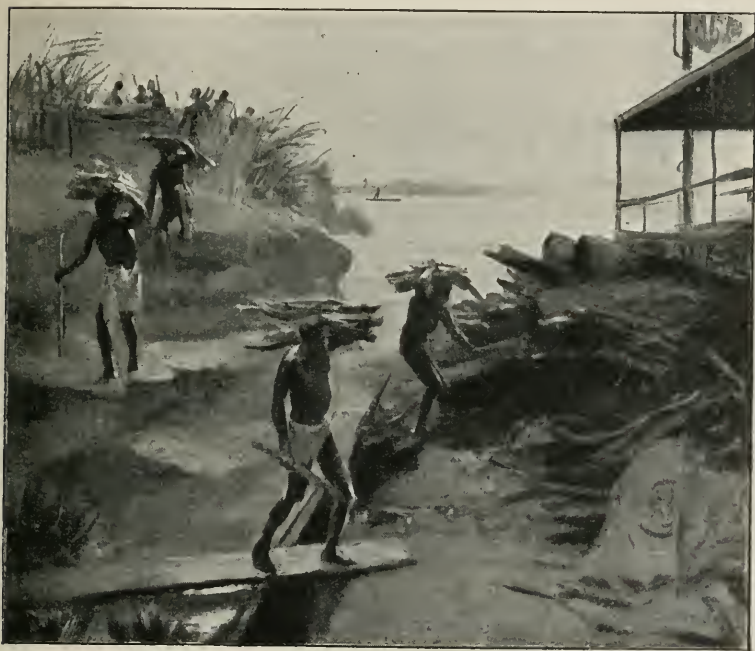
Geologically speaking, I believe that the whole territory of the Lower Zambesi, east of the Lupata Gorge, was formerly a large sea, which has been filled up in thousands of years by the Zambesi and the Shire with alluvial deposits. This depression is bordered on the south by the hilly country of Gorongosa, and on the north-west by the plateaux of Chiramba and Tambara, the river-beds of the Pompué and the Muira, which slope down to the Zambesi bed in terraces. We anchored on Thursday evening near the station of the Mozambique Company, Morassa, on the southern bank, and took fuel for our steamer. This gave me another chance for a long walk in the neighbourhood, which is well cultivated.

In order to reach Morassa we had to pass through the Lower Shire, and a new branch of the Zambesi which had broken into the Shire from the west. This continuous new formation of river branches proves, more than anything else, how young all these alluvial deposits really are. The district is, geologically speaking, just rising from the mud of the river. Above Morassa, threatening crowds of millions of locusts were hanging, which during my walk were just beginning to settle like a brown carpet over the country, to devour and destroy in a short time grass, leaves, and the whole rich harvest.

Up to Thursday periodical rainfalls had accompanied us. Friday morning I felt that we were leaving this rainy zone. In brilliant weather a journey of eight hours brought us on to Mutarare, a station of the Companhia da Zambesia, where I had

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to arrange some business. Mutarare has a lovely situation at the foot of the Mgowé Mountains, opposite Sena; it stands on sandstone like a peninsula between the Zambesi and an outlet from this river into the Shire called the Zuë-Zuë. The Zambesi, very characteristic of this whole river system, sends here a tributary into one of its own tributaries.



TAKING WOOD ON BOARD FOR FUEL.

Herr Müller, the chief of the station, received me very kindly, and our business was soon settled satisfactorily, so that we were able to leave at four o'clock, crossing the river to anchor near Sena.

Sena is about two miles from the present Zambesi. Four centuries ago, when it was first seen by

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Europeans, it was touched directly by the river, so that here also there is an absolute change of the river-bed. To-day only one branch of the river, the St. Paul, which has water in the rainy season, reaches to within half a mile of the town.

As it was five o'clock when we anchored, I delayed my visit to the Governor till next morning, but asked Mr. Puzey to row at once in company with the captain to Sena, in order to make an appointment for this official visit. The two gentlemen returned late at night with a very friendly invitation from the Governor to lunch with him at eleven o'clock next morning, for Captain Silver, Mr. Puzey, and myself. We started at half-past seven for Sena in order to have a good look at the interesting old place and its surroundings. Sena is situated at the foot of a volcanic hill; the fort is about 180 years old, and entirely in the style of old buildings of the last century along the East African Coast. In the town is one business street, with an alley of acacias in its centre. In Sena, as always on the Zambesi, the Banjans and Indians predominate. Near the nigger village lies the handsome Government building, painted white with a large veranda, underneath the hill.

The Commandant of Sena, Senhor Pinto Basto, received us with the greatest cordiality, and our business was soon happily arranged, for I have always received from the Portuguese officials, in Macequece as in Chinde and in Sena, courteous treatment. Soon the high officials of the place appeared, among them Dr. Barral, and sat down to an excellent dinner with us in the cool dining-hall of Government House. In pleasant conversation, mostly in French, three agreeable hours were spent, followed by a visit

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to the Doctor, and towards four o'clock all the Portuguese accompanied us back on board the *King*, where we took our leave after a farewell pledged in German beer.

Early on Sunday morning, April 9th, we steamed further up-stream, with the Mgowe Mountains on our right. This stretch of the river reminded me a little of the Danube between Passau and Linz, although it is less picturesque. On our left front the banks were rising to a higher level, the Plateau of Chiramba, through which the Pompuë River makes its way. This we reached next morning; that night we spent near the plantation of Santa Tao, where formerly stood the Portuguese fort. I had just time for an hour's walk before night fell, during which I paid a visit to an Indian. Herr von Napolski measured, at my request, the altitude above sea level, and found that we were 210 feet above the sea.

On Monday, April 10th, we again started with the dawn. In the morning now regularly a dense fog lay over the river, which several times delayed our departure for half an hour or more. Soon we steamed along the plateau of Chiramba, which in long terraces slopes down to the water. It consists of granite with a rough sandstone on top of it, and is covered with green forest. In front of us, more and more distinctly, the peaks and table-mountains of the Lupata are rising, through which the Zambesi River in a narrow gorge has to break its way. At one o'clock we passed by the mouth of the Pompuë river, and at two o'clock made a short stop at the station of the Mozambique Company, Chiramba, to take in fuel. I always made use of these stoppages for shorter or longer walks.

Then we steamed further on in the brilliantly sunny

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but comparatively cool afternoon, for Mquasi, where we intended to sleep that night. The Lupata Mountains rose more and more distinctly against the evening sky, and on the southern bank of the river, with a few dome-shaped mountains, the plateau of Tambara came into sight, the northern continuation of the plateau of Chiramba, which we had passed in the morning.

Like a dream the wide stream spreads before us, calm, and bright, and full of soul, it looks up at the blue sky. A wreath of green islands frames it; on the banks we see here and there the stately form of a palm tree. In the water, whole schools of hippopotami are sporting, two of which I shot.

Above, the evening sky burns over Lupata in a beauty which I have never seen surpassed. May I take this flaming sign as a good omen for the work that is before me? Alas! the times of omens and signs are past for me; I have grown accustomed to reckon only with the brutal realities of cause and effect; when the scattered stars in the tropical sky look down on the slumbering world, melancholy reflections about once and to-day possess my soul.

On April 11th, our steam-boating came to an end. We stopped at Tambara, where I paid a short visit to the Portuguese Commandant, and then, after a further journey of an hour, I landed my expedition near the eastern entrance to the Lupata Gorge, prepared to commence my march into the interior.

Mitonda is a station laid down in 1896 by Mr. Puzey as a factory for the trade with Macombe. Macombe's territory extends to about one and a half miles south-west of Mitonda. At this time the Maka-

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langa did not recognise the sovereignty of the Portuguese—indeed, they were in a state of rebellion. This naturally made my enterprise enormously difficult, for the exploration of Macombe's country was its first object. As the Mozambique Company could offer me no protection in these regions, and as I myself had neither the right nor the might to use warlike measures against this powerful chief, there was but one way out of my difficulty, and that was to make friends with him, so that I could go about my work



INJA-KORO, FORT TAMBARA.

in security. My experiences in Central Africa, especially in 1890 in Uganda, where I was similarly thrown back on diplomacy in my intercourse with a negro king, now stood me in good stead.

In such a situation it is customary to send an embassy to the particular chief, asking his permission to enter his territory. I dismissed this method, as, in any circumstances, it would have entailed a great loss of time, and it also entailed the possibility of an absolute refusal. Engaging as quickly as I could fifty-six bearers, and accompanied by Mr. Puzey and

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

Herr Gramann, I crossed the frontier of Macombe's kingdom on the afternoon of April 14th in order to begin my entry into the district of Inja-ka-Fura. As I have explained I had a scientific basis for the supposition that in this district I had before me the gold-regions so often mentioned by Portuguese writers.

On April 15th, the rising sun found us on the march to the Muira, which we reached in three-quarters of an hour. The river-bed was dry, or rather the water flowed underground, rising everywhere to the surface where the watercourse was shaded. We stepped along in the dry river-bed, the banks of which are framed in dark green foliage. Here and there guinea-fowls arose, or a baboon took to his heels on our approach. Soon I was with Mr. Puzey in advance of the column. We followed a fresh native track of the same morning, which, however, was presently lost on the eastern bank. No man was to be seen.

From ten o'clock onwards the western range of heights kept rising before us in outlines that grew ever sharper and more grotesque. Black blocks of slate in the river-bed already let us into the secret of its formation. Towards eleven o'clock we approached the spot where the Muira leaves the mountains. Like sentries two rugged, flat-topped hills keep watch to right and left of its place of exit.

For years I had had certain fantastic ideas about the appearance of Fura. This time, for once, the reality surpassed all my fancies. Anything more picturesque, and, at the same time, more mysterious, even the fancy of a Rider Haggard could not have depicted, than the entrance into this ancient and fabulous Eldorado. Like two rock castles the masses



MITONDA.

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of slate stood on the left and right of the Muira River, overgrown on the top by a dense growth of green. Below the waters of the river rippled, reflecting the dark-blue sky of the tropical world. Before us a river valley opened, into which on both sides the dark rock walls descended, at first like waves of hills, then steep and wide; and above this charming landscape lay the sinister silence of death—Sabbath stillness as it prevails in the tropics at midday! Thus did I find the eastern entry to Fura, on Saturday noon, April 15, 1899.

I pitched camp at midday under the hill on the eastern bank of the Muira. Mr. Puzey and I, while looking out on this gateway, were spontaneously carried back to the "Captain of the Gates" of our old report. To our great regret Herr Gramann had contracted a severe attack of fever on the march, so that I had to prescribe regular doses of ipecacuanha.

After lunch I went up the river with Mr. Puzey and two Somalis, wading through a valley knee-deep in water. Already this first afternoon we could see much quartz sand in the river-bed, so that we could safely conclude that there must be quartz reefs higher up. But to-day we cared little for this; our first thought was to steep ourselves in the fantastic landscape, at the same time keeping a good look-out for any traces of ancient ruins. Many of the peaks on both sides of the river resembled the ruins of old castles, with their framework of fallen rocks and their curious incisions, which from below seemed almost like artificial approaches. A closer examination, however, always resulted in our finding that these wonderful formations were natural. About half an hour's journey above our camp the Muira took a curve, by which, on its left



ENTRANCE THROUGH THE MUIRA STRAITS.

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bank, large sand alluvial had been deposited. Behind this alluvial the valley narrowed, and on both sides, about 1,200 feet high, two table-mountains rose like mighty fortifications. Next morning I ascertained that they form the southern limit of this slate-enclosure, where the river enters the mountain towards the north. Without doubt they are the most characteristic and noblest part of this whole formation.

I named the mountain on the right or eastern side of the river after the chairman of the Dr. Carl Peters Company, Sir Thomas Thornhill, Mount Thornhill ; that on the left, Mount Peters. There must have been a time when they formed one massive mountain, through which the Muira River has broken its way. West of this gorge stretches the wide valley of Inja-ka-Fura. This was originally a mountain lake, traces of which we found. The sun was low when we perforce broke off this examination of the river. Deep and black were the shadows of the mountains that fell across the valley. The voices of the feathered world became loud ; above all one could hear the trumpet-like notes of the francolin. With heightened, yes, almost festive, spirit, I stepped out on the way back to camp, conscious of moving across soil that for more than two centuries had lain untrodden by the foot of any European.

Next morning I transferred the camp to the sand-bank in the centre of the river valley, which we had discovered the day before ; and on the afternoon of April 16th, I went with Mr. Puzey as far as the southern end of the Muira Valley, which in this spot between walls of rock that fell straight and sheer, becomes a veritable gorge. On this side the slate grows more

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and more red, owing to the large quantity of iron that it contains. This afternoon I could see for myself how exact our old report is, where it says, "C'est dans cette montagne que la rivière Dambarari passe vers le Nord." The river flows *through* the mountain, in the true sense of the word ; and there, where it has forced its way between Mount Thornhill and Mount Peters, its direction is straight to the north. In the middle and lower valley it turns towards the north-east. Behind the actual gorge and towards the south, Mount Thornhill turns in a wide bend to the east, while Mount Peters turns to the west. Thus they form a wide bay, enclosed by a steep mountain-range. Towards the south-west, the eastern margin nears the southern continuation of Mount Peters, and elevates itself in the Msusi Mountain once more into a steep and mighty slate (schist) rock, which locks the valley in the south. At the foot of this Msusi Mountain lies the great Kraal of Inja-ka-Fura, where the second Induna of Macombe, Kambarote, resides, the governor of the whole district of Inja-ka-Fura, which extends from here some eight miles towards the west, north, and south. Daü-Wanga, of Mafunda, and Kambarote, of Inja-ka-Fura, keep watch on the northern border against the Portuguese forts of the Zambesi, and they can dispose of some 1,200 rifles.

As a matter of course the natives had observed us from the first moment of our entry, and none of our movements had escaped them. Already on Saturday several of them came to our tents, and I told them to bring fowls and food for sale. On Sunday afternoon others arrived, who told us they came from Inja-Sapa.

"Where is Inja-Sapa?" I asked.

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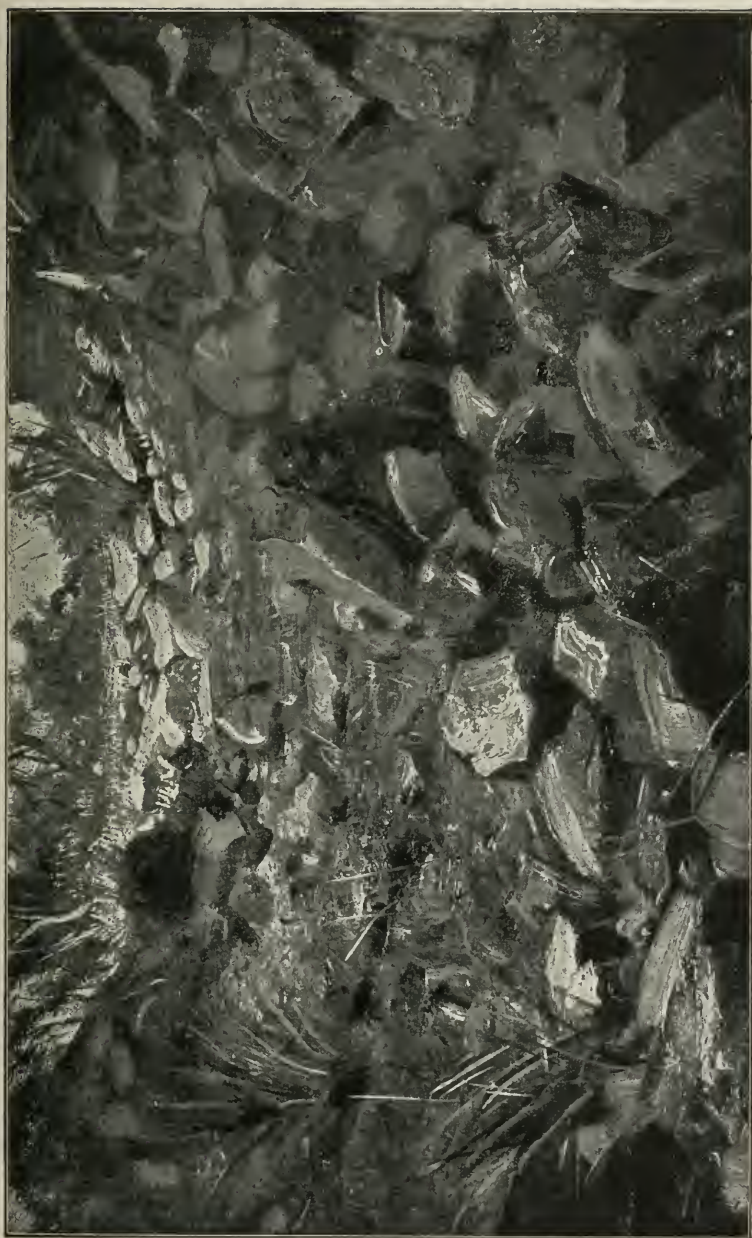
"To the east of the mountains in the south of Mafunda," was the reply.

There we had an interesting fact. According to our reports Mount Fura was to be found to the west of Massapa. Here we learnt that there was a place called Inja-Sapa to the east of the mountain range where we had camped.

On Sunday, April 16th, I dismissed the bearers who had carried our baggage to the Muira Valley. The fellows were feeling uncomfortable in Macombe's country, and I could now await with an easy mind the bearers I expected from Tete, as our next work could be done in daily trips from our present camp.

On April 17th Mr. Puzey and I went to Inja-Sapa. The path led past our first camping ground, and we kept to the east, marching in the bed of the river. The unpleasant part of these excursions from the Muira camp was, that we had always to wade through water in the river-bed, which did extraordinary damage to our foot-wear. But the bed was so narrow that a path on the banks was out of the question. Inja-Sapa lies about three miles east of the Muira, about nine miles south of the Portuguese fort, Inja-Koro, a little to the south of Mafunda. The place lies in the middle of a dense forest, and is fortified with a strong stockade. Puzey, who acted as interpreter on my first visit to this country, asked the natives who received us without many compliments but not unamicably: "Do you know a place called Massapa?"

"Massapa," they answered laughing, "is this very place. The people call it Inja-Sapa or Massapa, just as they like; it is one and the same thing (*mbosi mbosi*)." Apparently we were here on the site of



RUINED WALLS NEAR INJA-KA-FURA.

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the old Portuguese market-place of Massapa. Every circumstance bore out this supposition, its proximity to Inja-ka-Fura as well as its distance from the Zambesi, which, according to a report furnished by J. Lopes da Lima, should have been eight leagues. That we could not expect to find the remains of the former Portuguese fort at Massapa is clear from a passage in Theal's *The Portuguese in South Africa* (p. 238). According to this, Kapranzine, who was then chief of the country, resolved, about the year 1620, to kill all the Christians and Europeans in his dominions. André Fereira, the Capitao das Portas, who chanced to be in the capital, fled by night with De Barros and the coloured Christians who were threatened, to Massapa, where a small wooden fort was hurriedly erected. From this account Theal himself concludes that a real fort with a permanent garrison never could have existed in Massapa, for the event narrated occurred when the Portuguese domination in these parts was beginning to decline.

Massapa, apparently, was at all times nothing but an open market-town, in which gold was exchanged, and where the Capitao das Portas with a few Benedictine monks had his residence. The place was not in the gold region itself, but at the gates of it, whence the title Capitao das Portas. Exactly so did we find its situation in 1899. Two roads lead to Inja-ka-Fura from Massapa. The one, two hours long, is by way of the eastern banks of the Muira River and Mount Thornhill; the other, one and a half hours long, is through the Muira Valley in which lay our encampment. An hour's march west of Inja-ka-Fura lie the ancient gold-mines which we discovered in July, and which also lie "west of Massapa." The name Massaba

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points to relations with the Sabæans of South Arabia, and it may be that the ancient conquerors forced their way from here to the mines, as the best landing-place on the Zambesi in this particular neighbourhood is unquestionably the hill of Inja-Koro to the north of Massapa, from which even to this day the road to Inja-ka-Fura runs past Mafunda and Massapa. All these places are in the Tambara district.

The result of our visit to Inja-Sapa was therefore quite satisfactory, and Mr. Puzey and I were convinced that we should soon find the ruins of Fura itself.

With this purpose in view we next morning resolved on a careful examination of the eastern banks of the Muira River, which rise straight above Massapa. Herr Gramann was still confined to his bed. An extremely tiring march of about six hours, with a steep ascent from Mount Thornhill over bare rubble and through thorny underwood, which brought us back in a wide curve to our first camping-place, was without result, and very tired we returned to camp where to our joy we found that Herr Gramann was convalescent. He and I next morning examined the southern river valley, and in the afternoon, so as to have something definite to go upon, I let him pan the alluvial sand of the Muira Valley. To our delight he at once ascertained that the Muira held real gold, although the water did not allow him to descend very far, let alone to the rocky bottom. This was good evidence that we were in the right quarter.

Meanwhile our relations with the natives began to give some cause for anxiety. On April 17th the Induna of Mafunda had thought fit to defile ostentatiously past my camp with 300 rifles on his way to Kamborote in Inja-ka-Fura, with whom, hitherto,

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we had also neglected to establish relations. Although I had made repeated requests to the natives, they had not so far sold us any corn or produce, or even a single chicken. We learnt that a twenty-four hours' beer-drinking was taking place in Inja-ka-Fura, with war-dances and threats against us. Mafunda people now began to capture messengers of mine, and to overawe my servants with threats. With howlings these Mafunda fellows danced their war-dance round our tents, and I was glad that my bearers from Tete had not yet arrived, because they would have most certainly fled before such a demonstration. At the same time I saw that this state of affairs must be brought to an end, and therefore, on the morning of April 20th I sent Mr. Puzey to Inja-ka-Fura, whose inhabitants he had known when at Mitonda, to settle matters with the chieftain Kambarote. I, meanwhile, remained in camp writing my reports for London. Towards noon Puzey, whom I had not expected before evening, was already back. He took me into my tent and said, "I have good news: I have seen the ancient ruins." The road to Inja-ka-Fura passes a hill which branches off from Mount Peters towards the Msusi Mountain. All along this hill Mr. Puzey had seen from the river a mighty cyclopean wall, and he had at once returned to me, in order to bring me the glad tidings. On the afternoon of the same day I visited this hill with Mr. Gramann.

It was half-past four o'clock when we reached the foot of "Puzey's Hill," which is surrounded by a bend of the Muira River. I believe that this was formerly an artificial ditch into which the Muira was deflected, as the river is deeper here than anywhere else and also contains running water the whole year through. It is



INIA-KA-FURA VALLEY, AS SEEN FROM THE RUNS.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

probable that formerly behind this ditch and at the foot of the hill rose a cyclopean wall which is marked to-day only by vast *débris*.

Over this *débris* Mr. Gramann and I broke our way, through dense thorn and thick bush, which made the ascent extremely unpleasant. It was as though Nature herself wished to preserve this old mystery! Moreover, marching in front, I was attacked by bees, who punished me severely for my intrusion with two painful stabs in the face. Nevertheless, on we went, and after about a quarter of an hour, hot and exhausted, we stood on the platform of the hill. This was what we saw.

Round the margin of the top appeared the remnants of an old cyclopean wall, the stones of which had apparently been worked with a pick, as they showed certain triangular forms with the edges turned outward. Far back from the margin, towards the centre of the hill, we found a mighty horizontal ledge, which we first took to be the entrance to a cave. Later researches proved that this was a mistake. Round this ledge a wall of stones that were artificially shaped in the form of a heart had been built. Near this wall we found a great number of curiously formed stones which I am inclined to regard as *betylæ*, which were objects of religious worship in the oldest Semitic cults. Among these *betylæ* I found a phallus. Phallus-worship was connected with the original Semitic sun-worship. That these stones are the work of man, and not sports of nature is proved by the fact that they are formed of sandstone, while the rock and the whole formation of the hill is crystalline slate.

We had little time in the afternoon of April 20th to study this find. Before everything I wished to

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examine the cyclopean wall which intersects the middle of the hill, and which Puzey had seen from below. We therefore broke a new way to the north of our ascent, across vast *débris* once more, which lay in stupendous heaps on the edge of the precipice. About 30 feet below the hillside we discovered a sort of courtyard, and had the wall before us, which, in a mighty circle, following the outlines of the hill, stretches to both sides. Here it stood, 15 feet and higher; there it was half broken down, there broken down altogether. At some places the stone stood bare, at others it was overgrown by a dense vegetation. Reverence and awe filled us as we stood spell-bound before these relics of a remote civilisation. The impression they made on us grew in magnificence when the sun began to sink before us in the west, and the grey shadows of twilight crept over these ruined walls. We were both overpowered by the historical significance of what we saw, and were thrilled with the mystery of a past whose years were numbered in thousands. In these ruins we possessed more than an historical note; they represented a record, which must be its own spokesman provided we were able to decipher its secrets.

Twilight compelled us to climb back to the top of the hill. We had only a few minutes to look over the laughing landscape that lay before us in the west; through which the Muira flows in broad windings, with its fields and its woodlands, with the reddish splendour of Mount Msusi on the left, and the huge bulk of Mount Longuë straight before us, closing in the landscape on its western side. Just so must the old conquerors have looked out on the landscape below them. From this hill they could command the

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country in front, as well as the mountain-*massive* to the rear. Above all they had from this point the command of the Muira Valley, and with that the road to the east and to the sea. It is about ten miles from here to the river Zambesi. The place is as though made for a stronghold, whose purpose is to afford protection to a body of troops, and at the same time serve as a depository for gold and other treasure.

This was the opinion of Mr. Gramann and myself as we made our way back to camp, which we reached when it was quite dark.

Compared with the Mashonaland ruins, which we got to know later, these remains of Inja-ka-Fura give an impression of far greater antiquity. They are much rougher and more fallen into decay, and I would suggest that it was here that the South-Arabian gold seekers first entered South Africa. With the river in its normal state they could have sailed their boats as far as Lupata, and from thence, crossing the Muira Gorge they could make straight for the western frontiers of the gold region, which extends from here towards Mashonaland. Capitao das Portas, the commandant of Massapa, was called by the Portuguese, as we already know.

The Muira Valley by Mount Peters first represents the gateway by which one has access to the northern part of the ancient Eldorado.

That we are here face to face with a gold-formation, the researches of the last three years have proved. The geographical formation of the district is as follows:—

From the east and starting from Tambara we see before us an escarpment stretching N.N.W. to the S.S.E. of the Lupata Gorge, through which the Muira

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breaks its way towards its junction with the Zambesi. This Fura border range consists of schist and, above all, of phyllitic slate. It is about three miles wide. To the west behind it is the valley of Inja-ka-Fura, by all appearances the bed of a former lake. Not far behind the place Inja-ka-Fura, towards the Longoë slopes, the slate gives way to diorite, which also runs parallel with the slate in the direction N.N.W. to S.S.E. Behind it, towards the Ruenje, we find granite always diversified lengthways with strips of slate and diorite. Here we have come on archaic slate formations. In the diorite especially, but also in the granite, are embedded quartz reefs in which Mr. Gramann, in 1899, ascertained the presence of free gold. The samples which I sent from here to London and which were tested there, also contained free gold. Another of my expeditions found gold in quantities more to the south-west and not far from Inja-ka-Fura, and "blue ground" as well.

The natives throughout the whole district wash gold in the rivers, and it is one of the leading articles of barter produced by Macombe's country. Probably, also, in the oldest enterprises of the South-Arabians in South Africa, it was exclusively a question of alluvial gold. Only after they had finally settled themselves in this country could they undertake the working of mines by slave-labour.

A time of hard work it was that lay before us, as we began, from the middle of April, 1899, to investigate this district. It is true that I soon succeeded in establishing a *modus vivendi* with the natives, especially through a mission which in April I sent to Macombe's capital and which was answered by the visit of Cuntete, his brother. But they con-

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tinued their passive resistance till close on July. As a matter of fact, one cannot blame them for not willingly handing over the secrets of their country to the dangerous white intruder. They especially opposed the ascent of hills which they have regarded as sacred from of old.

When, on May 13th, Herr Blöcker and I climbed Mount Msusi above Inja-ka-Fura, runners came hotfoot



TENJE HILL.

from Kambarote with orders that we should return at once. One morning as I was prospecting with Mr. Puzey on Mount Peters the same command came through the induna; and even when, accompanied by Blöcker and Gramann, I had reached the summit of the Tenje Hill, the induna appeared in person to point out the impiety of our proceedings. To my sorrow I was not in a position to respond to

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such religious considerations. At Sherele, in the Tela district there is a pillar of diorite which is held in especial veneration by the natives. To this spot on July 11, 1901, I sent Herr Blöcker to examine it more closely. He was almost in danger of his life when he attempted to cross the fencing round the pillar. In short, we soon discovered that in this region heights and stones were objects of religious veneration, and this fact was, from the point of my own researches, of a very great interest.

The details of our geological research are not of general interest. From May onwards we prospected the gold reefs around Tenje and Tela in Inyamengale in every way, and although we could naturally not arrive at any clear conclusions as to the working capacity in so short a time, the results were still promising enough to make me decide on registering provisionally eighty claims in the Tenje district at the Gold-fields of Zambesia in Tete, and to begin the erection of a permanent station east of Tenje Hill.

CHAPTER III

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

ON June 28, 1899, I set out for Tete in order to get my claims registered there. At the same time I wished to equip myself there for my progress through Macombe's country, and especially to buy suitable presents for Macombe. In my absence Herr Gramann and Herr von Napolski went to peg out other gold reefs in the Tenje district for us; the former, however, was as soon as possible, to march to Inja-Banda, where we hoped to find the actual Fura reefs westwards of our encampment.

At half-past six on June 28th, accompanied by Herr Blöcker, I started in a north-westerly direction from the station at Tenje, which was included in the plans I had laid down, and I hoped to find the dwelling-house in working order on my return.

Light of heart we set out on our march, at first over one of the quartz reefs we had examined, then by a known footpath through the African bush. Herr Blöcker, when free from fever, is a very pleasant travelling companion, always cheerful, obliging, and attentive. And, further, he is not only a hunter by profession but from choice. The morning passed in pleasant chatter, Blöcker telling me many interesting things about his African career. We gave the fullest

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

attention to the geological formations. We noticed that shortly after we had surveyed the Tenje Hill to the south, the quartz became rarer and soon ceased altogether. The diorite gave way to pure granite formations.

At eleven o'clock we reached Inja-ka-Rungue, where I decided to camp, because it turned out that in packing we had forgotten the salt. Inja-ka-Rungue is a dirty and poorish place. I at once sent mes-



TENJE STATION.

sengers to the Tenje Camp, who returned towards evening with the indispensable condiment.

Blöcker thought the neighbourhood was rich in game, and in the afternoon went on a long hunting expedition with one of my servants; but nothing came of it. In the evening with the salt there came also a letter from Herr Gramann saying that Cuntete had arrived with a mission from Macombe. I answered him, telling him to keep Cuntete there till my return.

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

Next morning we began a long march to Tinto, on the Zambesi. On this day we left the primitive formations behind us, entering a sand and limestone country, and towards two o'clock we passed a succession of highly interesting petrifications, among which the stump of a tree-trunk rising out of the ground was especially noticeable. In my opinion the formation is classic trias. This continued without interruption as far as Tete.

At three o'clock we reached Tinto, and once again saw the proud Zambesi, which rolls its masses of water in mighty windings towards the ocean. Tinto lies about 4 miles below the Portuguese fort of Massangano, and the river is here about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. For sanitary reasons and also for fear of mosquitoes, I had pitched our camp some 300 yards from the river. I was thus able to enjoy in solitude the picture that stretched before me. I took my station on a stone that lay on the bank, and as I looked out over the landscape my thoughts went back to the waters of the Elbe, and the days of childhood.

Now we march continuously along the banks of the Zambesi. Like a guide the telegraph line from Tete to Chiromo runs at our side, and is taken across the river lower down at Lupata. A holiday mood comes over us as again and again we feast our eyes on the gilded surface of the waters, and the wonderful animal life of the river. We see crocodiles and hippopotami. Whole colonies of guinea-fowl rise up ; ducks, herons, and flamingoes offer a welcome mark for our rifles. On June 30th I shot four crocodiles ; Herr Blöcker limited himself to pigeons and guinea-fowl. About half-past seven we passed the stately and threatening walls of Fort Massangano, and at eight the kraal of



A ZAMBESI NATIVE FISHING.

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the once notorious robber-chief Bonga. Between 8.30 and nine we cross the Ruenje River, which, at its mouth, is 300 to 400 feet wide. Wading, the water reaches to the armpits. I, however, preferred to be carried across by three boys.

On the further side of the Ruenje we entered Marangue, a rich, cultivated country, in which we continued our journey till eleven o'clock. Everywhere we saw groups of industrious people busy with the harvest. At eleven I had a camp made in a shady place on the high river-bank close to the Zambesi, and we spent the afternoon looking out on the exquisite landscape before us.

The next day the landscape retained its character. We moved continually down the broad, well-cultivated Zambesi Valley, with its accompaniment of chalk-hills to the left. The villages become more numerous, the quantity of cattle in the fields larger. Herds of oxen make a pleasant break among the flocks of smaller animals that preponderate. We are approaching the town.

Unfortunately the enjoyment of this morning was spoilt for Herr Blöcker by a new attack of fever, which he pluckily overcame by marching on without a halt. About half-past twelve Tete appeared before us, and we reached it at one o'clock.

We marched to the house occupied by Mr. Puzey, opposite the Oceana Company, and were soon seated beside him and enjoying an excellent lunch. Mr. Puzey, who had had to go back to Tete on account of sickness, was, I am thankful to say, completely recovered.

My business in Tete went off very smoothly. By July 1st I had registered my claims. My purchases

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

were made from Mr. Martins, the representative of the Zambesia Company, and by midday on July 3rd I had finished.

The social side of my stay also went off very pleasantly. In Tete I again met Mr. Hepburn, whom I first saw at Salisbury. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. Hayes, the representative of the North Charterland Company, and enjoyed the company of Major Robertson, the representative of the Cape to Cairo telegraph line, which here crosses the river; and of Mr. Fisher, the inspector of this line, and others. Invitation followed invitation, and for several days my usual quiet camp life was interrupted.

As a town Tete is the most god-forsaken place on the Zambesi. The houses are built on the ridges of tufa which run parallel to the river. The hollows between the houses are without roads. There are, however, break-neck footpaths on their slopes, where people go to and fro. In addition to this Tete is without any kind of sanitary accommodation; in this respect it resembles a negro village, where the whole atmosphere is polluted. The Portuguese fort hard by the river is interesting, but seems incapable of any great resistance. The river is not quite a mile wide here, and has a green island in the middle, on which at one time Livingstone laid out a garden. The island is used by the inhabitants as a place for Sunday excursions.

Generally speaking there is a good deal of traffic on the Zambesi. Tete, as the then terminus of the Zambesi steamboats, was already of some importance, which must increase greatly when the Mashonaland-Tete railway is opened. Then, as a first result of the Mashonaland-Tete railway, we shall see, not as the

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

builders suppose, that the traffic of Tete and its neighbourhood will be diverted to the south, to Rhodesia and Cape Colony ; but, on the contrary, that the trade of North Mashonaland will go towards Tete and the Zambesi, so as to go stream downwards to Chinde and the Indian Ocean. For, all the world over, goods always seek the nearest and cheapest roadway to the coast. So it will be in Africa, and this fact will make it impossible for the Cape to Cairo railroad to pay its way.

There are supposed to be about eighty Portuguese and about twenty other Europeans in Tete to-day.

I left this place on Tuesday, July 4th, in the company of Mr. Puzey and Herr Blöcker, having hired two house-boats from a Portuguese, which were to carry us to Kapiendega, a station of the Zambesia Company, above the Lupata Gorge, which is 20 miles distant from my station at Tenje. A house-boat on the Zambesi is a large boat that can be sailed or rowed along, and at the back of which there is a sort of hut where a man can recline in comfort. I handed one of the boats over to my two companions, and occupied the other myself.

The up-river journey was splendid. The temperature was cool but sunny, and with never-ceasing delight one lost oneself in the smiling picture of the river, with its islands, its green banks framed in ranges of hills, and its rich profusion of animal life. Sometimes we hunted for a change. On the Tuesday we camped at the same place as on the previous Friday. I had my tent put up ; Mr. Puzey and Herr Blöcker slept in the boats. Towards midday of July 6th we arrived at the Portuguese station Kapiendega, where we were met by my bearers, whom I had sent overland. On

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Thursday and Friday we marched, the Lupata Mountains to our left, through thick bush back to my station at Tenje.

The Lupata mountain group, with the celebrated Lupata Gorge through which the Zambesi forces its way, is without question, as landscape, the most



GOING DOWN-STREAM IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

splendid part of this whole region. The gorge is about 22 miles long, and at the rate of 5-6 miles an hour the giant stream pours its masses of water through the mountains. Like two powerful sentinels, to right and left of the river at its upper entry, two dark and rugged granite peaks, some 800 feet high,

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keep watch. Below this mountain, on the right bank of the stream, in 1900, I erected a station and had a waggon-road made through the bush from here to the neighbourhood of Tete.

When one has entered at the rocky gateway that leads to the Lupata Gorge, the eye is delighted by magnificently situated mountain-peaks, strangely formed domes of rock, or sheer masses of mountain, rising on both banks straight from the water. It recalls the Rhine between Bingen and Coblenz. Halfway down the gorge is a sort of depression, apparently formed by an extinct crater round which are grouped in a circle eleven slenderly formed cones. If this remarkable formation were situated in Europe some legend of the Apostles, or something similar, would have grown up round it. A little further downstream, on the left-hand side, rises the cone called *Mendo a ngoma*, in passing before which the native bares his head, esteeming it apparently an object of religious veneration. Towards the lower pass the mountainous enclosure becomes more and more hill-like, and, close to Mitonda, ceases altogether. The natural beauties I have just described only became known to me in detail during the following year.

On July 7, 1899, we passed, as already stated, across the western slopes of the Lupata-massive, on our way back to our camp at Tenje. On arriving there towards noon, we found that Herr Gramann was on the point of starting for Inja-ka-Longoë. Cuntete was still there with his brother Kashi. He brought me a present of ivory from Macombe coupled with a second invitation to visit him at Misongwe. Apparently Macombe was by no means disinclined to open personal relations with my party. That we might

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know that he was in the land of the living he had, a few weeks ago, attacked and destroyed Tela, which is about an hour's march to the east of our second camp, and was the seat of Dingo, a chief friendly to the Portuguese. Dingo had been killed, and one of Macombe's men put in his place. Simultaneously he had attacked and deposed as well as burnt the kraal of one of his brothers, whose seat was in the west, on



LUPATA STATION.

the Ruenje River, and who had recognised the Portuguese suzerainty. Herr Blöcker, who marched that way some weeks later, still saw the ruins. I said to Cuntete, "I am ready to visit Macombe. If, however, I see that your people again refuse to sell me any grain, as in April, I will turn away towards the west, and march over the Ruenje to Mashonaland."

Before I broke camp I pushed on the building of

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the station which was rising up under the direction of Mr. Puzey and Herr Blöcker. I worked so hard that in a few days the main building was ready, and, when I marched away the roof was covered in as well.

The further examination of the Tenje district for gold-mines I passed on to Herr von Napolski, who was also ordered to make a cartographic survey of the country. Mr. Puzey's contract expired on July 15th, and on that day he returned to Bulawayo by the Ruenje route and *via* Umtali. Herr von Napolski was therefore my representative in Tenje.

On July 11th I sent Herr Blöcker with a small caravan to Sherele, to examine the stone pillar there of which the natives spoke so much. On the morning of July 12th I myself struck camp, going to the south. Sherele lies to the east of the Inja-Ndara Hills, and Blöcker took that side. I chose the western side of this diorite elevation for my preliminary march, so that between us we covered the whole ground. That day I camped in a narrow river-bed, south of Kraal Inja-Ndara, where we drank out of a water-hole. Almost all the southern tributaries of the Zambesi, with the exception of the Ruenje, are dry in the summer. The reason for this is that the land through which they flow is inclined towards the Zambesi, that is to the north-west, while the wind that brings rain comes from the south-east. This wind first unloads its moisture in the basin of the Pungwe River, which is inclined towards the south-east. The tributaries of the Zambesi lie in the "rain-shadow." The northern tributaries of the Pungwe, on the other hand, are full of water the whole year round, which makes itself felt very agreeably when one crosses from the Zambesi water-

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

shed to that of the Pungwe. The chief water-bursts of the south-east monsoon, which preponderates, descend further to the west, in the tablelands of Matabele- and Mashona-land, where they mostly flow off into the Zambesi, whose southern tributaries are full at all seasons of the year. In the lower Zambesi regions, in the dry season, one is almost everywhere dependent on water-holes, which, as it seems, can be dug for anywhere.

On arriving at camp, I had lain down for a little



TELA STATION.

while on my bed when I was surprised by a "Good-morning, Dr. Peters." It was Herr Blöcker who had accidentally come across my camp on his march from Sherele to Inja-ka-Longoë. He informed me that the pillar at Sherele was of diorite, was about four feet high and slightly inclined to the east. It was apparently held in veneration by the natives, as it was fenced round; and when he had begun to dig it up in order to find out whether it was of natural or artificial origin, the natives had interposed with cries and

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threatening gestures. I sent this news at once to Herr von Napski, with orders to examine further into the matter.

In Inja-Ndara I learnt from the natives that Herr Gramann had marched from Inja-ka-Longoë to Inja-Banda. In consequence of this I changed the route of my march slightly to the west, and early next morning set out with Herr Blöcker towards Inja-Banda. Our march led up and down through a hilly country covered with splendid forests. I again marched in advance, and towards eleven o'clock discovered an enormous quartz reef, covered with "iron cap," which, judging by the "outcrop," might be 30 feet wide. It was impossible to overlook it as it ran through the swelling ground. This reef, which lies pretty closely to the west of the ruins of Fura, I at once resolved to annex for our party.

When we reached the Inja-Banda River we saw Bobb, my Zulu overseer, at work on the right bank with a number of my people. He was working a reef which Herr Gramann had discovered there. Shortly afterwards we came to Herr Gramann's camping-place, who, to our sorrow, we found ill in bed with fever.

During these months the climate had been continuously pleasant, the days not too hot, the nights cool and agreeable. Mosquitoes there were hardly any. Towards the end of July, however, the country commenced to suffer severely from drought; it was difficult to find good drinking-water.

This development continued during the following months, and from October onwards the whole country becomes dry as a desert, and the climate sultry and oppressive.¹ Unfortunately, Mr. Tennyson Cole, the

¹ See Chapter IV.



MR. TENNYSON COLE ON THE ZAMBESI.

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illustrator of this book, saw the Inja-ka-Fura district at this unfavourable season. He came to me in Mitonda on October 2, 1900, travelled through the Lupata Gorge, saw our four stations, the Muira Valley and the whole of the Inja-ka-Fura district, making hundreds of sketches and also taking many photographs. He is a great hunter and has a keen eye for the animal-life of the country, and is the first artist whose brush has depicted the remarkable world of the Lower Zambesi.

I was still at Inja-Banda on July 14th, so as to give Gramann a rest, and, especially, to introduce Herr Blöcker as my representative to Kambarote, the induna of Inja-ka-Fura, with every formality. Herr Gramann had complained that the natives would sell him no grain. I felt I must remedy this before pushing on further into Macombe's country, unless I wished to leave a chaos behind me.

On former expeditions this question of nourishment had frequently been the cause of armed conflicts with the natives. This time such an issue was to be avoided at any cost. The first exchange of shots would not only have jeopardised all our lives, but also the expedition itself. But I was on my way to Macombe's capital as an invited guest of the ruler himself. His brothers Cuntete and Kashi were in my camp, and I resolved to make use of this fact as a basis for my negotiations with Kambarote, in order, at the same time, to settle the question of grain.

So I took Cuntete with me when, on the morning of July 14th, I went to Inja-ka-Fura with Herr Blöcker. On the way there we discovered old mine workings. Halfway between Inja-Banda and Inja-ka-Fura, in a delightful valley, lies the village Inja-

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

ka-Longoë. Herr Gramann had complained of the unfriendly bearing of the local chief, and I resolved to test for the first time my new method of tackling Inja-ka-Fura. I therefore ordered a halt at this village, and sent Cuntete to demand the presence of the chieftain. I informed him that I had brought bearers with me in order to buy grain from him. He would be so good as to fetch five loads of flour, and arrange the price with me. "I am here at Macombe's invitation, whose friend I am, and in whose name I speak. Cuntete here will confirm this," I said.

"But I have received no permission from Kambarote," answered the chief.

"That is nothing to do with you. I am now going to Kambarote myself; if you like, you can go with me. But meanwhile I am going to stay here till I have the flour, which must be brought at once into my camp," was my reply.

After a short consultation with Cuntete, the chief gave the necessary orders, and soon I had the satisfaction of seeing women arrive with the flour, and also of hearing around me the pleasant sound of corn-pounding. In reality the people gladly sold grain, as the harvest had been rich, and they were in need of textiles. Only they were afraid of their chief.

As soon as this matter had been settled, we continued our journey along the familiar valley of the Muira River, with the ruins of Fura before our eyes. Towards ten o'clock we arrived at Inja-ka-Fura, whose numerous population gathered inquisitively together as we entered. We went through winding streets to the council-hut, and I sent Cuntete to invite the chief and the notables to a conference. I had brought magnificent presents with me for Kambarote :

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coloured stuffs from Tete, a frock-coat, a bottle of cognac, a piece of calico, &c.

Soon the leading men of Inja-ka-Fura gathered together and took up their stations in their customary places, two rows deep. Last of all appeared Kambarote himself, a hale and sturdy man of about forty, with whom I exchanged a friendly greeting. I hardly recognised the old arrogant Kambarote of last April, so polite had he grown.

He sat facing the meeting. On his left sat Cuntete, on his right I with Herr Blöcker. A dense crowd of natives stood curiously around the hut. On this morning Herr Blöcker and I again noticed, what I had before observed, how absolutely Jewish is the type of this people. They have faces cut exactly like those of the ancient Jews who live around Aden. Also the way they wear their hair, the curls behind the ears, and the beard drawn out in single curls, gives them the appearance of Aden- or of Polish-Jews of the good old type. This is very different from the general Semitic type, as we often find it among the Bantu tribes, which owes its origin to an admixture of Arabian blood. Here we had real unalloyed Jewish physiognomies before us.

When we had all sat down I turned to Kambarote :

“I have come here, Kambarote,” I said, “to greet you as a friend, and to bring you these presents. I have reached here on the march from Inja-Nemgale to Macombe, who has invited me to visit him. Macombe has sent me assurances of his friendship. Therefore we all are friends now. I bring also my friend Herr Blöcker, who is to represent me in your province when I am absent. Receive him as a friend, and help him in his work.”

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“What do you want me to do for you?” answered Kambarote.

“I wish you to command your people to trade with us, and to sell us food for our servants. We will pay what is right in stuffs. Also, I wish you to give me bearers to carry my presents for Macombe as far as Misongwe; and further, that you order your people to work for Herr Blöcker. For this also we will pay what is right.”

“How many of my people do you require?”

“Six for myself, and ten for Herr Blöcker.”

Now Kambarote began a long discourse to his people which I could follow word for word. While he spoke his head-men accompanied him with a soft, regular and rhythmic clapping of the hands, and with continuous interruptions of approval.

“You know this white man,” he said; “he is no Portuguese, and has worked here quietly and peacefully. Then he went over to Inja-Nemgale, and there also he worked peacefully. What he bought, he paid for. Now he comes back to us and brings me these presents. He is going to Macombe as a guest and as a friend, and begs us to help him forward. He wishes to buy food from us, he wants workmen, and will pay what is right for both. Now say, shall we receive him as a friend and fulfil his wishes?”

When Kambarote had finished this Homeric discourse there followed a loud clapping of hands, and the foremost of the notables, an old man with white hair, arose and said—

“We have heard thy words, O Kambarote, and they are good. We will receive the white man Dokatore Peters as a friend, and will give him what he asks.”

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Again the multitude applauded.

Then Kambarote turned to me :

“Dokatore Peters,” he said, “my people will sell thee food, as much as thou mayest require, and this very day I shall send the workmen. Also thy friend here we will receive in peace. If my people ask too high a price from you, then send to me, and I will fix the price myself. Should they not obey, I will have their heads cut off.”

These negotiations occupied about three-quarters of an hour. Then Kambarote led us to his private house, whither some of the notables followed us. I had had some cold luncheon brought for Herr Blöcker and myself: bread, butter, ox-tongue, and a bottle of claret, which we discussed on the veranda of Kambarote's house. The remnants I gave to the chief himself, and he ate them with the greatest delight. He had a goat and grain brought to us in return, and at once sent orders to the surrounding villages that they should open their markets to us. During such negotiations my picturesquely attired Somalis always behaved with the greatest dignity, and by their bearing assisted to heighten our prestige among the inhabitants.

Light of heart we returned under the burning noon-day sun to our camp. In Inja-ka-Longoë the flour we had bought was ready for us. I took it with me, and at once had it portioned out among our people. I again repeat here, as I said years ago in my description of the Emin-Pasha expedition, that African travel, like everything else in the world, is first and foremost an affair of the stomach. If one feeds one's column well, one can maintain discipline and order. The same thing applies to

AMONG THE MAKALANGA

the negro that Arthur Schopenhauer says of the German :

“Geist und Witze willst du verschwenden
Den Anhang der Menschen Dir zuzuwenden?
Gieb ihnen 'was Gutes zu fressen, zu saufen;
Sie kommen in Schaaren Dir zugelaufen.”

(“You wish to waste wit, you wish to waste soul
The hearts of mankind to control?
Give them good things to stuff and swill;
They'll come in crowds to do your will.”)

CHAPTER IV ¹

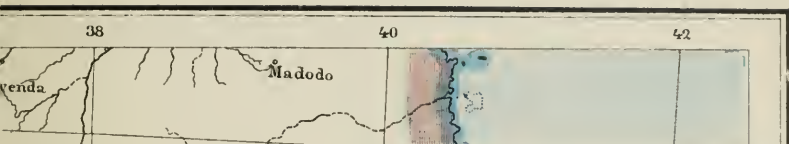
SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

LET me add to the narrative of our wanderings and explorations on the Zambesi a brief pen-picture of the great river in its varied moods.

Not on the wings of the storm-winds does spring enter Zambesia. The snow does not melt in the fields, and no rivers burst the bonds of imprisoning ice. No lark trills its joyous song of thanks to the firmament above, and no birds of passage appear from warmer climes. Neither does the heart of man celebrate here nature's awakening from night and frost, which makes the coming of our northern spring so joyous and so radiant an event. Whose soul does not still echo that heartfelt delight of childhood's days which was called forth in us by the appearance of the first stork, of the swallow, even by the buzzing of the first bee in the March sunshine! How touching a joy is felt in the north when the snowdrop raises its innocent head from the moss, and the daisy pies the meadows like a milky way of little stars!

The coming of spring on the Zambesi can arouse no emotions like these. The magician, who here comes from the north, has not to free nature from the thralldom of cold, but the earth, the forests, and the

¹ Some of the material in this chapter has already appeared in German in the *Finanz Chronik*.



SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

fields are pining for moisture, and spring comes into the country bearing showers of rain. In the tropics the winter opens with the dry season, the summer with the rainy season. On the Zambesi the rains come to an end towards the beginning of April, in July the crops are reaped, in August the grass begins to get scorched, and then the country is exposed to the burning sun, black and still as a corpse. The river-beds grow dry. Even the Zambesi is changed from a mighty stream into a number of shallow rivulets, which, for all that, are still navigable by small boats. The water-holes are empty, and the natives must often walk daily for hours to supply their need of the indispensable element. There is no question but that, even during these months, water is everywhere obtainable underground, and that European science would easily succeed in revolutionising the country in this respect. But, for the present, it is the negro who counts here, and the negro is not fond of revolutions, least of all scientific ones. Thus the land grows more and more dry; and bleak and waste, as in winter-time with us, the greater part of the landscape stretches before one's eyes, with this difference certainly, that such evergreen trees as palms, acacias, mitondos, and aloes still put a certain variety into the picture. In September, and even more so in October, the heat becomes sultry and almost unbearable. The temperature rises to 113° Fahr. in the shade by day, and the nights, although considerably cooler, often bring no real relief.

But the demon, who thus oppresses the world, digs his own grave. Nature, the great economist, is everywhere wise and wastes no force. The same heat that parches the soil and shatters our nerves is

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simultaneously made use of in the organisation of the greatest pumping operations known to our planet. Nature continuously sucks up moisture from the ocean. These vapours are changed to rain-clouds, and the cold winds that force their way from the south into the aerial mass make them descend as masses of water. The thirsting Dark Continent is drenched with them. Thus here too heat is transformed into useful work. Such of it as is used to pour masses of water over Africa is neutralised, and, therefore, is not felt. The rain from the belt of the upper layers of air that falls on to the burning earth cools this earth, and then a good part of the sun's glow is again neutralised in revapourising the water that has descended. Thus does the tropical heat defeat itself by its own excess, and we here, at this time, are only too glad of a sultry glow, because it is a sure precursor of the refreshing thunderstorm. Here also the road to joy is through suffering, and the "negativeness of the sensation of pleasure" taught by Arthur Schopenhauer is once more proven by these natural phenomena.

Grotesque and enormous is the approach of the catastrophe that brings salvation. Towards evening the northern and eastern horizons are covered with a leaden and inflexible wall of cloud. The sun sinks and disappears in the west, and night breaks in over the earth that rests expectantly. Suddenly there is a movement in the wall of cloud, now grown dark, and lightning-flash follows on lightning-flash. For one or two evenings this is all. The storm is too far away to reach us. We must content ourselves with the spectacle of the sheet lightning. But on the third and fourth evenings a change comes over the picture.



SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI.

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

The curtain of cloud moves quickly across the sky. Fantastic and baroque shreds and points of cloud spread over the zenith and soon across the whole firmament. Flash follows flash ; suddenly there is a gust of wind and a low roaring, like the short growl of a lion, in the north-east. Then it comes nearer and nearer, and soon we ourselves are in the midst of the wild uproar of this battle of the elements. Thunder and lightning, lightning and thunder, mingling and crashing, as though the *Götterdämmerung* were about to open before us. And then it pours down in a deluge. The water falls rattling on my tent like a perpetual rolling of drums. It beats down on the loads that lie close by, on the trees and on the ground, and soon little brooks and waterways are rippling on all sides towards the river-bed. Meanwhile we are sitting in our tents reverent witnesses of this magnificent manifestation of the Almighty, and grateful for the rich blessing which nature has once more bestowed upon the necessitous sons of this earth. Thus it goes on for one, two, even three hours. At last the thunder dies away in the south-west, the rain falls gently with frequent short interruptions, and then a roaring downpour again. Now it is over, and only the tree under which we are camped shakes itself from time to time, throwing a last spray on to the roof of our tent. We, however, quit the shelter, go through the camp, delighted to inhale the deliciously pure air, and a refreshing night's rest compensates us for the tortures of the day before. Or, perhaps, the rain continues and we are lulled to sleep by its even, murmuring fall. With such signs and accompaniments does spring enter into the regions of the Zambesi.

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

And, as with a magic wand, spring touches and changes the surrounding country here as well. We are at present encamped in the Muira Valley, and, like the scenery of a theatre, the wall of mountains lies to the west before our eyes. Fourteen days ago and it stood there grey and bare. The first rain brought colour and life into the picture. In a trice the trees were in leaf, and every morning we noticed with pleasure how a larger surface of the picture shone green, just as though a landscape painter had been at work overnight. This sudden change is due to the fact that the buds, before they really burst, appear grey on their outside, and change colour in the same moment that they open. Thus the forest appears quite suddenly in light green, like the beech woods of our northern home. And on the earth as well there is green. Fresh grass pushes its way through the black mass of ashes, a tasty diet for game and stock. Thus here also a morning or evening walk recalls our spring.

And the musical feathered world gives expression to its new zest in life as well. Now the guinea-fowl and other birds pair, and lively is the sound of their song. True we do not hear the cuckoo here, but we are similarly affected by the gurgling and calling of the many kinds of pigeons as we would be by its note. The ducks and geese return to the Zambesi. Ospreys and vultures balance themselves high in the air. Swallows, quail, and larks are busy, even though the last-named are dumb here. Tropical nature spreads the table for many, and everything presses towards life and continuity.

The game seek new grazing grounds ; the stately elk, the koodoo, the hartebeest, the water-, spring-,

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

and bush-buck change over to the other side of the Muira. We go through the forest and suddenly come to a standstill, for our glance falls on a group of graceful sword-antelopes peacefully nibbling away at the fresh juicy green. Or, perhaps, a hare suddenly springs up at our feet and hastily makes itself scarce. In the sand, however, we see the traces of big game, of the mighty rhinoceros, of the buffalo, and, in more hidden corners, of the elephant as well. As everywhere, the big animals are followed by the tribe of beasts of prey. Through the silence of night one hears the laughing of the hyena, the growling of the leopard, or the majestic roar of the lion.

My present companion, Herr Blöcker, shot a leopard a few days ago some fifty paces from our camp at five o'clock in the afternoon ; and I myself had a shot at a lion a short time ago at seven o'clock in the morning, scaring it away from a native whom it had struck down together with four others, among whom was my friend Cuntete, the brother of Macombe. Blöcker, a German forester and a hunter by profession, now supplies our kitchen regularly with game.

If nature now wakens here to new life, man, last not least, stirs also. The whole negro world is at present busily engaged in digging and planting. Above all millet, the all-important *mapire*, is sown, whose harvest will be next June and July. Last year the crops failed owing to the scarcity of rain, and this present sowing is accompanied by our special wishes for its welfare, as we also have to suffer from the scarcity of food. I have to feed my servants on Indian rice from Chinde and negro corn from Tete, which hinders me in my movements. May Nature be more gracious to us this time. I try to persuade

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

the more intelligent among my black acquaintances that in Africa as in Europe one should make some provision for such eventualities and put by for a rainy day. They laugh when I lay my precepts before them. The negro is likely to look after his future ; Of all the doctrines of Christ the only one that seems to agree with him is, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow." What he reaps he eats and drinks, even should he die of hunger in the lean years. Now they are living on the bark of trees and berries here, and they are waiting patiently for what the next harvest will bring forth. But at present spring also has brought new hope to these dark-skinned brothers.

The spring rains have just set in. Not till Christmas, when the sun turns on Capricorn, can we expect the full force of the downpour. Then the brooks swell, and the Zambesi also rises once more to its full height. About Christmas the steamboat service on the Zambesi, which has been at a standstill since September, will be resumed. Then we also shall once more be in regular communication with the great world. To-day we are cut off as though in a besieged fortress. But in spite of loneliness and oppressive heat our heart also swells with the eternal joy of newly awakened life, with the old saps that throb with every springtide. However much this spring may differ from that of the Elbe or of the Thames, it is still the old magician Spring who calls to us on the Zambesi.

The following passage from my diary will add a few further touches of local colour to our picture of the Zambesi.

We are still in the dry season of the year, and as

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

business calls me to the coast I must go down in my rowing-boat *Mabel*. Mr. Thomson and I have turned this rowing-boat into a house-boat. We have covered its stern with a "house" about four feet high and six feet long, in which my deck-chair has plenty of room, and where in case of need a sleeping-place could also be arranged. The "house" consists of a network of twigs covered with cane. Over this we have drawn watertight sail-cloth, which can be let down in front and behind as well as on both sides, by which means the whole is turned into an absolutely rainproof room. The boat is propelled by eight oarsmen with paddles and poles, a steersman who stands behind my house, and a pilot who stands in front and measures the water with a pole. I have embarked with two servants and a cook, whose places are forward. My diary runs thus :—

8 *December* (1900): Thomson and I rise at 5 a.m., but the boatmen from Tambara have not come yet. I have all my baggage put into the boat, and then pass an impatient hour in the station and in the garden of Mitonda. At 7.45 ten boatmen come from the Portuguese station Injakoro in Tambara with a letter from the commandant. We start at once. Thomson accompanies me as far as Injakoro. The morning is cool and pleasant after a rainy night. The sky is clouded, and the Lupata Mountains lie behind us wrapped in mysterious veils of mist. A short distance below Mitonda I shoot an enormous hippopotamus who springs up high and then falls backwards head foremost into the flat water. A little lower down I bag a crocodile. A second, at which I have a shot, escapes me. At 9.15 we land in Injakoro, where I take a friendly farewell of the Commandant, Senhor

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Henriquo da Silva da Ribeiro, and his assistant, Senhor da Costa. Thomson returns from here to Mitonda. The banks of the river below Injakoro are flat. But with their green fringes of forest, in which palms stand out here and there, and pleasantly broken up as they are by long rows of papyrus reeds, the effect is pleasant, and the many islands offer a change.



AFTER A HEAVY DAY'S WORK IN MITONDA.

The Zambesi, below the Lupata Gorge, was once a mighty lake to which the Rufumbo Lake in the north also belonged. In innumerable channels the river now winds through a maze of islands. This is a difficult passage to navigate. However, we go briskly downstream. The quantity of river-game is enormous. Before noon I have shot three hippopotami, of which

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we have secured two up to now (7 p.m.) On the islands there are crowds of cranes, storks, flamingoes, herons, and black as well as white geese. Processions of ducks cross them. In the air there are eagles and different kinds of snipe. Lapwings and other smaller species are seen. There is so much to see and to take in all around that I continually lay the book I am reading (Dickens's *Black House*), aside. To-day I shot eight crocodiles, six hippopotami, three ducks, and two river-hens. At twelve, noon, I give orders for a halt near a settlement called Pambuënge, where the kettle is put on. At 1.30 we go on. Every now and again my men run the boat aground, and then they have to get out and draw it through the water for a bit. The afternoon continues grey and dark, in the north-east over Blantyre, and in the south-west over Macombe's country storms stand in the sky. The mountains of Fura are more and more lost in the glare of the clouds, from which the familiar shapes of the peaks look out on me mysteriously. From four o'clock onwards I regard the strange landscape standing upright before my "house." Inexhaustible Nature shows herself in a perfectly novel illumination, and the soul delights in such impressions.

Towards six o'clock I lay-to at a second island, Saramagombie, and have my tent put up. While I write this I see my cook occupied in making snipe soup for me, and roasting two plump river-hens for the same person.

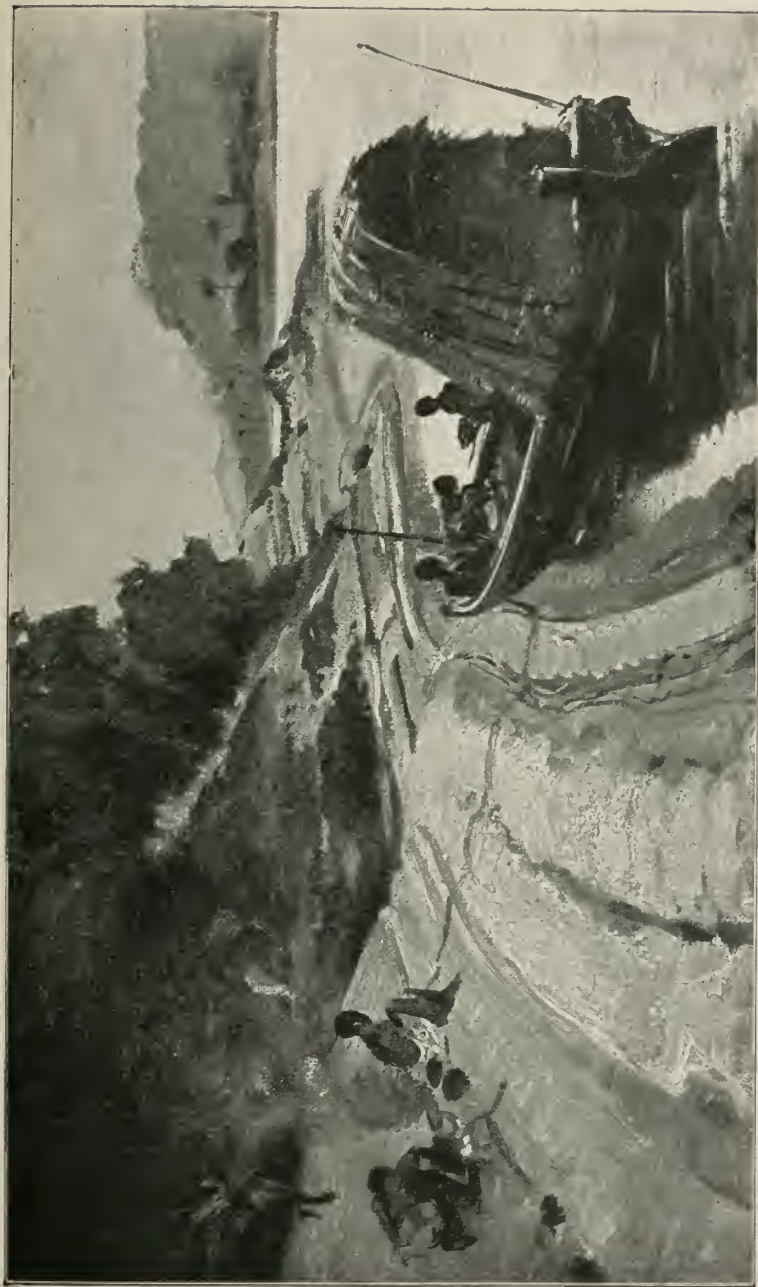
9 *December*.—Last night at ten o'clock the storm broke. Just as pleasant as storms are when one is under a solid roof are they unpleasant in one's tent at night, for they always rob one of several hours' sleep. Rise at six and rouse the column with customary noise.



HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOOTING.

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

We really get off at five past six. Soon the forest of Injamkwasi rises on the left bank ; the banks fall sheer about 20 feet to the river. At seven o'clock we pass the station of the Zambesia Company. The fauna continues to be as numerous and varied as ever. As I am shooting a hippopotamus (the native *Mwu*) just here at Injamkwasi, the butt of my gun is dashed with such force into my face through a movement of the boat that for the first moment I am afraid that my right eye is knocked out, the more so as a stream of blood is flowing down my face. Luckily only a piece of flesh is torn out above the right cheek-bone just under the eye. I have to bind the wound antiseptically. No more shooting for to-day ! The boat, always going with the stream, glides over to the right bank of the mighty river, where the peculiar elevations of Chiramba come into view. I reflect on the teeming animal life. One species always devours the other. As soon as I find a species I know, I ask, "Who, my boy, do you eat, and by whom are you eaten?" Man, as the strongest, devours them all, but he is again the victim of the smallest, of the microbes in the shape of cholera, typhoid, bubonic plague, tuberculosis, cancer, &c., so as to even matters out. That this system, upon which our whole nature is planned, as on its irrefragable law, exactly betokens the "world based on universal love" of certain philosophers, can hardly be maintained from an intellectual point of view. One need only camp for a night in the African bush, and hear time after time in the sounds that break the stillness the cries of beasts frightened for their lives in order to appraise the "best of all possible worlds" of Leibnitz. We reach an inkling of the divine all-embracing love when we accept in all seriousness that life and death, birth and



THE HOUSE-BOAT AT REST.

SPRING ON THE ZAMBESI

decay, are only appearances based on an illusion of our individual intelligence, and in no way affecting our actual being. This thought also becomes more plausible than elsewhere on a mighty tropical river with its superabundance of life. Namely that, in spite of all the eating and being eaten, every species still remains fresh and radiant in its zest of life. None is missing. Nature, the all-mother, includes them all, and the rise and fall of the individual really seems to be only a lively romping of a mother with her children, who throws them on high to always catch them again smilingly in her lap.

I lunch about noon below the station of the Mozambique Company, Chiramba, and in the afternoon pass beside the forests of this district. A squall which rises suddenly about 4 p.m. forces us to halt for half an hour. To-day we again have overcast skies, but a sunset *à la* Rembrandt. About six o'clock I order my-men to halt on the left bank, where we have approached the western spurs of the Shire Mountains, and have my tent put up in the clean sand of a dry tributary coming from the north-east. The air here is cool and splendidly pure. A beautiful Sunday lies behind me.

10 *December*.—Looks like rain. We leave at 5.20 a.m. in cold weather ; the morning, however, remains fine. On our left rise the Makanja Mountains, past which we row the whole day long. About 7.30 the Zambesia Company's station, Shingale, comes in sight, and the commandant asks me if I will come in and say "how do you do" to the whites. "No, thanks!" I will not spoil the delicious gift which God is blessing me with these days—solitude and nature! Like Antæus from contact with his mother

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earth, so also does my soul always draw in new life and new strength for this short pilgrimage through being alone with nature and itself. Long ago I should have lost heart if I had not always returned to this last source of strength. "No, my good Commandant, we will not stop at Shingale."

At twelve o'clock I land at another of the Zambesia Company's stations, Shimbwa, that is to say I put in on the left bank of the river while the station stands on the right bank. Here we have lunch, on a fertile strip of alluvial soil between the Makauja Mountains and the Zambesi, on which the natives are busily engaged in planting. Hardly have we set out again when it begins to rain and continues raining the whole afternoon. We pass the mouth of the Sangadzi, and half to the right the volcanic peaks of Sena come into sight. I soon lower the watertight cover in front of my "house" and finish Dickens's *Black House* in comfort while the rain rattles overhead. Towards six o'clock and still in the rain, I land on the left bank and have my tent put up at a village called Dambarale, close to the cloud-covered mountains on moist ground. While I write this the rain has ceased. Instead, mosquitoes and Co. appear on the scene.

11 *December*.—When I wake at 5 a.m. a fine rain is falling. Consequently I must postpone our departure till 7.15. Then we set out for Sena. I shoot two crocodiles. Throughout this whole journey I get a good deal of fun out of watching my niggers. They laugh and chatter and chirp with joy the whole day without a break, something like German students do—*after* a morning visit to the tavern—on an excursion. Always cheery, never downcast! If the purpose of

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this earthly life consists in the happiness of the individual, then the negro has fulfilled this purpose. Thus far he has actual claims to genius. *The reason why* any one is happy is of no consequence, provided that the person is happy. It is, therefore, stupid to speak of "the poor black man." It is much more correct to speak of the "poor white man." One should only compare the sombre, agitated faces of the whites with the laughing physiognomies of the blacks! The reason of their joy is without doubt that, like the beasts, they live exclusively in the present, and know no care for the morrow. But I do not believe that the purpose of life consists in the happiness of the individual, and, therefore, I prefer to belong to the careworn section of humanity.

On our left we have a mountain chain continuously beside us, which looks very lovely with its ornaments of newly opened greenery. At 11.30 we pass Sena, and shortly after twelve arrived at Mutarare where solitude and travelling by boat come to an end for the present. For, shortly after my arrival, Senhor Fereira, the head of the Zambesia Company invites me to take up my quarters in the Portuguese fort, and towards evening, Herr Hermann Müller comes from Sena, and Mynheer Sinderam of Holland from the Villa Boccagio on the Shire, both acquaintances of mine, and we spend a lively evening together.

14 *December*.—Herr Sinderam had bought a little steamer in Sena from the Mozambique Company which he wished to have "quanted" down-stream to Chinde. He was good enough to invite me to accompany him, and as I wished to see my house-boat back in Mitonda again as soon as possible, I accepted his invitation. Consequently I had to wait at Mutarare

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on the 12th December, and only about four o'clock yesterday were Herr Sinderam's preparations to leave Mutarare complete. It rained very heavily these days, and, on this account, I was glad to be out of the houseboat, and to settle down under the galvanised iron roof which covers Herr Sinderam's steamer from one end to the other. The boat is called *Tambara*, a name I am acquainted with, as Mitonda lies in the Tambara country. It can carry eight tons and was originally intended as a police boat. Now Sinderam wants to use it to carry niggers and for other business purposes, after the machinery has been carefully examined in Chinde. Forty men "quant" and paddle the boat down-stream, which, however, only moves at the rate of about three miles an hour, as every now and then it gets stuck on a sand-bank.

Now that the sun is setting the volcanic cones of Sena and the white buildings of Mutarare begin to disappear behind us in the haze, while to the left the mighty Mount Marombale with the Shire chain grows ever more enormous. Everything is half-shrouded in clouds.

But we have arranged things comfortably for ourselves in the fore part of the boat with tables and chairs; we read, smoke, and chat, and every now and then fire off a shot. Sinderam acts as skipper, while I superintend the kitchen. Towards seven o'clock we land on a sand-bank where we remain for the night.

Early in the morning (14th December) we continue our voyage. The weather has cleared a little but the sky remains clouded. A strong wind blows the whole day, hindering our passage. The boat goes slowly with the current, turning in circles. But for all that we move, and are perceptibly nearer to the Shire. In

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the afternoon more heavy showers. Towards six o'clock the sky clears and we lay to at an island close to Morassa, which is covered by several villages. Sinderam and I take an evening walk to buy eggs and fruit, in which we are unsuccessful. I have my tent put upon the bank where we dine and where later on I turn in.

15 *December*.—In the night we are disturbed by hippopotami in the most shameless fashion. Sinderam, who is sleeping on board, has the lamp brought and begins to read. At last I get up and shoot one of the beasts, whereupon the noise ceases. At five o'clock our journey continues. Through a newly formed channel we run into the Shire River about ten o'clock, and go slowly down-stream. At eleven o'clock we lay, pressed by the wind, close to the left bank, when suddenly we observed the smoke of a steamer ahead of us. It was the *King* of the Flotilla Company, on its journey to Chiromo. I fired my gun as a signal, and soon we were side by side. A friendly greeting passed between us and Captain Wallace and the engineer, Mr. Dawson, both old acquaintances. I went on board the *King* while Mr. Dawson inspected our engines. To my astonishment I met a German lady on the *King*, Frau Dr. Schröder, on the way to the Berlin Mission of Ubena in German East Africa. I had myself introduced and exchanged a few words with her. Her husband, unfortunately, lay ill in the cabin. At noon the *King* steamed on, after we had taken coal and wood on board. Sinderam wants to get up steam. The afternoon was wet and stormy like a late September day in Scotland. We lay-to at the telegraph station of Chimara where I had my tent erected in the rain.

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16 *December*.—In the morning we go across to Chimbuë, where we remain several hours, to buy provisions and to get up steam. Chimbuë is a station of the Mozambique Company. The head, Senhor Catrino, comes on board while I have a look at the place. Afterwards he lunches with us. As he is a very agreeable man we spend a pleasant morning. At twelve o'clock steam is up, and about one o'clock the *Tambara* sets off quickly down-stream. Unfortunately this pleasure is of short duration, as we only have steam for twenty-five minutes, and the pumps do not work. We then drift down-stream again as before. The afternoon grows fabulously beautiful. After the rain comes clear, cool weather with sunshine, and, in the whole splendour of the tropical sunlight, the broad Zambesi lies before us, with its fresh, green banks, and its palm-decked islands. The air is transparent, as in August at home. The eye wanders into the far distances, peace and quiet reign over the landscape. Thus we go onwards into the cool of the evening. Towards sunset Sinderam has got up steam again, and we travel a further five miles down-stream, so that my tent is put up under a sky radiant with stars.

17 *December*.—Soon after starting we see a steamer coming down-stream, the *Cameron*, of the Flotilla Company, which lies by alongside and then takes us in tow, while its engineer, Mr. Paterson, repairs our pumps. Captain Copland very kindly invites me to come on board, where I meet Senhor Albano Portugal Durao, who is just come from the Namuli Mountains. He shows me his maps, and tells me some interesting stories about his expedition. He is a superior official of the Zambesia Company. We now go on with the *Cameron*, sometimes trusting to our

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own engines, sometimes being towed. About 7.30 we reach Shipanga, where our machinery is finally set in order. From here we steam past the Jesuit Mission of Lacedonia to Vicentis, the place of call for the Mopea sugar factory ; and in the afternoon, in splendid weather, we continue down the sunny Zambesi to Marameo, another sugar factory. Mopea placed 2,700 tons of sugar on the market this year, Marameo 900 tons. Sugar has certainly a big future on the Zambesi. I have my tent put up close to the river, next to the factory plantations. Captain Copland and Mr. Paterson dine with me in the evening, while Herr Sinderam has a slight attack of fever. At dinner Mr. Copland tells me that McKinley has been re-elected President, and that the old Government has come in again in England ; that in Germany Prince Hohenlohe has resigned, and that Count von Bülow has become Chancellor.

18 *December*.—The morning breaks beaming brightly over the world. I am about at 4.30, as the days are now very long, and I go for a walk in the neighbourhood. At 5.30 the *Cameron* steams off ; we follow an hour later, as our steam is not yet up. Then we go quickly down-stream. I shoot hippopotami daily. But crocodile grow scarce down here. At ten o'clock we reach Bento, a timber station at Sinderam's, and at one o'clock another station at the entry to the Chinde River, which Sinderam is good enough to christen Peters. Mynheer Sinderam has the monopoly of the timber trade between Chinde and Chiromo. We stop at Peters Station, because we do not know whether our engines won't smash in the Chinde River, where both banks are swamps, and where consequently there was no anchorage. In the afternoon, while we

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are at lunch, the steamer from Marameo suddenly arrives and lies by alongside of us, and is going to stay hereto-day. Captain Evans and Herr Bourignon look us up at once. So we again have company for the evening. From here the Zambesi runs, forming a delta, into the Indian Ocean. As the life of the individual dwindles away into the great still sea of death, so does the Zambesi flow into the ocean, dissipated and dispersed into a hundred scattered courses. Like the poorest rivulet, all its energy and all the wonder of its flood ends in the ocean! And it is as though it had not been. *Vanitas vanitatum!* But for all that, it has been the artery which has infused life into whole countries, and it also celebrates its resurrection from the lap of death in the eternal circle of Nature.

CHAPTER V

THE KINGDOM OF MACOMBE

I NOW fixed my departure for the afternoon of July 15th, a Saturday. The rest of Friday we spent in repacking the loads, as Herr Blöcker had to separate his provisions from ours. On Saturday morning I went with Herr Blöcker to the old mining workings which we had discovered the day before, and we came upon some quartz reefs, which he further examined.

At two o'clock everything was ready for departure, but unfortunately Herr Gramann was at the last moment prostrated by such a heavy fresh attack of fever that it appeared doubtful to me whether he would be able to undertake the expedition at all. I therefore resolved to march alone, and to wait eventually for him in Misongwe. So leaving carriers behind for him, we moved on in a south-westerly direction.

Herr Blöcker accompanied me for a short distance up the Muira Road. He was under orders to join me in Mashonaland by the Ruenje Road after he had finished his work in Inja-Banda.

Soon we turned into the Muira river-bed, through the sandy ground of which we marched up-river, and I took leave of Mr. Blöcker. The diorite here soon

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changed to granite in curious form, and granite hills appeared first on the right, and afterwards also on the left (north-western) bank of the river. It was the coolest month of the year, and the air was bright and



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transparent like crystal. Deep blue the sky extended above us, against which the green of the trees and the fantastic forms of the hills stood out distinctly. Every branch—nay, even every leaf—was sharply defined. A dreamy mood creeps over us as we march on.

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The column moves in a long line, and soon I find myself in front of it, accompanied only by Osman, my Somali boy, who carries my double express.

The consciousness of walking on ancient historic ground possesses me. What figures may have walked here thousands of years ago ; and what sort of life may have existed in these surroundings ? Ah ! "When the course of the world is not kept together by philosophy, the mechanism is continued by hunger and love," Schiller says. As if philosophy could ever take the place of hunger and love !

The afternoon is advancing, and the sun is sinking deeper to the west. The rugged landscape around us became steeper and more fanciful ; it seems to gain life. Here, grotesque faces are grinning towards us ; there, threateningly, an arm is raised which seems to order us back. "What wilt thou, poor weak man, in our realm ? Generation after generation of thy like sink into nothingness before our eyes ; for eternity only we were born, we sons of the depths. Of what use is thy passionate striving ? Dust and mould is the goal to which thou art running."

"But others will follow me," one may reply, "and you yourselves, you haughty children of the depths, will be but sand and dust before the last of my race has trodden this planet."

With sunset we arrived at Inja-ka-Lapa, a little village on the north-west bank of the river. I had my tent pitched on the clean river-sand, and ordered the natives, through Cuntete, to bring flour for my men. This was done, and we feasted luxuriously.

Next morning we marched on partly in the river-bed, partly through beautiful high forests along the western bank. Towards half-past seven we left the

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district of Inja-ka-Fura, and an hour later we reached Lolongoë. The people received us very kindly, and I remained here an hour in order to have a good look at the place, where, as the natives told me, there had formerly been a Portuguese station. This is the Lolongoë or Bocuto of the old report in my *Atlas Antiques*. "Lo" is a prefix in South African languages.



COOKING THE DINNER.

Theal in his book *The Portuguese in South Africa*, page 179, says, "Bocuto" was thirty miles distant from Massapa, and only a little store with no interesting features. Massapa was situated near Mount Fura, from the top of which we had an exceedingly good view over the Kalanga Land, but no Portuguese was permitted to climb it, because the

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Monomotapa (so the Portuguese call the chief of the Makalanga) did not wish them to know too much of his country."

It is surprising that Theal did not think it necessary to locate geographically and distinctly the scenes of the history he tells. It suffices him to say, "Massapa was situated on the River Manzoro, the Mazoë of to-day," and this settles the question. That appears to me thoughtless. From what point near the Mazoë is one able to look from a mountain over the Makalanga country? The centre of the Kalanga country is the Muira; its chief is Macombe, whose residence, Misongwe, lies on the bank of this river. On the Muira we found Inja-ka-Fura, Massapa, and the ancient ruins. It is a pity that Theal did not go deeper into this question before writing his book. He speaks continually about the Kalanga districts, Makalanga, &c., he describes negotiations and events which took place in their country, without stating where this clan lived. So a veil is spread over an otherwise excellent narrative, which prevents a firm grasp of the events, and leaves the different Portuguese expeditions absolutely in a half light. I shall have to return to this.

Lolongoë lies close to the Muira, and not far from the most important tributary of it, Macombe. It therefore corresponds to the geographical note in our report "between two rivers"; also the distance from Massapa, which is mentioned as thirteen leagues, fits this spot pretty well. Longoë, I take it, was the name of the district, which has been kept up to-day in Inja-ka-Longoë. Bocuto was the name of the Longoë store in this country. A trace of the name we find preserved in the name "Lo-Longoë."

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When we had crossed, at 10.15, the Macombe River, we reached cultivated ground, and found ourselves in front of the village of Imbewe, where we were to camp for the day. I pitched my tent in the centre of a field north of Imbewe, and soon received a visit from the chief, who saluted me most heartily. He brought me a pot of good Kaffir beer, called "dorue" or "battua," and was presented in exchange with half a bottle of Kaffir brandy, of which I had brought a little stock for these festive meetings.

At three o'clock I had the great pleasure of receiving a letter from Herr Gramann, who informed me that he had followed me as far as Lolongoë, but was now unable to proceed further. I at once sent him some food, and a small bottle of champagne, and despatched eight men in order to have him carried into my camp, where he arrived towards sunset very much exhausted. From this day, however, he recovered steadily.

So we set out next morning together for Sunguë, which we reached, after a fatiguing march through bush and forest, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The place lies on the right bank of the Muira, which rises between Sunguë and Misongwe. This course was longer than was necessary because I tried to break through the bush in the direction of Inja-pa-Gaza, which I thought would be our camping-place. Cuntete brought me back through the bush which had cost me an hour's valuable time.

On July 18th we arrived at Misongwe, the Simbabwe or residence of Macombe. Simbabwe does not exactly mean "residence," as, amongst others, Professor Keane thinks, but literally "houses of stone," Simba (plural of numba) = houses; *bwe* = "stones."

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The road led again through high forests upon the left bank of the Muira, while Misongwe is situated on the right bank. On this march I discovered a series of old iron workings, and two furnaces were shown me.

On the road messengers from Macombe repeatedly ran up in order to bid me welcome. This reminded me of my entrance into Mengo in Uganda in February, 1890. Towards ten o'clock we camped in front of Misongwe under a big leguminous tree on the margin of the river-bed. Soon a messenger from Macombe arrived, and invited us to enter Misongwe, and amid great excitement and a general concourse of the population we marched into the place. Over the entrance door two skulls fixed on poles grinned "A hearty welcome." I had altogether fifty-six porters and five Somalis. Herr Gramann and I were led into a hut, which, although small, was clean and airy. Macombe had assigned this as our quarters. His eldest brother and heir to the throne, Shewanga, a very intelligent and courteous man, did the honours of the place, but I told him at once that I should prefer to live in my own tent, and requested him to inform Macombe of this. Permission was given, and I at once pitched my tent in an open space in Misongwe. Then I sent the presents I had brought to Macombe: strong calico, coloured print for his wives, cooking utensils and pots, a load of salt, and a load of flour, and last, but by no means least, a demionjo, or twenty-five bottles, of nigger gin. These presents were graciously accepted with hearty thanks. At the same time Macombe sent word that he would receive me next morning.

And a very pleasant day was before us; hard the sun burnt down upon our tents in the centre of dusty

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Misongwe with its indescribable smells. The town has from four to five thousand inhabitants, who live closely together within a narrow palisade ; the streets are narrow and winding, and in the centre is the "palace" of Macombe, which consists of a number of



TRAVELLING IN A HAMMOCK.

larger huts around a wide open square : all these buildings are surrounded by a special wall of palisades. The fortifications round Misongwe have several bullet-proof bastions from which the glaciis around can be commanded. The altitude of the place is 1,350 feet

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above sea-level, and it lies—from a nigger's point of view—like an impregnable stronghold on the margin of the valley of the Muira, about thirty feet above the bottom of the river. This is all well and good, but such a nigger town is not exactly the place in which I would choose to spend a summer holiday. I must add that I was overrun all day long by the Indunas of Macombe, among whom Shewanga was always conspicuous; he came to me with a sort of swagger in order to talk "high politics," but in reality that he might break into my little stock of brandy and whisky, which I could ill avoid as it was important to maintain good relations with these people. I could scarcely keep this company away from me during my meals, so I placed Somalis before my tent, upon whom the exalted ones of the country made no impression, and they turned them rudely away.

During the evening at eight o'clock, the youths of the town danced a war dance in front of my tent in my honour, for which display I had to pay a great number of "stretches" of calico, and even during the night the drumming and shouting continued. At four o'clock in the morning a sort of tattoo with drums was given, to which I answered not exactly with blessings. Very tired I rose next morning, and was delighted to notice, with my first peep from my tent, big flocks of children who were anxious to see me shaving and dressing. These children, as well as a number of the beautiful sex of the natives, accompanied me without interruption wherever I went. I was not a second alone, and could but swear at our apparent popularity.

At half-past ten o'clock the audience with Macombe took place in his palace, for which I took, besides Herr Gramann, a few Somalis. I also took three



MAKALANGA MAIDENS CARRYING WATER.

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small bottles of champagne, which I handed over to Macombe, as a present from myself.

When we entered the courtyard, which was surrounded by the private houses of Macombe, I saw on my right a number of Makalanga sitting, among whom I recognised some of the Indunas who had made the preceding day so pleasant with their repeated visits, and to whom I winked in a friendly way. Herr Gramann and I were led to a carpet under a wide veranda on the left-hand side, upon which we sat down. Suddenly a figure from the centre of the Indunas rose and stepped towards me ; I supposed he was one of my yesterday's friends and saluted him in rather a free-and-easy fashion without rising from my seat. I was surprised when my alleged friend sat down between me and Herr Gramann and the crowd grouped respectfully in front of us. It was Macombe himself. He is a strongly made man of middle size, with intelligent eyes, a rather soft mouth and a curled beard. The impression of his face is decidedly pleasing, his behaviour modest but full of dignity, and I had involuntarily the feeling that I was in the presence of no common man. The audience commenced with much ceremony by my presenting Macombe with the three bottles of champagne, which I had opened. Macombe ordered a tumbler which was filled, and out of which I had to drink the first half. This was the unpleasant side of my visit to Macombe, nothing went off without much drinking, and I always had to go half-shares with the king. As he unfortunately had a predilection for cognac and champagne, half and half, and visited me twice quite early, my stay in Misongwe became a real punishment, for in Africa I am not at all accustomed to take much alcoholic drink. This,

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however, could not be helped ; policy required this sacrifice.

When we had finished the champagne, of which I was pleased to see the Indunas had to take a share, I spoke to Macombe.

“ I am glad to make thine acquaintance ; thy name is well known in Europe, and I have made a long voyage from England in order to see thy country. I thank thee that thou hast sent Cuntete who brought me here, so that I now see the Macombe himself before me. I hope thou wilt be my friend (Shemare-ango).”

Macombe replied in a long speech which he addressed partly to his suite, who listened respectfully, and accompanied it with a subdued clapping of hands.

“ Thou and thy brothers are welcome. I am pleased to see Englishmen and Germans with me ; only Portuguese are not allowed to come here. But now I hear that thou thyself hast a Portuguese in thy service at Injanmengale. That surprises me, for should he enter my country I would have to kill him. Also I have learnt that thou art the friend of the Portuguese in Tambara ; I am afraid if I allow thee to travel through my country, and if thou gettest real estate, that soon the Portuguese will follow thee. Now I am at war with them, and intend to remain at war ; my fathers have fought them since many, many years (*karc karc*). Look here, in sign of this old enmity I carry the ring of one of their great ones around my neck whom we have killed, the ring of Senhor Gouveir. If thou wilt work here alone and in peace, thou art welcome, but I will not have any Portuguese here, I will kill the Portuguese in thy service.”

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“Whom dost thou mean by ‘my Portuguese’?” I asked.

“His name is Polski, and he is at this moment near the Tenje Hill.”

I could not help laughing aloud when I looked at Herr Gramann. Herr von Napolski is of a yellow colour, with dark hair, and the people here took him to be a Portuguese.

I said, “The man whom thou meanest is no Portuguese, but a German; he looks differently from us because his ancestors were Russians” (Russki as the Makalanga do not know anything about the Poles).

It seemed that Macombe did not believe me, and the situation became rather strained, as I began to feel angry, but I remembered that rudeness on my side might easily lead to the end of this expedition, and even of our lives. I thought of the two skulls in front of the door, and of Mr. Perch, who was killed some years ago by the Makalanga in the north-west of the country because he possessed a red blanket, which hurt the religious feelings of the tribe. It was quite clear that a hint from my friendly neighbour was sufficient to “blot out” Herr Gramann and myself, so I said—

“If thou takest me to be a liar, it is better to finish this conversation, but I think it better that thou shouldst convince thyself first whether Napolski is a Portuguese before thou speakest like this. I am thy guest; I have come here upon thine invitation. It is true the Portuguese are also my friends, but that is no reason why I should not be thy friend too.”

Macombe shook hands, and replied, “So tell me then what I can do for thee?”

“First, permit me to pitch my tents outside

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Misongwe on a hill. My friend here, Herr Gramann, has been very ill, and he cannot regain his health in the noise of Misongwe ; we also want fresh air."

At this Macombe laughed heartily, joined—as he always was—by all surrounding him ; but he granted my request.

" Further, I wish thy permission to prospect in the whole of thy country for gold : also to build houses. Thy people now go to Umtali to look out for work ; when we work mines here thou canst keep them with thee. I have brought thee presents, those I have fetched from Tete. Now thou hast to sell thy goods, gold, ivory, wax, and gum, at Tete, or even at Beira. If I erect a store in thy own country, thou canst buy all necessities in the neighbourhood, and also sell all the products of thy country. It is therefore to thine own interest that I should have a store erected in thy land."

" Where wouldst thou like to build this store " (*shitori*) ?

" In Inja-Banda, in the neighbourhood of the gold rocks which we have discovered there."

" Sadidi nngira ipo " (" Good ; thou hast permission").

" I want to march from Misongwe through thy country to the Pompuë River, thence to Inyanga, and from there *via* Umtali to Beira and England. Give me thy brother, Cuntete, my friend, so that he may accompany me further on. Thou hast asked for a big overcoat, which I could not get in Tete for thee. Give me some men, and I will send thee an overcoat, and also other presents from Umtali, but Cuntete shall bring thee presents from London."

This proposal created a sensation in the assembly ;

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I made it, because by carrying it out I was most certain to retain friendship with this clan. If I had the favourite brother of the Prince with me in England, then good relations with my stations during my absence were secured, and the relations which I had started could be developed normally.

I was surprised that Macombe accepted my proposal at once.

“Cuntete ataende naive kwanza uta kala lapa pangono” (“Cuntete shall go with thee, but before that thou shalt stay awhile with me.”)

“I cannot stay a long time here, as I have plenty of work on hand before the rains set in; also I should like to send thee as soon as possible thy mantle from Untali.” (I knew my friends.)

“In order to reach Katerere thou must buy a lot of grain, and that will take several days,” he said.

With this I dropped the subject; the audience had lasted longer than an hour, and had been rather exciting; indeed, our heads were at stake. Anyhow, it had helped the further progress of the expedition and the success of my plans in Macombe's country.

As soon as I got back to our camping-place I had the tents down and had them taken “in wild flight” from the place to a hill on the other side of the Muira, where the wind blew, and where we could breathe God's fresh air once more, where we could listen to the rustling of the trees and the song of the birds, instead of the rude laughter of a nigger band, where the thirsty Indunas had to cross a river in order to lay their fingers on my cognac; where a large crowd had no room to sit down. The hill, which I had already pointed out in the morning, was small and narrow on its surface, and fell down steep, almost



A ZAMBESI POSTMAN.

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vertically, on three sides, leaving room only for my tents and a small number of men. I placed outposts on the only point of access, with an order to drive away, without any consideration, the usual crowd of curious people with a sjambok. The trade in flour was to be done at the bottom of the hill. I wanted peace and the sweet breath of nature.

Our quick departure from Misongwe had been too much for the nerves of my porters; two of them bolted at once because they thought the audience had taken a bad turn, and that the usual slaughter would commence. I felt that I had made a mistake in following my heart's desire too eagerly.

In the afternoon a big council took place in the residence of Macombe. Calmly the evening came on in full moonlight; I was just occupied in breaking eggs for our supper into the frying-pan, and said to Herr Gramann, "Now we'll have a nice quiet evening," when suddenly the "door of skulls" of Misongwe was opened, and out came a wild, fantastic *cortège*; in front were young girls dancing, then a band of music consisting of drums, pipes, and stringed instruments. Then followed several Indunas, then a single figure which we found when they came nearer to be Macombe himself. Behind him, Cuntete, Kashi, and several other notables—altogether from forty to fifty men. I had quickly carried away my pan and my eggs, and advanced to the margin of the hill, where the pass reached to the top, to meet Macombe. When he had ascended I took him by the hand and led him to the entrance of my tent, where two chairs were placed for him and for me. Herr Gramann sat on a box next to me, and the crowd poured in on the small space round the precipice.

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When I had seen these visitors arriving I had, in right consideration of the situation, unpacked two bottles of cognac. It was not exactly pleasant to have to sacrifice our provisions, but to a certain degree I had prepared myself for such emergencies when we outfitted at Tenje. Macombe, before conversation commenced, asked for a bucket, into which he poured the two bottles of cognac in order to fill them up with water.

"This," he said, "is for our men; we two big ones will drink champagne. I have come to make brotherhood with thee."

What was to be done? Champagne must be fetched. The loss of noble wine was of less consequence than the fact that I had to drink half of it myself before my dinner. During these preparations the band played without interruption. Then cups of cognac were handed round and Macombe and I commenced to empty bottles of champagne. When Macombe drank one of the Indunas jumped forward and put his hand under his chin in order to catch any drops that might fall. At the same time the whole crowd arose, shouting loud hurrahs. When Macombe said anything which might resemble a joke his suite broke out into a roar of laughter. If he spoke angrily they feigned rage. There is scarcely a European prince who is more surrounded by flattery and cringing humility than these African rulers. When we both had emptied a glass Macombe rose, took my hand, and said—

"Ive msassa nguru inde shemare angu" ("Now thou art my friend and brother; what I have is thine, what thou hast is mine. In life and death we are united").

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I answered, "I shall be a good friend to thee. I am the enemy of my enemies, and the friend of my friends."

With loud applause this declaration was received by the Makalanga. The singer jumped up and sung a song in my honour which he accompanied with a rhythmic dance. It was a fantastic scene. Light clouds hurried past the moon, whose light joined with the yellow flame of our candles and camp fires; around us were the strange forms of the suite of Macombe, and in the background my Somalis and porters. For about half an hour we were so sitting in the midst of the crowd drinking and smoking. Then Macombe took me by the hand and said—

"For a long time I have had the wish to have an able white man for a friend. I see how you white men advance more and more in Africa; on all sides of my country companies are at work; on the Zambesi steamers are running; from Beira the railway leads to Mashonaland; in Umtali, Macequece, and other places townships have risen. My country also will have to take up these reforms, and I am quite prepared to open it up to the whites. I have therefore given thee permission to prospect for gold in my country and to build stores, having seen that thou and thy friends are industrious workers. I should also like to have good roads and railways in Kalangaland but I will remain the Macombe as my fathers have been. In this crisis I want a white friend in order to settle it all in friendship with the Portuguese."

I answered Macombe, "I will do this, and I believe that my brethren will like to listen to thy words. We will work hard, and will open up the country, and thou and thy family shall have nothing



ON GOOD TERMS WITH MACOMBE.

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to fear for thy position. We will all work in friendship together."

Macombe then went into further details, and among other things he said that he would have a large house built for me near Misongwe.

Towards nine o'clock the visitors went as they had come, with music and dancing girls in front. Sweet rest and deep peace entered our camp in the shine of the full moon. But in Misongwe after a while the wild orgie of a general dance commenced which lasted till midnight. When Macombe had gone and we were sitting at dinner the three leaders of my porters came and said—

"Sir, we have seen that you are a big man; now give us a nice present in conformity to this fact."

With a few energetic words, which were not exactly blessings, I chased them away.

The next morning by seven o'clock Macombe paid me a visit, and I asked him in a friendly way to hurry on the preparations for my departure. This he promised to do, and at once ordered his people to sell me great quantities of flour (*ufu*). I bought ten sacks of this during the next few days.

In Misongwe I repeatedly received reports from Messrs. Blöcker and Napolski. Blöcker sent me the pleasing news that he had obtained good results in panning the Inja-Banda Reefs, and that he had found absolute evidence that we possessed in the newly-discovered reefs ancient mines—surface workings, an old shaft, a quarry, and old roads cut into the rock, which certainly were not made by natives.

In the afternoon of June 20th I gave a musical box as a present to Macombe, which seemed to please him much.



A MAKALANGA COUNTRY BELLE.

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The unpleasant consequence of my friendship with Macombe was the renewed rush of the Indunas, who now adopted a cringing attitude towards me. His wives also visited me, and one of his younger sisters absolutely desired to be married to me, clinging to me until her brothers, at my request, carried her away. Macombe, who heard this, sent his chamberlain during the evening to ask me whether I wanted any other girls, which, however, I declined.

On June 21st another brother of Macombe appeared in my camp. He pretended to be a lion, or that the spirit of a lion possessed him. He played like a savage man, threw himself down, roared like a lion, &c. At first I thought that he was an epileptic till the truth was told me. It reminded me of similar tales of Livingstone. When the possessed one at last asked me for a bottle of brandy I told him that lions did not drink brandy, upon which the crowd broke into a roar of laughter.

On the evening of the same day Cuntete told me that Macombe had procured men for carrying our flour, and guides. In order to show to the Makalanga that I was seriously planning my departure, I broke up my camp on July 22nd, about noon, and had it removed about half a mile to the south of Misongwe on the right bank of the river, and took the road to Senlangombie and to the Pungwe. During the afternoon I had the flour which I bought properly packed in loads, and informed Macombe that I should march next morning.

Towards nine o'clock I went to sleep; at half-past nine Macombe appeared in the camp with a beautiful ivory tusk as a present for me. When he learned that I was asleep he asked that I should not be disturbed,

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and with his own hands put the tusk in my tent, so that I should see it first thing next morning when I awoke. Is not this a proof of refined tact, even of gentlemanly feeling?

With dawn next morning I had the tents packed up, and everything was made ready for my departure. The guides had not yet come, but I sent Cuntete to Macombe in order to fetch them. Soon Macombe came himself in a very friendly manner to superintend everything personally. He said I should leave my servant Tom, a Matabele boy, another day with him; he might bring my flour to Senlangombie; the carriers for this were to arrive in the course of the day. Then he gave me two of his hunters, who knew the water-holes, upon which we were dependent, as guides. It was almost in a fatherly way that he looked after all our wants and cared for our welfare. He seemed very much amused at the manner in which I set my carriers into motion. When the column was on the march I took a friendly farewell of Macombe: "Salane, Macombe, shemare eango; avita kuta maningi!" ("Farewell, Macombe, my friend; many thanks.") I had taken a great liking to him during the few days of our acquaintance.

I have observed the Makalanga during the six months I spent amongst them with great interest, and I have studied their manners and customs. "Makalanga" means "Sons of the great Sun." *Ma* is a plural prefix; *ka*=great, and *langa* or *ilanga*=sun. They, therefore, have the same name as the ancient Inkas of Peru. As regards their blood, they belong essentially to the Bantu tribes of East Africa, but they have a stronger influx of Asiatic blood than any other nation which I know.

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Their type is not so much Arab, for they are decidedly Jewish ; but this, perhaps, is just the type of the genuine original Phœnician population of South Arabia. Many of the men are tall and strong—real Bantu figures. Then again, one sees small forms with very refined, clever expressions ; to this class my friend Cuntete belongs. The girls are prettier than those of most Bantu tribes, and at Misongwe they remind you of European ladies, just as I found them in former years at Uganda, at the court of Mwanga. They are graceful, and in their intercourse with strangers are not at all bashful. In this respect their manners are very different to the submissive behaviour of the ordinary negro girls. When they offer you anything they take it in both hands and make a deep curtsy, and withdraw backwards. When greeting you, they cross their hands over their chests and make two or three bows. The men greet by scraping the ground regularly with their feet. This is just as we found it on the Zambesi, and they have undoubtedly learned it from the Portuguese. If a Makalanga passes the tent or house of a “great one,” he takes off his cap, and does not put it on again until he is out of sight ; and he always remains bareheaded whilst talking to his superior.

The habits amongst this clan, at least at Misongwe, seem to be rather festive. Beer (*doroï* or *batua*) is much drunk, and they seem to dance every day. The number of children amongst them is surprising. They are all agriculturists, growing barley, maize, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, and tobacco everywhere. The soil belongs to Macombe, who entrusts it to different people for cultivation. Altogether it seems that he is the proprietor of everything, the people having the

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use only. I could not exactly fix the limits in this relation between chief and subjects. In marrying the women seem to have a vote; divorces are very frequent. The man pays to the father of a bride a present in goats; ten goats for a pretty girl is the usual price.



GREETING MAKALANGA.

In Makalangaland every man is a soldier. I was told that Macombe has about seven thousand rifles, but this, I think, is an exaggeration. They also use bow and arrow and assegais.

Among their occupations agriculture takes first

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place. Gold is washed in rivers and is sold in quills; iron is dug in holes and purified in furnaces; they obtain it from ferriferous quartz, and from brown clay iron ore, which is found everywhere. The Makalanga are very clever iron-workers, and their knives are much sought for. They also know how to make hoes and hatchets. They are very smart joiners; their chairs and head-rests are works of art, very finely carved, and at Misongwe we saw very elegant carvings on the outside of the houses. Their mats (*magondo*) also show much taste and skill. All over the country the women make pottery, which they even understand how to glaze. I have often used their vessels as cold-water jugs, as well as for cooking-pots.

Great are they as beer brewers. From the month of June, when the harvest commences to ripen, happiness and dancing everywhere hold sway in the villages. It is, more than anything else, this characteristic of the national life which gives "boys" at Umtali and Macequeçe sudden attacks of homesickness, and induces them to bolt.

Circumcision was formerly general, but is now, Cuntete tells me, being dropped. The dead are buried lying in graves; their spirits (*masimo*) are honoured with offerings of food and drink.

Of their religious ideas I have ascertained the following. The Makalanga believe in a great God (*Mlungu*), who lives above in the blue sky. Besides Him is a god who lives on the earth, or rather *in* the earth, and who is adored; a smaller god, but in nearer relation to man (*Kabula Kagoro*). To him belong all the fires of the country, and his service is done by the high priestess of the clan, an old woman who has the title of "*Quarra Quate*." She sees *Kabulu Kagoro*,

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talks to him, communicates his orders to Macombe, and offers him his sacrifices, called "*juswisse*." *Quarra Quate* is thought to be about six thousand years of age, and was, as Kambarote of Injakagura told me, formerly the wife of *Kabulu Kagoro*. Now she is his priestess ; she lives in Senlangombie, where I saw her house, but unfortunately not herself.



A FLOUR BASKET AND A BEER BARREL IN THE LAND OF THE
MAKALANGA.

Kabulu Kagoro means, translated, "the Omnipresent Great Bulu," who is the god of fire. It seems that *Quarra Quate* has a sort of moral power even over Macombe. But Macombe is of a godly character himself, and is enwrapped with a godly glory. It is extraordinarily difficult to penetrate into these secrets of the native soul.

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Every year at the time of the winter solstice (in June) old *Quarra Quate* is carried from Senlangombie to Misongwe in order to superintend the big sacrificial festivities for *Kabulu Kagoro*. The sacrifices are offered in meat, goats, and grain. This yearly festival of the whole clan is celebrated at the burial-place of the chiefs; particular religious adoration is given also to certain mountains, hills, and rocks, the Msusi, Tenje, Sumuë, or better: these hills are the favourite places for sacrifices to the Deity. Great religious importance attaches to fire. Every year at the time of the great national sacrifice all the fires in the country must be extinguished, and relighted from a sacred fire which *Quarra Quate* keeps in the house of *Kabulu Kagoro*, and which Macombe hands over to his people. It seems that the idea is prevalent that the ordinary fires have been sullied by daily use, and have to be renewed from this pure source.

The Macombe, in the scale from *Mlungu* through *Kabulu Kagoro*, is the third who receives religious honour, but he is "picannini" (small) compared to *Kabulu Kagoro*, whose orders he has to carry out.

When *Quarra Quate*, the priestess, shows herself to the people, no red colour must be seen anywhere: the sacred colour is black. In this we find a connection with the light-and-fire-worship of the sun. All male relations of Macombe's house have the title Inja-ka-Fura. Macombe's family does not belong to the Makalanga, but is of different origin. The title "Inja-ka-Fura" for the princes of Macombe's house may be explained by the fact that the dynasty originally resided at Inja-ka-Fura, "the Land of the Great Mine," and that this, therefore, was their original home.

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Under any circumstances, we have here absolutely ancient Semitic religious ideas before us. The sun-god is still to-day the centre of worship and of hill sacrifices, and in his honour the perpetual fire burns in the house of *Quarra Quate*.

Who does not remember, in connection with these ideas, the struggle of the Jehovah cult against the



DISTILLING NATIVE BRANDY.

ever-rising Baal worship among the ancient Jews? In the Books of the Kings, and the Chronicles, one finds that sacrificing on the hills is absolutely identical with desertion from Jehovah, and the worship of Baal. And the idol worship by everlasting fire, as it is done in the house of *Quarra Quate*, belongs to the same class. I remind my readers of chapter vi. verse 24 of the first Book of Ezra (not published by Luther,

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or in the English Bible translation), where it says :—

“Kyrus the king had caused to be built the House of the Lord at Jerusalem, where He is honoured by the everlasting fire.”

Of course the “Lord” here is not the Jewish Jehovah, but the Persian sun-god Ormuzd, whose counterpart is the Phœnician Baal.

We find then traces of this sun- and fire-god in the present day among the Makalanga in *Kabulu Kagoro*, “The Omnipresent Great Bulu.” Can we doubt that Bulu is the ancient Semitic Baal or Belus himself? On hills and with everlasting fire he is honoured, and at the time of the winter solstice his great sacrifices are performed. Just so, three to four thousand years ago, Baal was worshipped all over the Erythrean Ocean; and if we recognise Baal in *Kabulu*, must we then not find a reminiscence of his female partner, the ancient Phœnician Ashera, in *Quarra Quate*. She was formerly the wife of *Kabulu*; to-day she is his priestess—a strange mixing up of very ancient ideas with the modern religious notions of the negroes.

Therefore the “Sons of the Sun” still are worshippers of the sun-god of the most ancient Semitic epoch. Here in Makalangaland alone, the old Baal religion has been conserved which reached thousands of years ago from Malacca to Cornwallis, from Sofala to the Canary Islands. How these ideas originally came here we are informed by the Phalli which we found among the *débris* near Inja-ka-Fura. By the Zambesi River the South Arabian conquistadores advanced, and they brought with them, besides the art of metal working, their customs and religion. I suppose that there never was a real South

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Arabian settlement here, but the Punic rulers of Sabæan nationality had here their garrisons, their commanders, their trading stations, and their mines, from which their religion and worship were brought down to the present time.

The great veneration in which the house of Macombe is to-day held from Bulawayo to Tete, from Victoria to Gorongoza—a veneration which is absolutely of religious and not of political character, and which has not been destroyed by the British occupation of Rhodesia, makes me think that we have in this house an ancient Punic family, which has held from generation to generation priestly rank, although it is much impregnated with negro blood to-day.

We shall see later on in what historic connection this single branch of the great Phœnician wave stands. Suffice it here to say that in the south of the Zambesi, in the clan of the Makalanga, the ancient veneration of hills and stones, the primeval worship of everlasting fire, and all the symbols of the original Semitic Baal cult survive, and that Baal here is to this day adored under the name of the Great Bulu.

When in July, 1899, I came upon the scene, I was deeply penetrated by the consciousness that I was standing upon ancient historic ground, although I was not then aware of the connection of the civilisation of this country with a whole primitive system. Everything seemed weird and was lost in mystical secrecy. I was to understand these ancient relations better soon. The further I advanced in the territory between the Zambesi and Sabi, the clearer did it become that I was treading the ground of an ancient South Arabian colony, and that the remains of the civilisation of this historical epoch are, in fact, not

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stranger than the Limes Romanus on the Danube, or the ancient Roman mosaics in Leicester.

The real historic traditions of the Makalanga do not go back to these ancient times; we have only records of the nation since the Portuguese came into touch with them. When these first European discoverers of South Africa arrived on the Zambesi, the Makalanga were without rivals as the predominant nation on the south of this river. They called this race the *Mokaranga* ("l" and "r" are convertible consonants in all Bantu languages), and they named its ruler the *Monomotapa*. "Mono" is a prefix which is pronounced in the Kiswahili of Central Africa, Mueni, and on the Congo, Mana: it means "lord" or "ruler." What "Motapa" may be is not quite clear; the three consonants, "m t p," indicate Semitic root. Theal (p. 123) thinks that "Motapa" means mountain, and "Monomotapa" is therefore "Lord of the Mount," derived from Mount Fura, in the neighbourhood of which his residence was situated. "But," says he, "the name had perhaps a more romantic derivation. 'Motap' is in certain Bantu dialects 'to dig,' and 'Motapa' hole or mine; 'Monomotapa' would therefore mean 'Lord of the Mine' or 'Lord of the Mining Country.'" I take this explanation to be the more likely one, for it is identical with the etymology of the word "Fura." What "Matap" is in Zulu dialects, "Kufura" is in the genuine Kalanga language to-day. What "Motapa" is there, "Fura" is here: "Mine." We have here an analogy to the word Kalanga itself; "Makalanga" means, as has been said, "Sons of the Sun," derived from the Zulu word *ilanga*, "sun." Besides this Zulu name, which they know and usually use, the Makalanga have their own word, *Sua*, for

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"sun." So the Portuguese may have learned from surrounding tribes the Zulu title "Monomotapa," and have applied it to the Makalanga prince for a title, which the Makalanga in their own ancient language have derived from "Fura," as is shown in the title of the princes of the house of "Inja-ka-Fura," to the present day. In both cases the title means "Prince," or "Lord of the Mining Country." This mining country was not limited to Macombe's district of to-day, but it included Eastern Mashonaland, whose population are Makalanga, and who recognise Macombe to-day as their real and especially religious lord. It also included large tracts of Matabeleland where Makalanga are settled, even beyond the Matopo Hills. This western part of the ancient Kalanga country was separated from the empire by the conquests of the Zulus and Mosilikatse's. In the east it reached in former centuries as far as Sofala and the Lower Sabi, and included Gorongosa of to-day, where Makalanga also live. These territories were separated as early as the sixteenth century from the main clan.

About 1500, Tolwa, a son of Tschikanga, tore the Manica district from the main tribe, and about 1550, in further quarrels amongst the family, Sedanda founded his own dominion about the Sabi and Sofala, while Kiteve made the district along the Sofala coast itself, as far as the Tendakulu River, independent. This district from that time has been known as the kingdom of Kiteve in history.

That the title "Monomotapa" was in existence in 1500 in Macombe's family, is proved by the report of Diogo da Alcaçova to the King of Portugal, of November 20, 1506. He reports that a Monomotapa called Macombe had been killed by Tschikanga. As

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Macombe is a title as well as Monomotapa, we have here, undoubtedly, a confusion of the Portuguese before us, as I have remarked above: they used the foreign title "Monomotapa" in place of the national "Macombe," just as a German traveller might speak of the "Kaiser of China," or might call the Czar of all the Russias "Kaiser." The title Monomotapa is absolutely unknown among the Makalanga of to-day.

That the Portuguese in speaking of Monomotapa meant the king of the Makalanga kingdom, and that our Macombe country was the aim of their gold-seeking expeditions, is absolutely clear from all their reports.

King Sebastian sent, in 1569, Francisco Barreto, at the head of a large expedition, to East Africa, in order to claim the gold-mines of the Kalanga country for the crown of Portugal. Barreto went up the Zambesi as far as Sena, and from there he sent an embassy to the chief of the Makalanga in order to negotiate a treaty. If a district in Mashonaland near the Mazoë had been in question, Barreto would not have pitched his camp at Sena, but he would have proceeded as far as Tete, which also was in existence in the year 1569. Sena at that time was situated on the eastern frontier of Monomotapa's country, as it is to-day on the eastern frontier of Macombe's country. The Portuguese then concluded a treaty with the Makalanga in order to subjugate the Mongasi (also spelt Omigos, Mongas, and Monge), a clan which dwelt north of the Kalanga people on the right bank of the Zambesi, between Tete and Sena. Without any doubt the name of this tribe is preserved in Inja-Mengale of to-day, where my Tenje station was built. Mengale or Mengare is an adjective form of

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Monga, just as Dambarare is an adjective form of Dambara. We therefore see that the situation in 1596 was not so absolutely different from that of to-day.

The burning down of Telā in the summer of 1899 by Macombe's people was an episode in the tribal fights of this district, which go back to the sixteenth century. The only difference is that the Portuguese in the meantime have taken the border of the river from the country of the Monge, and also the districts west of the Luenje River. But the real Inja-Mengale is to-day still independent. As the Makalanga chief in 1569 allied himself with Barreto in order to subjugate the Mongasi, so Macombe in 1899 would have been delighted to ally himself with me in order to get Inja-Mengale under his thumb.

Barreto's expedition then proceeded up-river from Sena. Theal says (page 143): "When he came to the point from where he had to deviate to the mountain of the Monomotapa, he was compelled to pitch a camp on an island in the river in order to leave there all his sick, as well as his superfluous luggage, for there was no chance of marching on with the heavily loaded expedition."

The island which is here mentioned is probably a large Zambesi island between Mitonda and the Portuguese fort of Tambara, on which Mr. Puzey used to keep his goats formerly. Barreto, it seems, took the Muira route to Inja-ka-Fura. I recognise all these localities from the old report. On the eleventh day they camped in sight of Mongasi's army. Apparently they marched very slowly down the river then, with their six cannons, 560 foot and 23 horse. The way from Tambara to the present residence of

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Inja-Mengale *viâ* Inja-ka-Fura is about seventy miles. Barreto would have had a more convenient access if he had stuck to the river, but probably the Lupata rapids prevented navigation in those days. The further progress of Barreto's expedition is of no interest for our purpose; it failed, owing to disease and want of food, and Barreto himself died.

In the following year Vasco Fernandez Homem, his successor, tried to reach the gold-mines of the Kalanga country from Sofala. Can it be supposed that he made such an attempt from Sofala if a district on the Mazoë was in question? I must ask my readers to look over the map of South Africa in order to decide this question for themselves. Homem marched through Kiteve to Manicaland, and from that district this expedition returned without success.

The Portuguese renewed their attempts upon the coveted gold-mines at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1610 an expedition of two hundred men was sent from Lisbon, which succeeded in establishing friendship with Monomotapa. In all the succeeding enterprises Dominican monks had a hand. They converted princes of the reigning house; nay, they even set one of them, Mavura—who as a Christian adopted the name of Filippe—on the throne. This king placed himself and his country, on May 24, 1629, under the protection of the Portuguese crown. These successes, however, only plunged the country into new civil wars, and the successor of Mavura returned to the old creed of his forefathers.

The history of the Makalanga in the seventeenth century is one of continued vacillation between Christianity and Paganism. In 1652 the Monomotapa, with all his family and thousands of adherents, was

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baptized. He adopted the name of Domingos ; his wife was baptized Luisa, and his son Miguel. This Miguel entered the brotherhood of the Dominicans, and was promoted in the year 1607 to be a Doctor of Divinity. He died as Vicar of the convent of Santa Barbara in Goa. Other Makalanga followed his example ; but the tide turned again, as our report in



SENTRY-BOX IN MAKALANGALAND.

the old atlas which I discovered, informs us. Chingamira drove the Portuguese, in 1693, altogether from the Mokranga, destroyed the stations of Longwe and Dambarare, and restored the old system. Some months before the Portuguese had commenced to work the big reef of Fura by a quarry, but all this came to an end in the year 1693. Up to the present day

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they have never had any real influence in Macombe's country, although they have attempted to gain a footing repeatedly during the last decades. Macombe's people have always repulsed these attacks, and the hatred—accumulated through centuries—does not, unfortunately, give much hope that it will be possible to settle this question in a peaceful manner, in which I should be pleased to help.

In the old reports one little circumstance appears to me particularly applicable to Macombe's country of to-day: the fact that the Portuguese so far back as three hundred years ago, were forbidden to climb up the Fura Mountains, partly, as Theal thinks, from certain superstitious fears, partly in order to prevent them obtaining a good view over the whole country. Just so they tried, as I have told, to deal with us. I hope I have convinced my readers, by these short extracts from the past of the Makalanga, that the historic records of the Portuguese fairly indicate the present Macombe country as the field of their enterprises in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that Monomotapa was no other than the Macombe himself. To any one who, like myself, lived for more than half a year in this country, occupied with explorations, no doubt of this fact would remain.

The old empire of Monomotapa which the first conquistadores found here, has dwindled down in the course of the last centuries; the remainder is preserved in Macombe's country, and the Makalanga of to-day are the genuine descendants of the former "Children of the Sun," with whom Francisco Barreto and Homem had to deal.

In high spirits we departed on the morning of July 23rd from the Simbabwe of Macombe. I had the

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happy consciousness that we had absolutely fulfilled our task. It is easy to enter the residence of such an African despot, but very difficult, as a rule, to leave it again. Mr. Puzey had prepared me for a delay of six weeks; we had been delayed five days only, and carried a much larger amount of provisions out of Misongwe than I had dared to hope.

The day was sunny and fresh; the road good; and so we marched on merrily. July, as I have already said, is in this district the coolest month. The heat, even in daytime, is scarcely depressing; the nights are fresh and cold, as the thermometer falls regularly down to about 38 degrees.

The country became very dry; the harvest had been mostly gathered in from the fields, and they had begun to burn down the grass. This is the best season for travelling and prospecting. At this time sunrise is about 6.15. At dawn we rose, and took a little breakfast, consisting of tea or coffee, bread with butter or lard, eggs and cold meat. Then we marched, and made a stoppage after two or three hours, during which we smoked a cigar, or pipe of tobacco. Then we marched to the camping-place, or I had a luncheon stop if we had to march on in the afternoon. For this meal regularly tea was made. Dinner we took at six o'clock, and, according to my old African custom, I looked after the cooking myself, in order to have clean and well-cooked food. Generally we had plenty of eggs, while guinea-fowls and wild ducks were nearly always to be obtained. Besides these we generally had a supply of fowls, sheep, and goats. For milk we had two milch goats, which were driven with the expedition.

For potatoes we substituted rice, and when this ran

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out (as it occasionally did) we had porridge, beans, sweet potatoes, or manjok. After dinner we took a glass of whisky, or brandy and water, smoked a pipe, had conversation, or played a game of piquet, and by nine o'clock at latest we were in bed, lulled to sleep by the voices of the wilderness.

This mode of living was almost the same at the stations or on the march. In fact, our Tenje station, as long as I was there, consisted only of our tent camp, and our daily occupation during the summer was mainly excursions for the exploration of the country.

On July 23rd we lunched at ten o'clock near a water-pool in the forest, after which we marched till two o'clock, when we camped in the small river-bed of the Injangona, opposite the Nyamaka Mountains. The direction of our march on this day had been alternately south-south-east, south-south-west, south-west, and then again south-south-west, therefore prevailingly south.

Our camping-place was 1,675 feet above sea-level. In the afternoon we marched through a genuine African thorn bush, which made our advance decidedly unpleasant. Particularly nasty is the thorn bush, "Wacht e bitsche," or, as the English call it, "wait a bit," because it looks very harmless, and does not show its sharp thorns until you have them in your skin.

The formation here is altogether granite. The Injangona runs into the Mukasi River, which is one of the sources of the Pompuë. We therefore had left the Muira district. The Muira soon after leaving Misongwe turns towards the west; its sources are in the escarpment of the high plateau of Mashonaland.

In the river basin of the Pompuë we remained the



WATER-HOLE IN MACOMBE'S COUNTRY.

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whole of the following day. The granite remained unbroken, forming picturesque rocks.

At ten o'clock we passed the eastern border of the Chisui Chain, which is formed of a series of granite peaks, the eastern excrescence of the Manjorilike Mountains which we saw to the west in front of us striking in a north-southerly direction.

The ground was rather flat, and I observed a series of swamps with the characteristic papyrus reed. Plenty of birds lived here ; vultures and eagles were flying to the south-west. "A lion has probably knocked down some big game in that direction during last night," said Cuntete. In the water-pools I saw numberless wild ducks and geese, and an ibis in his solemn attitude. While we were marching on, the "get away" bird with his dolefully long-drawn cry accompanied us ; it gave us a very weird impression, so distinctly was the "get way-ay" pronounced. During the night in the forest the francolin, or South African partridge, trumpets, the monkey cries, and the hyena laughs. On another night we hear the cry of the leopard, or the roar of the lion, close to our tents, and day by day we find traces of other game which we are able to recognise by the spoor and dung. Here antelopes have passed by ; there we recognise the clumsy spoor of the buffalo. Apparently we are nearing a real African wilderness.

About eleven o'clock I camped near the swamp, and ordered the men to cook their food in order to re-collect my widely-spread caravan, and at one o'clock we marched on towards Senlangombia.

About four o'clock we reached a water-pool in the river-bed of the Injambanda, a tributary of the Mkasi, and here I pitched my camp for the night. It was a

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lovely bit of nature around us : genuine primeval forest along the river-bank, with countless numbers of creepers, of which one kind had most charming red blossoms, and it formed a lovely view in the bold granite landscape. This evening we camped thirty-two English miles from Misongwe.

Next morning with the dawn we marched on westward towards the Majorilike Mountains, which we passed round their northern slope. Then we marched on the western side towards the south. At ten o'clock we arrived near the main kraal of Senlangombie, or Senangombie, where I pitched my camp at the bottom of a gigantic steep granite block. Our camp was 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, but the granite blocks which surround the wide well-cultivated valley rise from 2,500 to 3,600 feet more.

The natives, of course, received us in a friendly manner, as we were accompanied by the brother of the Macombe, and brought us flour, eggs, and sweet potatoes for sale. I decided to remain here one day in order to explore the district geologically, and to wait for Tom with our loads and flour from Misongwe.

The geological analysis of the Senlangombie district was very simple. Granite below our feet, and granite around us as far as the eye could reach ; the whole landscape in the south-east is overspread with granite kopjes, which stand out, highly picturesque, from the horizon, and will make very good landmarks for the surveying of the country. But nothing can be expected here for the prospector. Originally I had the intention to cross the steppe in the south as far as the Pungwe, and then to march up the Pungwe to Umtassa, about six miles north of Umtali, to commence from

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there my exploration of the Manica country. From an elevated point the border of Manicaland far in the south-west was shown me.

I could not, however, carry out my plan, because it would have been necessary to carry provisions for eight days, which meant fifteen loads of flour, and that I could not do with the carriers at my disposal. So I decided to march for the Upper Injasonja river basin, in order to turn from there to Katerere. For this purpose I had to take ten loads of flour, which my column could manage. It is true, in the district before us game was plentiful, but you can never reckon with certainty upon hunting for keeping your men in food, and I did not wish to risk any experiments in this direction with an absolutely unreliable column of Tete carriers, who had not yet recovered from their surprise at having managed to cross alive the country of the dreaded Macombe, and were not at all inclined to go with me further on to the bush steppes where the lion was master. A desertion of my men in such a bush was a question of life and death for us, as we were depending upon our tents and our provisions, and for these we relied upon our porters.

If I had been in a position to punish my men as befits the commander of an expedition, I would soon have knocked their moods out of them, and have got them firmly in hand, but my contract with Senhor Martins did not permit me to do this, although it did not prevent it directly. So I had to leave them to their moods, and march with them as a sort of good benevolent old gentleman. I was, of course, every moment exposed to the risk that they would simply bolt, and I always reckoned with this fact.

Meanwhile, on July 28th, I had the loads revised by

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Herr Gramann and had them repacked, by which several carriers became free for carrying flour.

At noon the next day Tom arrived with our loads of flour from Misongwe. He brought Piso, the half



CUNTETE AND PISO, MACOMBE'S BROTHERS.

brother of Cuntete, who was a sort of chamberlain at the court of Macombe, and who had been ordered to go with us as far as Umtali to carry up presents for Macombe. He is a fine handsome fellow, with a manly face, and a very captivating modest manner.

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On the evening of July 25th I visited several of the surrounding villages in his and Cuntete's company, and was shown, among others, the house of *Quarra Quate*. Unfortunately, this old lady herself was not visible.

The next morning, when I wanted to start, the carriers whom I had engaged in Senlangombie were not to be found, and I had to make a raid into the neighbouring villages in order to get hold of them. So it was half-past seven before we could depart. A terrible storm had been raging during the night and now the dark clouds were collecting, and soon a heavy rain pelted down upon us. I stopped the column and changed my clothes, this time putting on my mackintosh.

It was bitterly cold and difficult to push the carriers along ; they sat down, lighted fires, and declined to rise. I had to use my walking-stick in order to induce them to move on.

At eight o'clock we had crossed the Pompuë, and then went on into the wet bush ; but the rain was now over.

Without guides who know the district well an expedition here is simply impossible, for there is no footpath, and water, at least at the beginning, is to be found in holes only. Soon the bush changes into high forest, with an immense number of game spoor of all kinds. Once we put up an antelope, which, however, I did not get into shooting line.

Towards noon we reached a swamp about an hour's march east of the Injasonja River. I had the camp pitched here in order to give my men time to prepare for the night, and to collect dry fuel. It rained all the afternoon. Our camping-place was at an altitude

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of 1,800 feet; the direction of our march had been prevalently west.

The following morning we went back into the south-west direction, always through forest and bush which wetted our trousers, and thorns which tore us pitilessly, for there was no road. The landscape gained a certain romantic charm from the many granite kopjes which are scattered over the country.

Towards eight o'clock we crossed the merrily flowing Injasonja, one of the tributaries of the Pungwe. Then on again through forest and bush, till about eleven o'clock we were able to stop and take lunch in bright sunshine on the Injapandira, a lovely tributary of the Injasonja. North-west we saw the mountainous district of Chipatula, in which country Fu-Fura was pointed out to us. This mountain district is the northern continuation of the Manica escarpment, and forms, in fact, the first step for the ascent of the Mashonaland Plateau. This mountain range in its whole extent, which we were the first to discover and to cross, is called Bara-Uro, and forms the western frontier of the district Barge, as the natives call Macombe's country. "Bara-Uro" means "gold country"; the name "Fu-Fura" has here also a mysterious religious meaning, as the Makalanga told me, it means the same as Tenje, and Sherele has therefore a certain relationship to a burial-place. We camped this day on the Inja-Cheche, which belongs to the system of the Injasonja. All the rivers here have water.

The next morning we had to pass a whole series of such flowing rivulets, Manjate, Muse, Jansaro, Induë, all tributaries of the Injasonja. About ten o'clock we had a splendid view of Manica in the south-west, the

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margin of which stood out darkly on the horizon, like a steep, high, rocky wall. On this day we had to walk through a great deal of high reed grass, which was very trying in the pathless country.

We took our lunch on the border of a green grass swamp, where we found a great many game spoors. From this spot I changed our course from the south-west into the north-westerly direction towards the Bara-Uro Mountains, which are formed of granite with a great deal of mica. Soon we entered a beautiful open forest in which I pitched our camp at half-past two.

July 30th was a Sunday. To our pleasant surprise soon after our departure we came once more upon a path, which led us, after about an hour's march, to the village of Chipanga, which lies at the bottom of a pass over the Bara-Uro in a fertile mountain valley. We paused here for a short time and then commenced the ascent, which first brought us to a higher mountain valley in which the village of Shanjave lies. These villages are situated on the eastern slope of the Bara-Uro, from which also Fu-Fura, now distinctly visible with its gardens, rises.

The Bara-Uro Mountains strike from north-north-east to south-south-west, and are continued in the south in Manica, and its rivulets flow to the Pungwe. The mica in the granite was even more distinct than the day before. The crater-form of the mountains made Herr Gramann conclude that we have here to deal with volcanic and not with sedimentary granite. The height of the pass, which we reached in two stages, was 3,600 feet. A beautiful view over the Pungwe Plain, with its many granite hills, rewarded us for the ascent. Real dark

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primeval forest took here, in the height, the place of the bush in the steppe. Rivulet rushes along rivulet, and wide fertile mountain valleys offer great inducements to agriculturists. There cannot be any doubt that coffee and tea could be grown here splendidly. When, after a short luncheon stoppage, we had crossed the top of the pass, a descent followed, which in romantic beauty cannot be surpassed. Down below, like mighty tattered waves which have been petrified into stone, we saw the granite ridges, in which our fancy is caught by fantastic domes and columns in all possible forms. Grand side valleys open, with wild slopes and rugged rocks. This western margin is much more dry than the eastern slope which catches the rain of the south-east monsoon. In front of us, in the west, a new rock wall rises, but to-day we camp at the foot of it in a valley near the little mountain village of Macbete, more than 3,000 feet above sea-level. Macombe has here a little settlement for the fabrication of salt.

The next morning brought us the last ascent, which again led us over jagged rocks and along dizzy slopes. It was a grand view when we had climbed to the top : below us was the lovely valley of the Gavaresi ; before us in the west, the plateau of Rupire, and south of it, proud and bold, Inyanga rose up to 10,000 feet, illuminated by the rays of the golden morning sun. This western part of the Bara-Uro showed a change of formation ; granite was broken by quartzitic slate and chlorite schist, and between these formations white quartz reefs struck 12 degrees off north to east.

We had to cross many sparkling brooks when we descended into the Gavaresi Valley, which we reached about nine o'clock in a happy mood.

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It did one good to march once more in fields of barley ; the Gavaresi held clear, cold water, which rose to the armpits of the men. The river may be 80 feet wide. I was stretched like a packet over the heads of three of my men, and was transported across the river in this fashion. Another short march down river, and towards ten o'clock we passed the village of Chitavo, on the northern side of which, above the rushing Gavaresi, we pitched our camp, welcomed most heartily by the Baridi, a brother of Cuntete, who was here the representative of Macombe. Here the march through the real Macombe country was completed. Our camp was 750 yards in altitude.

The natives were extremely friendly ; not only had we enough to eat for our men, but we could ourselves feast to the full on tomatoes, nay, even enjoy once more European potatoes, which Cuntete brought me as a present. Baridi was an amiable and modest young fellow, full of tact, like all the members of Macombe's family that I have known. He brought me a fine rhino-horn as a present.

The afternoon was spent by Herr Gramann and myself over our maps, arranging future plans. I resolved to pay a visit to Kaiser-Wilhelm-land, then to march to Inyanga, and spend the rest of the summer in exploring Manicaland and the Upper Pungwe.

At sunset I took a bath in the cool river, and then a happy dinner united us, at which fish, European potatoes, and boiled tomatoes were a pleasant change. It was a beautiful day. The body enjoyed the unaccustomed delights, and the mind had rest for quiet contemplation.

The march on the following day should get us out of the Portuguese sphere of interest into the British.

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We started in beautiful, cool weather, and soon entered light, high forest. Its formation was again rich in chlorite schists and white quartz, as on the day before. Soon, however, we entered a very strange landscape of quartzitic sandstone, the curious formations of which were extremely attractive. I fancied in the distance whole townships with flat roofs; in the foreground palaces with windows and columns seemed to stand. At one time the illusion, at close quarters, was so remarkable that Herr Gramann and I paused in order to explore the matter carefully.

Towards ten o'clock we again came into granite, and then we crossed the ridge, to re-enter the dry bush, with massive granite on the right. We continued marching towards the north-west. On the horizon in the north now stood the Rupire Plateau, north-north-west. The mountains of Katerere were shown us, and on the left in the west rose the high plateau of Inyanga. The march through the dusty plain was very fatiguing, and therefore I pitched the camp about noon near a few water-pools close to the road, at an altitude of 3,000 feet.

In the afternoon several natives from the neighbourhood appeared, bringing with them a little flour for sale. Unfortunately Herr Gramann was stricken with another attack of fever, which he had escaped since we left Imbebe.

The next day we marched through granite which showed distinct traces of volcanic origin towards Katerere. Katerere was marked large on the map, as though all the world knew the place; the "Cape to Cairo" telegraph line passes here, so that I thought we should find a very large kraal with an abundance of food. Gaily, therefore, we marched on, always in

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a north-north-west direction. Along the road I was struck by a great number of stone heaps with quartz *débris*, which were scattered uninterruptedly in larger or smaller groups, and apparently were spread over the whole district. They could not be workings for gold, because the geological formation here excluded the presence of that metal. Herr Gramann thought we had ironworks before us. They were the commencement of those stone heaps which we later on found over the whole of Kaiser-Wilhelm-land and Inyanga.

An hour after our departure we crossed the splendid rushing tributary of the Gavaresi. About eleven o'clock the telegraph line was visible, a greeting which European civilisation sends into the wilderness. Presently we had before us Katerere, a small, shadeless, dirty village. We marched half round it and took our camp in the west, also without shade, as trees did not exist. For the first time we camped in the territory of the British South Africa Company, and under the protection of the British flag.

CHAPTER VI

ANCIENT RUINS IN INYANGA

IN Katarere, instead of the expected plenty, to my great disappointment there was famine. Katarere is a fief of Macombe's, and consequently we were very warmly received there. But even Cuntete and Piso were unable to procure grain for us. "Ndara maninge" (great famine) "is here," they said; "we have nothing to eat ourselves." Personally I was presented with a chicken, but that was no solution of my difficulty.

"Is there anything to eat in the south, in Nhani?" I asked.

"No," was the answer.

"But there's an English police-camp at Nhani."

"No. The whites are no longer there."

"Is there anything to eat at Inyanga?" I then asked.

"No."

"Well, where can one buy food?"

"Perhaps on the other side of the River Ruenje."

This was a pretty fix. I had only been able to give my people a half ration the day before, for being so near to Katarere I had failed to make any further provision at Chitavo. We were now apparently at the doors of a land of famine, into which I should not

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be able to make my Tete carriers go very far. With difficulty I procured, at heavy cost, a small sack of flour by the evening, and had it divided. According to their contract my people were each to receive a daily ration of a kilogramme of flour and a handful of beans or peanuts, but this was impossible here. Next morning one saw the result. Not one of them turned up as usual at sunrise to take up the loads. When I had them called they answered me, howling, "Ndara, ndara!" ("Hunger, hunger!") I now took up a stick, but the whole company had disappeared in the fields like spray before the wind. Then I called out to them: "You run, just you run! When you get to Tete you will find that my telegram, which will clap you all in jail, has got there before you. I'll get plenty of people here without you."

Thereupon the senior bearers came to me and said they had no thought of deserting; the people had only been frightened. They would now go back to work. I spoke calmly to the three men, explaining our position.

"You know very well," I said, "that I would buy grain if there were any to be bought here. But let us march to the other side of the Ruenje. There we will find food."

We broke camp, setting out towards the west, taking the road that leads to Matoko's country. Soon we came to a waggon-track, which led at first through bush, then through swamp, and then again over huge blocks of rock. The occupants must have had a pleasant journey. Before long the road took us into a wonderful mountain-country. Wherever we looked we saw granite in all its rugged beauty, covered turn by turn with bush or forest. Towards

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eleven o'clock we reached the Ruenje, which, some 150 feet wide, flowed rapidly between sheer walls of rock. We found a boat on the bank, but it was so small that I would not entrust our loads to it. Luckily one of my people discovered a primitive bridge a few hundred yards further up-stream, upon which we could cross the river. Here diorite was lodged in the granite, and we also found it again in strips on the right bank, together with occasional quartz reefs; but the prevailing formation was granite, which seems to fill the whole of the south of the so-called Kaiser-Wilhelm-land. The view from every hill discloses nothing but granite peaks in all directions.

We marched forwards toward the west in the heat of the afternoon. About two o'clock we reached Simbuyi, a small Makalanga settlement, where we were well received by Taüka the chief, and where, as I learnt at once, grain was procurable. So that my hungry bearers should wait no longer than was necessary, the chief gave them a heap of peanuts and tomatoes, on which they did very well.

I resolved to remain here over the next day, so as to take in plenty of provisions for the march to Nhani, and in order to have a look round the country. In the morning we had crossed the so-called Lawley's Concession, and we were now only some hours distant from the station which Dr. Schlichter had laid down in Kaiser-Wilhelm-land. Our camping-place was 2,550 feet above the sea-level.

Shortly after our arrival I heard a loud noise in the village as if somebody were sneezing hard. This sneezing continued. It was the chief, who was crying out from a high wooden scaffolding across the country, "Skoff, skoff!" ("Food, food!"), by which he gave his

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people to understand that they should pound flour and bring it for sale. By the evening, to my great delight, I saw troops of women coming in with the customary flour-baskets on their heads. To put more energy into this business, I gave orders that Tom and Piso should set out early in the morning with ten of our bearers to make purchases in the surrounding villages. We were actually able to get enough food here to last us for six days ahead, which guaranteed our march to the Inyanga Plateau.

On the afternoon of August 4th I made an excursion to the north in the direction of the Rupire Plateau. The path led into a rugged and rocky region entirely formed of volcanic granite. If the Kaiser-William "gold-field" really exists it most certainly does not lie on this side of the country. Where alluvial gold was to come from here I was at a loss to discover, as gold formation was nowhere to be seen. True the peculiar piles of boulders which we had already noticed two days ago were everywhere visible. But if these had anything to do with mining it could only be with iron mining. This was Gramann's opinion and also my own. A few of the neighbouring rivers hold gold, which is washed by the Makalangas, but whose matrix is unquestionably higher up. From a mineralogical point of view we were very disappointed with this Kaiser-Wilhelm-land, which Mauch had passed through, and in which we had expected to find quite a different formation.

In the early morning of August 5th we returned to the Ruenje, which we crossed at a ford above our bridge of the day before yesterday, to march through a fantastic granite country to Nhani. Herr Gramann,

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I am sorry to say, suffered from a species of dysentery during these days, which troubled him greatly, more especially as there was a good deal of climbing to be done. For two hours, after we had ascended to the plateau east of the Ruenje, the road lay over enormous slate and granite boulders. We looked out on a rugged and highly picturesque valley that lay longitudinally to the left of our path. Then we entered an unmistakable crater basin, surrounded by pointed granite peaks, and a last steep ascent brought us to a second valley, which opened towards the south, and in which lie scattered the settlements of Matombo or Nhani. We camped on the slope of this valley, where we were partially protected from the cutting south-east wind, at an altitude of 3,320 feet.

The evenings and nights now began to grow bitterly cold, so that, from four in the afternoon, an overcoat became very welcome. One no longer took one's supper out of doors, but was glad to be able to sit in the closed tent with wraps round one's legs; and, as soon as possible, we turned into our comfortable beds.

Our camp of August 5th was north-west of Mount Tauï, which Karl Mauch has rechristened Mount Moltke. It is the highest summit of this granite formation and forms an excellent landmark, visible from a distance of several days' march.

We passed this imposing, dome-shaped peak next morning in brilliant, sunny weather. These mornings on the African high plateaux represent the finest weather one can imagine: a bright air plays around hill and veldt; the atmosphere becomes transparent; every sound—the barking of a dog from a distant kraal, the cry of a bird—is distinctly heard. The

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light is like that of a sunny September day in England, but much more intense ; light and shade are sharply contrasted. The eye penetrates for an immense distance, and, above all, this splendid manifestation of Divine greatness the dome of the sky is extended deep and wide, with a beauty which the poor inhabitant of the North has no chance of seeing at home. The Italian blue sky is dim compared with this radiant brilliancy ; dewdrops sparkle on grass and trees like millions of pearls and diamonds, for a light hoar-frost is spread over the landscape. Towards seven o'clock the burning sun-ball rises higher, and absorbs all these jewels with which Queen Night has decked the earth. A march amidst such surroundings is better than all the luxuries of Europe, and fully repays all the worries and exertions of African travel. It was given to us now to enjoy such beauties for weeks to come.

The glen of Nhani opened towards the south ; the chain of hills withdrew to the east and west into parallel escarpments. We marched first along the western ridge, at the bottom of which the footpath runs. Towards half-past eight we had to leave this path in order to approach through grass and bush the eastern escarpment. At half-past seven I had seen a circular stone wall, which Herr Gramann took to be an enclosure for cattle ; it was built with cyclopæan rocks, probably owing to the scarcity of timber. Now we found more of such enclosures, some of them quadrangular. At ten o'clock, after a very tiring march, partly over swampy ground, we sat down in the centre of a whole system of such pens, which formed a big rectangular enclosure, surrounded



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by a series of smaller circular walls. The walls were of stone that showed no trace of being worked, and from two to four feet high ; often you could only see the traces of former walls on the ground.

We soon reached the foot of the eastern hill, along which a sparkling brook was running, and here the ruins of stone walls became more bewildering. Terraces ran round the hill, one wall above the other. On what were apparently artificial squares these quadrangular walls were standing, giving one a vivid impression that they were the remains of ancient dwellings. The brook which ran along this settlement was artificially bordered, and had apparently been diverted to suit the needs of former inhabitants.

Below these buildings were dozens, nay, hundreds, of those heaps of stones which we had seen since we left Katerere, artificially filled with *débris* of quartz. It was clear that we stood here on the field of former human activity, but now the silence of death lay over the landscape. The scene reminded one somewhat of the Castle of the "Sleeping Beauty." If those heaps of quartz had been connected with mining enterprise, they had certainly been suddenly deserted ; the work must have ended in a catastrophe. But if they had no connection with mining, what then could their meaning be ? Bewildered, and brooding over the mysteries of our surroundings, we went on, crossing the eastern escarpment by a pass. Over and over again mysterious groups of stones were met. Here it appeared as if the road was laid down between two chains of stones in curious serpentine windings. There, on bulky granite boulders, stones were laid together in the form of strange scrolls : the impression became

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from hour to hour more mysterious and weird. Add to this the number of artificial stone heaps, now not only quartz, but also granite and schist, as far as the eye could reach. Some of them were regularly heaped in quadrangular form, as we see them along the roads in Europe; others were in circular forms, while again others were irregularly deposited. Very often walls stood in a circle like the mouths of our wells, built of schist or granite and filled with rocks of another kind. Again and again we encountered quadrangular and round stone walls, evidently the remains of human dwellings. Sometimes what we saw seemed to have some meaning; then again it seemed to me as if we were entering a country in which a number of madmen had dwelt. This feeling of being unable to understand what our eyes observed had an uncanny, disquieting effect. "Get away," the bird screamed, whose voice I have nowhere heard more frequently than on that morning.

I asked Cuntete and our guides from Katerere what this all meant.

"Lapa mefamba mazimo, baas," the latter answered: "Ghosts have done this."

"Nonsense," I answered; "men must have worked here. Don't you know anything of them?"

"This is no country of men; this is the country of the souls of the dead. Men are afraid to dwell here, even to wander alone through this land; it is the country of death."

Indeed we were walking on the scenes of past generations. But suddenly we were roused from such thoughts as these by the sight of the telegraph line, which on the eastern side of the escarpment we

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had crossed went in a southerly direction, and parallel to which ran the waggon road.

“Ndjila ja Wasungu” (“the road of the whites”)! That was the pulse of modern life which grew out of the ruins, and filled us with a feeling of happy contentment.

It is true that this road also was deserted, like the wide valley and the hills on both sides, but the character of our race was stamped upon the landscape, and more than all sentimental considerations was the satisfaction of treading a decent road once more.

We marched a mile and a half further towards the south; then I had the camp pitched on the banks of a brook which ran from the eastern to the western escarpment in the midst of an old cyclopean settlement. This was about noon. We were here 3,300 feet above the level of the sea; and a cold wind, which increased during the night into a gale, blew over the valley of Inyanga.

During the afternoon I explored the settlement more carefully, and discovered the following facts:—

In the centre stood a large quadrangular building, twenty-four feet long and seven feet wide; on the left-hand side, in front, were five circular walls; to the right of these, directly in front of the house, were a number of the characteristic stone heaps of quartz, as we had seen them throughout the morning. I had two of these opened, as the thought had struck me they might be perhaps ancient burial-places. Gramann, who controlled this excavation, stated that the quartz at the bottom had been subjected to great heat, and he took the holes in which the *débris* was lying to be a kind of stove, which might

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have served to prepare the quartz for crushing. His theory seemed to obtain a certain confirmation by the fact that we found behind the main house three washing dishes, cut into the rock, inclined to the one side, and with a small margin on the lower side, which might have been used to wash the crushed quartz. A strong, round house, into which wound a spiral path protected on both sides by a wall, was the strangest of these ruins. This house, we thought, might have been the treasure-house. We had, then, here the dwelling of the "mining engineer," with houses for the "boys," distinct traces of quartz that had been worked by fire, dishes for washing the crushed quartz, and a treasure-house on the bank of a running water-course. The auriferous reefs might have been in the eastern escarpment of the valley.

"But," I asked Herr Gramann, "do you think the old miners have done well to dig holes in order to make fires, and fill them up with *débris* of quartz? Don't you think the fires might have been extinguished by such treatment? and would not the manager have done better to make the fires on elevations of the ground where the atmosphere had access from all sides; and if your theory is correct, is it not strange that we find so many heaps of stones from which the heated stones have never been taken out in order to be washed and crushed; and last, but not least, does this quartz give you the impression of being auriferous?"

This remained the drawback to Gramann's theory, but though, on Sunday August 6th, I could not reject it altogether, I was not inclined to consider the problem solved by it. What interested me particularly in examining the *débris*, was the fact that we

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found here certain stones which were exactly like those we had discovered in Inja-ka-Fura ; apparently there was a connection between the ruins of Fura and those which we had here before us.

We started the following morning in beautiful weather on the English waggon road. After an hour's march we discovered, near the watercourse on the right of the road, some poor-looking quartz reefs, and soon afterwards entered a whole labyrinth of stone buildings. The eastern escarpment here deviates in a mountain chain towards the west to the centre of the valley. This projection, which rises about 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the valley, looked from a distance like a striped zebra. When we came nearer, we discovered that this strange appearance had its cause in a gigantic artificial system of terraces, and that we were here facing either an imposing ancient fortification or a grand arrangement for getting hold of the rain running from the top. Of these terraces, along whole mountains, we now found a great number. I, indeed, for some time thought they had been built by a dense agricultural population, which had made use of mountains and hills in this manner : just as now in certain parts of China each square foot of soil is cultivated. But when I saw in different places that the terraces consisted of real cyclopean walls, which could not be used by any means for agriculture, I was obliged to modify this theory, and to incline to the opinion that such mountain terraces had served either defensive or religious purposes. Others may have been connected with the system of aqueducts. I do not think that a single theory can cover all the facts we have before us,

Underneath this terraced mountain, which we

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passed on the morning of August 7th, we found such a number of old stone walls that the march through them took more than an hour. In regular rows the quadrangular and circular walls stretched out, forming long streets. If an ancient fortified town had stood here formerly, the situation was splendidly chosen, for it commanded the access from the north into the middle of the Inyanga Valley. At the northern end of the ruins I found a circular building, which had apparently been a place of worship; exactly opposite the east stood an altar of stones, on both sides of which stood five smaller altars completing a circle. Here again we found the artificially formed curious stones which we had found on the height of the Fura ruins; among others I again discovered a Phallus. The strangest feature was a road bordered by stones, which in manifold mysterious windings led from the western side towards the temple. Might this road have served the purpose of processions? I had no answer to this and the many other questions which rushed upon me, and in a sort of bewildered restlessness I wandered through this tangle of apparently unsolvable riddles.

In the midst of these ruins a change of formation seemed to take place. When we had rounded the terraced mountain, we left the granite and entered a distinct schist formation; I perceived that all the slopes on the right- and left-hand side were covered with similar workings. We ourselves had to climb down for about ten minutes over such terraces when we descended into the valley below. This reminded me of the terraces of Sans-souci near Potsdam. Here again I found traces of artificial aqueducts. In connection with these terraces, the district in front of us

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for another hour's march was strewn with stone walls and stone heaps, so that the diameter of this whole settlement, from north to south, must be estimated at about six English miles. Here, ages ago, hundreds of thousands of people must have dwelt together.

On the southern limit of these uniform lines of ruins I stopped for lunch about twelve o'clock, and then marched southward in the afternoon. The country now became extraordinarily rich in water; rivulet after rivulet runs from the eastern margin straight through the valley towards the Ruenje. A schist-*massive* rose on the eastern side; the west was still granite in fantastic shapes and forms. The artificial stone walls, it is true, did not quite cease here, but decidedly decreased in number, like villages which lie close to a large town. We could turn again to contemplation of the landscape, which had become, particularly on the western side, most charming, and where the granite still continued to cheat one's fancy.

There, big and distinct, rising from the rock, the figure of a knight with mantle and sword stood, hand on hilt, gazing over the wide valley at his feet. When we approached nearer, this stony head was as the head of a skeleton. It was Death himself, who seemed to keep watch over this his own dominion. The likeness was so deceptive that Herr Gramann and I stopped for a moment, not knowing whether we had a trick of Nature or a work of art before us. Around him the usual caricatures and forms of fantastic pinnacles and rocky castles fronted us.

Towards three o'clock we camped near the rushing rivulet flowing from the eastern margin, which here falls rugged and steep, with cloven boulders of slate

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falling into the valley. On one spot we observed a reddish dyke, which from below looked like quartz. I sent a bearer up to get samples, but it was slate, which here, as at Mount Msusi, was ferruginous. This evening it turned so cold that I went to bed before six o'clock ; our camp was 3,500 feet above sea-level.

So far the direction of our march in Inyanga had been, broadly speaking, south-south-east to south. From the next morning we kept strictly in a southerly direction. The whole morning the slate declivity was to our left, while the western edge still remained granite. A great number of foaming mountain streams, all flowing from east to west, had to be crossed, and the wide valley grew more fruitful under our eyes. Here is pasture for cattle, sheep, and Angora goats of the most nourishing description : the so-called "blue grass." Ostriches, horses, and donkeys could certainly be bred here as well.

Towards noon the ancient buildings grew fewer and fewer, although the mountain terraces kept us company till ten o'clock. From here, however, we saw in the distance, under the eastern escarpment, the dwellings of white men. We had reached the most northern confines of the resettlement of the country from Umtali. The houses in the east belonged to Boers whom Mr. Rhodes had settled here. Mr. Rhodes, as is well known, had a predilection for Boers, even preferring them to the English ; although, as a rule, it has been shown that they are of not much use in opening up a new country, owing to their lack of individual enterprise. Consequently nothing has yet been done in Inyanga for the agricultural cultivation of the soil. The Boers live by hunting and Lord

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knows on what else. Fields or even live stock I could not discover on their farms.

At eleven o'clock we arrived at a store on whose veranda we saw three whites sitting. They were, as I ascertained later, Mr. Mocfurt and Mr. Smythe, the owners of the store, and Mr. Stevens who had arrived from British Central Africa a short time ago with a herd of cattle and a large flock of sheep and goats, which he wished to sell in Umtali. I pitched our camp some five minutes' walk from the store, and resolved to remain here on the following morning as the provision for the bearers was getting low.

Mr. Stevens paid us a visit in the afternoon, bringing a large jug of milk with him as a present—a delicious gift! I did not, however, buy any animals from him, as he wanted a sovereign for a goat, and as much as thirty shillings for a sheep, the price current in Umtali. In other respects also this was a miserable place to buy eatables in. At the store I could only get about 25 lbs. of rice, which was divided between the Somalis and our personal servants. To get food for the bearers, early next morning I sent Tom and Piso to several villages in the west, while Mr. Smythe went off to the mountains in the east.

On the evening of August 8th Mr. Stevens supped with us in our tent. It was bitterly cold. We were now 4,000 feet above sea-level, and a cold wind whistled down the valley. August is a cruelly cold month in Inyanga. In the night of August 8th and 9th the water out of doors froze for the first time. Then firewood began to get scarce, for the country grows more and more bare and bleak the further one goes south. I began to feel very sorry for the poor fellows who were with us.



HAIR-DRESSING IN THE CAMP.

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On August 9th, however, I could at least give them a good meal, as Tom came in during the afternoon with several sacks of flour. On the morning of this day, I myself, with Mr. Stevens and Herr Gramann, visited the farm of one of the Boers at the foot of the escarpment of the Inyanga Valley.

The Boer was out, but the "Tante" was at home, in the midst of a dozen children, who stood round us like organ-pipes. Coffee was made and handed round while I was being asked where I came from, &c. Then the "farm," although in reality there was no such thing, was shown to me. It seemed to give the people great pleasure when I ascertained the exact height of their house. In the yard I was interested in an old stone conduit, which, through being connected with a brook above, was again rendered useful. For lunch we went back to our camp again. In the evening we dined heartily in Mr. Mocfurt's store, with a crackling fire in the enormous oven.

The country through which we marched on the following day retained its well-watered and fertile character; only by and by we entered quartzitic sandstone. The amount of timber was decreasing continually, and we were slowly but uninterruptedly mounting uphill. About half-past eleven I had our lunch cooked in the short scrub near a gurgling stream. Then the last ascent was made, which took us to the police camp of Inyanga.

We now discovered the first example of a new class of ancient stone buildings, which we came across very frequently in the district now before us. These were pits, after the style of wells, with a diameter of from ten to fifteen feet, walled in with carefully built cyclopean walls. The pits we saw were twelve to fifteen



PIT-RUINS IN INYANGA.

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feet deep, but may have been filled up in the course of centuries. Others which we saw later on were up to twenty feet deep. Often, nay, almost in every case, old trees were growing out of these pits.

The curious feature of these buildings is that the entrance is formed by a subterranean passage, at the most three feet high, which may be sixteen feet long, dug into the ground, and also walled with rock. "What does all this mean?" we asked. "Apparently," so we thought that afternoon, "their object was to lock up something; animals or slaves; or to protect something against the cutting south-east wind." This latter idea struck me when I saw with what delight my men jumped inside, and how warm it was below. I was told on the same day that Mr. Rhodes took them to be slave-pits, and, for the time, I adopted this explanation, until new facts, which I discovered later on, changed my opinion.

Between these pits and the police camp, about a mile and a half from the latter, to the left of the main road, I discovered between sandstone and slate a mighty quartz reef which showed traces of old workings, and whose quality Herr Gramann pronounced to be very promising.

Consequently, it was here for the first time that we nailed up our discovery notice in the territory of the British South Africa Company, with the intention of coming back again for further explorations.

An ascent of half an hour brought us to the Inyanga police camp, a number of red buildings, round in shape and covered with a pointed thatch. To the left, and separated from the huts of the troopers, lay the residence of the commanding officer. It looked like a farmhouse on Lüneberg Heath. As we approached

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the policemen streamed out into the roadway to give us a welcome, among them the corporal of the camp, who was telegraphist and postmaster combined. A glass of whisky and water all round, which I provided, sealed the good relations which have always existed between ourselves and the station.

An unpleasant south-east wind whistled continuously through the valley, and when the sun began to sink the cold grew almost unbearable. I camped north of the station, which offered a certain amount of shelter, close to a "slave-pit" similar to one we had seen below



THE POLICE CAMP AT INYANGA.

in the afternoon. Cuntete and Piso with their followers, retired to this pit. Towards sunset Mr. Stevens arrived. He pitched his tent next to mine and dined with me. Immediately after our halt Herr Gramann had gone to bed.

In the evening I wrote letters and reports for Europe, as the postman leaves Inyanga for Umtali every Friday at noon. I sat wrapped up in my winter overcoat and woollen blankets; and my light was a flickering candle, which, although it was inside the tent, was blown out repeatedly by the wind. I could give my people nothing to eat, and fuel was scarce as

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well. It was a wretched night that we all passed here at an altitude of 5,350 feet.

Next morning I first of all dismissed twenty of the bearers who came from Tete. They insisted that Senhor Martins had only engaged them for us for two and not for three months. I yielded to them because the question of feeding them was a constant anxiety, and because I could now leave a part of our loads in the police camp. This I deposited there early next morning, and then sent Herr Gramann with the bulk of the loads to the Fruitfield Store, eleven miles to the south, where I understood flour was to be obtained. I only retained my private "boys," for whom I was able to buy a small parcel of grain at the police camp. I intended lunching with the officer in charge of the station, Captain Williams, and then catching up Gramann. When at one o'clock I went over to the house, I had the pleasure of meeting a charming young lady in the person of my hostess. It was an unexpected treat suddenly to find myself at a decently laid table and in the society of a lady.

After breakfast I made haste to rejoin my expedition. The formation was now entirely one of quartzitic sandstone streaked with slate. To the east the escarpment reaches, in the rugged and bold outlines of Mount Inyangadze, a height of 11,000 feet. Not far behind the station, in the valley, we had to cross a foaming brook. After that the road wound round the foot of the western slope. The wide valley is almost without a tree; only here and there does one see a gnarled trunk or some sparse brushwood. Soon on the left there rises a European settlement consisting of a broad dwelling-house, stables, and an enclosed garden. It is Rhodes's, or, as it is called on the map,

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after the former proprietor, Grimmer's Farm. At the back, towards Mount Inyangadze and facing it, are two hills occupied by a couple of old forts. Before the western fort I discovered a promising quartz reef in which I found old workings.

The sun sank lower, and the wide green valley lay before me bathed in its golden light. Every point, every shadow was cut sharp and clear, and stood out in that golden atmosphere that yet was so transparent. The air grew nipping and eager as on a December day in Scotland. We leave Rhodes's farm on our left. We



THE OLD FORT AT INYANGA.

cross the cold waters of the Injangombie, the upper arm of the Ruenje River, eddying over its rocks and boulders, and are glad, just as the sun is disappearing, to reach the Fruitfield Store, which lies about 5,600 feet above sea-level.

At the door Mr. James, the proprietor, welcomed me. I asked him about my camp, of which, to my surprise, I saw no sign. He told me that Herr Gramann had made himself comfortable in a deep chasm at the back of the store.

To my delight I at once ascertained that there was plenty of flour to be bought here, although at an

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extravagant price (35s. for 180 lbs.). I found my column at the bottom of a yawning gulf, where the sandstone had been torn apart to the depth of over 200 feet. The descent was somewhat difficult, but, anyhow, down there one was completely protected against the cutting south wind, which, I must remind my readers, is the equivalent of our north wind. I dined that evening, as Gramann was already in bed, with Mr. James in the store, where I also ordered a bed so as to get a full night's rest for once. But the house was of galvanised iron, and the wind whistled through every crevice. Although we had a big fire going in the iron stove of the dining-room the whole evening, and were wrapped up in our overcoats, it remained as unpleasantly cold as though ours was a Polar expedition instead of an African.

When I awoke next morning in my room the sun was already high in the heavens. A small shower was falling on to my bed. At first I thought it was raining outside, but I soon saw that it was a greeting from the thawing icicles which hung down from the ceiling and were being melted by the sun. Our thermometer had registered a minimum reading of 25° Fahrenheit.

After a consultation with Herr Gramann, I resolved to delay our march to the south, and first of all to search the country we had just crossed very thoroughly for gold reefs and old workings. We were still 55 miles north of Umtali. That there must be gold here on the Inyanga Plateau Major Robertson had already concluded from the fact that many of the rivers that flow down from there carry gold-dust, the Ruenje and Gavaresi as well as the Odzi. Also a more exact exploration of the old workings was worth while from the purely scientific as well as from our

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particular standpoint. The presence of the store also helped us to this decision, as it promised a regular source of supplies for the column.

Accordingly on August 12th Herr Gramann and I first of all set about the examination of the quartz reef discovered by me the day before. As we not only found a number of old workings in it, but also "iron cap," we secured it for ourselves by nailing up a discovery notice.

On Sunday, August 13th, as Herr Gramann wanted to rest, I paid a visit to Mr. Rhodes's farm and its



RHODES'S FARM, INYANGA.

manager, Mr. Norris, who received me kindly, and showed me his establishment, beginning with the fruit-tree plantation, which had been damaged by locusts and frost. A good many of the trees, cherry, plum, prune, apple, pear, peach, orange, &c., however, had already put forth new twigs, but most of them were dead. I believe the farm stands rather too high for growing fruit trees. The cold wind which blows all the year round, intermixed with warm days which develop the young shoots quickly, is too much for such plantations. A field of wheat which Mr. Norris showed me also gave but a poor impression. The

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tropical sun in the daytime and the sharp frost at night are in too great a contrast with their natural conditions to render the district favourable to this kind of cultivation. I think that the north of Inyanga is better adapted for this enterprise; such plantations south of the Zambesi should not be started above an altitude of 4,000 feet.

I was more interested by what Mr. Norris showed me on Rhodes's farm of ancient workings than by these crops. An old stone conduit coming from the Injagatze had been repaired by him, and he made use of it for the practical wants of the station. Mr. Norris drew my attention to the fact that all these conduits of the ancients had not been made on fertile soil, but on rocky ground. He concluded from this that they were not meant for agricultural, but for mining enterprise. He thought the old settlers had not had the means of transport necessary to carry their quartz to the rivulets for washing, and that therefore they had laid on the water directly into their mining ground. He also pointed out another most interesting fact connected with the pits or underground buildings. He said that he had turned his channel into one of these buildings, and had been very much struck by the fact that they had not filled up, but that the water had disappeared without leaving any trace. On examining this strange symptom, he had found opposite the covered entrance passage an aperture into the pit which was closed with stones. "This proves," he said, "that these pits cannot have been meant for the dwellings of men."

"But," said I, "where does this aperture lead; perhaps into a tunnel?"

He said, "I have not had time to inquire into this yet."

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I examined these underground buildings during the next few weeks, following up the observations of Mr. Norris, and have discovered in all of them that the covered entrance passage was constructed uphill. In some of them I even found connected the remains of low stone walls, extending from the entrance to both sides like two wings, so as to catch the water that might run down in great quantities, and lead it through the passage into the pit. On several pits this entrance seemed to have been connected with ancient aqueducts, which all came from the eastern escarpment. An old farmer of Inyanga informed me he had found out that all these entrance passages into the pits were turned against the east. This, however, is a mistake ; I have seen some which are turned to other directions of the compass, but as the waters of this country mainly run from the east to the west of the Ruenje River, his observation was easily explained, combined with this theory of the aqueducts, for it is clear, if the pits have been constructed for getting water, that with the predominant inclination of the Inyanga Valley, the entrances would be turned mainly towards the east.

Here, therefore, we have a geographical and not a religious cause at the bottom. If this explanation is correct, we can take it for granted that these wells were not meant to serve for drinking-water, for the land is full of clear streams, the water of which is much better adapted for drinking purposes. No man in a country like Inyanga would dream of making tanks, as there is no need for them at all ; and this being the case, mining purposes only remain to explain the fact ; this agrees with what I have found on reefs, which were worked by such "wells," sunk straight through the quartz into the depths. This makes me

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inclined to accept the very probable hypothesis that we possess in these pits certain original provision for washing quartz. I should suppose that the crushed quartz was heaped up in the entrance tunnel, and also at the bottom, and that water was then poured over it, which carried away the dust and left the gold behind. Under this theory all peculiarities of these strange buildings which have been discovered hitherto can be accounted for. They cannot have served as dwellings, because in the rainy season they would all be damp, if not flooded. I grant my explanation requires further evidence ; meanwhile, until further proofs come forward which may contradict my theory, I adopt it as the most likely. Mr. Norris, to whom I explained it a fortnight later in detail, agreed with me on the whole.

After spending several interesting hours, I took leave of the farm and returned to the store, where I found Herr Gramann, Mr. James, and two policemen still lunching, and in a somewhat elevated frame of mind. My last night's experiences induced me to go back again to my tent at bedtime. Our meals, however, we took regularly at the store during the following days.

On the morning of August 14th we set out at sunrise towards the west, making for the district watered by the Ruenje River. We marched over a rolling country in which quartzitic sandstone gradually gives way to granite. Towards eight o'clock I discovered a quartz reef that lay in slate, and showed traces of old workings. Soon afterwards we had to cross a tremendous escarpment which must be regarded as the western boundary of the Inyanga Valley proper, and then we descended to an altitude of some 4,600 feet. After we had crossed a rushing brook whose waters were clear as

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crystal, we arrived towards eleven o'clock at some fields, and soon afterwards at Mr. Hudson's farm, where we made a short halt and picked up some very interesting information. About twelve o'clock we started on the return journey, and, after we had followed up both sides of the reef discovered in the morning, and nailed up a notice on it, we returned to the store very tired at 5.30 p.m., where we were delighted to find a telegram from Herr Blöcker informing me of the favourable results of his examination of the Inja-Banda reefs.

The next day we made a similar excursion in the eastern escarpment of the Inyanga Valley, towards Mount Inyangadze, where we found quartzitic sandstone all the way. On this side Herr Gramann washed some of the sand of the Upper Injangombie, and ascertained that there was no chance of finding gold in this quarter.

We had thus obtained a geological cross-section of the whole width of the Inyanga valley, so that we had a pretty clear knowledge of the region immediately before us. I resolved to work the quartz reefs we had discovered first of all, and then to press on further towards the south.

Consequently on the morning of August 16th I transferred our camp to the north of the police station, close to the reef which we had discovered on the 10th on our march up to the plateau. The night of August 15th I stayed with Mr. Norris at Rhodes's farm, where the cosy dining-room with thick European walls, and a cheerful fire in the grate, made me feel especially comfortable, and where I awoke in the morning refreshed by a long, sound sleep. On our march to the reef I called on the family of Captain

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Williams and introduced Herr Gramann to this pleasant household. Round the quartz reef I had all the grass set on fire so as to clear a passage for our operations. On all sides we recognised traces of old workings.

On August 17th I prospected the northern side of the reef with Herr Gramann. We followed up the "outcrop" over an entire hill, and not only found a quantity of surface workings, but also two shaft-like walled-in pits, sunk straight through the quartz, with covered tunnels, just as I have described them before. Here one could see perfectly plainly that these works were not intended for dwelling-places. For the people would hardly have taken the trouble to burrow in the hard quartz for a lodging when softer kinds of stone were to hand on both sides. In addition the whole hill was covered with quartz-rubble, broken up into small pieces, which we could trace for 650 feet on both sides. Mr. Norris also called my attention to the union between these shafts and an old conduit that carried water from the east, when I saw him again. So the connection between the shafts and old mining operations seems to be established here.

Round this reef we found the ruins of many stone walls that may have sheltered the miners. In several heaps of *débris* I found stones with curious lines cut into them, which may have represented some primitive form of reckoning. The whites in Inyanga told me that there are many such stones in the vicinity. We also found a number of phalli, symbols of the ancient Semitic worship of the sun. All these facts prove to me that we are here face to face with an ancient mine, and, from the character of the carved stones which I found, I am convinced that the same

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race lived here whose traces we discovered in the Fura district.

We therefore resolved to investigate this reef more closely, and, on the same afternoon, Herr Gramann dug the first trench next to our camp.

Although we had descended to 4,600 feet, and August was nearing its end, it was still bitterly cold, and living in the tent was as unpleasant as it could be. A wind that blew in sudden gusts and always raged at nights, throwing up the walls of the tent, deprived us of all regular sleep. Consequently on the morning of August 18th I had the camp removed from the reef



OUR STATION AT INYANGA.

to a narrow hollow that offered more protection. Here towards noon Captain Williams came over for lunch, and displayed a most lively interest when we showed him round the reef. In the evening there was a thunderstorm towards the south-east, and at night a light spring rain was a welcome sign that the winter was nearly over.

Here is an extract from my diary showing the work undertaken during the following days :—

19 *August*.—Went out prospecting with Cuntete and Osman towards the east. Discover a parallel reef. Gramann digs two more trenches. The quartz

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looks well. Norris sends potatoes. In the afternoon Gramann and I feel very run down from want of sleep. Early to bed.

20 *August*.—Bearers declare that the two months for which they were engaged have expired. They go off to Tete, although I explain to them that they were engaged and paid for three months' service. I keep the captain here, have him bound, and hand him over to the police camp for punishment. Spend the evening at Captain Williams's, where I sleep.

21 *August*.—In the morning write to Norris asking whether any chance of getting new bearers from Umtali. Then go to camp with Captain Williams. On the way meet 13 men from Blantyre whom I offer an engagement. After this we arrest a gang who have stolen five goats from a settler called Rachetti. One is brought in. Williams lunches with me. In the afternoon measure out twelve claims on the reef. In the evening I receive a letter from the Chartered Company giving me the mining rights over 100 alluvial claims.

22 *August*.—In the morning the 13 Blantyre boys arrive, who are for the present engaged by me for a month, and at once set to work. Trench II. shows that the reef is good. Send Bullhan and Merkambusi to the police camp to fetch 5 sheep and 5 goats Williams has bought for me from Rachetti. In the afternoon I find that the reef is continued towards the north. . . .

I will not go on with this diary with its detailed enumeration of our labours, as it can hardly possess any general interest. The professional reader will see from the passages quoted that we had begun the

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regular work of prospecting, and this continued day in day out with very little change.

On August 26th Herr Blöcker turned up, and we moved our camp again to the south of the police post, near to the second quartz reef I had discovered. I soon handed over the examination of the reefs we had hit upon to Herr Blöcker and Herr Gramann exclusively, who shortly after this found a fourth, also



THE INYANGA POLICE AMBULANCE.

on Rhodes's farm. Acting on their report, which characterised the quartz-veins as "promising," I had eighty claims on this reef registered for us in Umtali. We could obtain no clear and conclusive results in the summer of 1900. We had not the machinery necessary for the laying down of real prospecting-shafts. It was a question of first getting a comprehensive view of the whole of the region involved.

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We will now go on to Manicaland proper.

On Saturday, September 2nd, I started early in the morning and in bitterly cold weather for Umtali, seated in the ambulance of the Inyanga Police Station. Herr Gramann kept me company as far as Fruitfield Store. The cold was so severe that there was ice regularly every morning, even on the brooks. These days I suffered from a chronic cold in the head.

It was evening and quite dark when we reached the so-called Forty Mile Store, the highest point on the Inyanga-Umtali road. It was snowing, and I at once went to bed, where I ordered hot tea and claret. The store is 7,000 feet high, and the neighbourhood quite destitute of fuel ; the place, therefore, is very much dreaded by bearer-columns. It happens repeatedly that blacks actually freeze to death in the cold weather here. If one imagines Europeans sleeping in the open in the Highlands of Scotland, half naked, without fire and shelter, the thermometer ten degrees below zero, one will have a picture of the plight which the natives are exposed to here. The curious part of it is that if one marches one or two miles to the east, where the plateau slopes sharply downwards, one is again in a tropical climate. So near to one another are here the extremes of temperature.

The whole of that Sunday I stayed in bed under four warm blankets, which I supplemented with hot drinks.

Not till Monday did we continue our journey and begin to descend. Our ambulance was drawn by ten strong oxen, and a corporal looked after the whole turnout. We travelled from early morning till nine o'clock, and then the cattle were turned out to grass while we had breakfast. Towards three o'clock the

ANCIENT RUINS IN INYANGA

trek began again, lasting till evening. Besides the ambulance, we were accompanied by a real ox-waggon, which was to bring food from Umtali to the station. Travelling was very pleasant, especially as the thermometer now rose with every hour.

On Tuesday evening we arrived at Old Umtali, where Bishop Hartzell and his wife were kind enough to invite me to descend at the American Mission. This is a mission of the Wesleyan Episcopal Church. Bishop Hartzell is the bishop of this Church for the whole of Africa. His is a very remarkable personality,



OLD UMTALI.

with great intellectual keenness, combined with wonderful activity and energy.

Old Umtali was originally Umtali itself. Cecil Rhodes, on account of the Mashonaland Railway, transferred the town across the Christmas Pass, thus founding the Umtali of to-day. He presented the empty buildings to the American Mission, which may become a great blessing to the surrounding country, for the central point of its mission work is the practical training of the negro. Large gardens have been laid down, in which the children work, and besides these

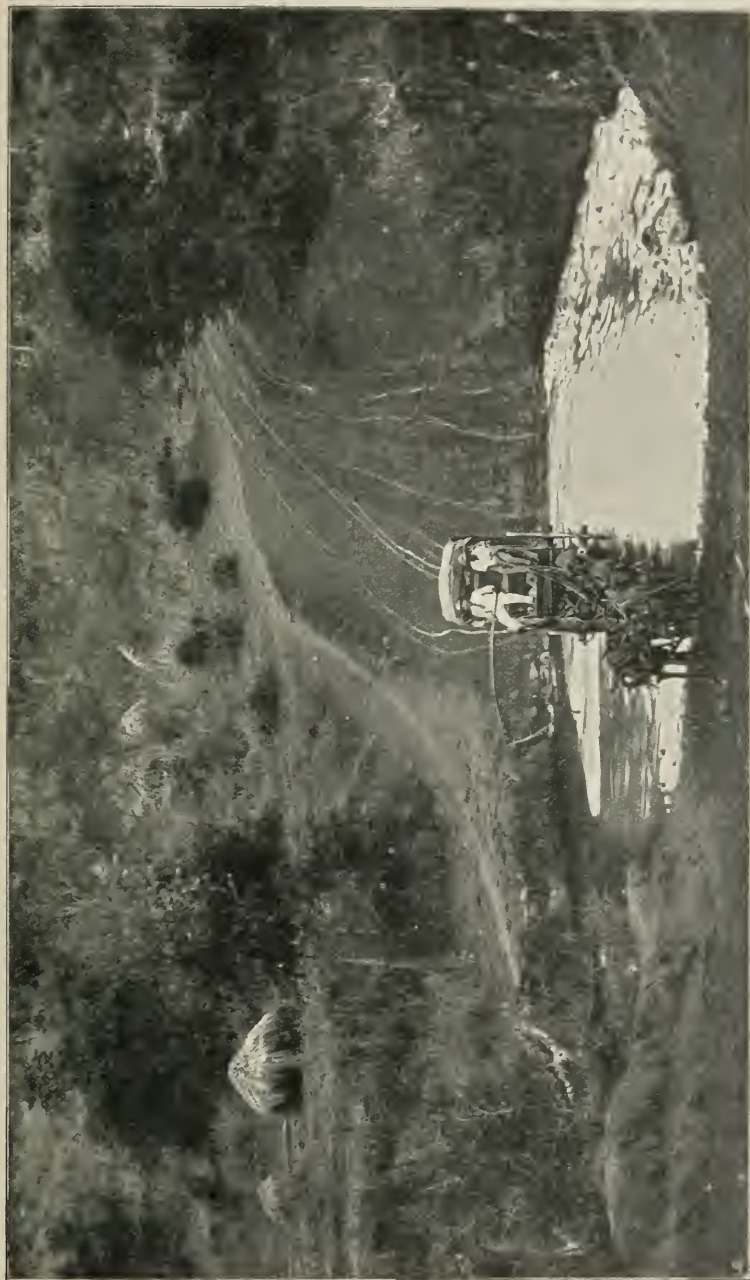
ANCIENT RUINS IN INYANGA

all kinds of workshops in which European trades, especially blacksmith's work and carpentering, are taught. The next morning the Bishop took me over the whole settlement, which lies scattered in the Umtali Valley at the foot of a mighty mountain slope.

Bishop Hartzell displayed a lively interest in my Macombe expedition, and discussed with me the project of erecting a branch of his mission in that country. I stayed with him till noon, and about one o'clock on Wednesday I continued my journey towards the real Umtali, which only lay about five miles distant. Here I arrived about four o'clock, and descended at the Hotel Cecil.

If I may be permitted to stop here for a *résumé* of my impressions in Inyanga, there can, first of all, be no question of the ancient Semitic influences that were at work there. The cult of the phallus is proved by the relics discovered among the ruins. Further, I consider it proved that this plateau was once the scene of ancient mining operations. Some of the buildings certainly date from no very great antiquity, but there are others that go back to the remotest times. I bring back with me thirty-four coins that were found in Inyanga, which Mr. Birch, chief of the police in Umtali, handed to me. Among them is a gold Dutch coin dating from the year 1598. There are in general many existing memorials of the Portuguese era (see Appendix).

In our tongue the word Inyanga means moon, and from this plateau four rivers arise, streaming off to the four points of the compass, and whose sources are all contained within a radius of about three miles. To the north is the Gavaresi, to the north-west the



FORDING THE UNTALI RIVER.

ANCIENT RUINS IN INYANGA

Ruenje, to the south-east the Pungwe, and to the south-west the Odsi, which enters the Sabi.

The natives are genuine Makalangas, who, however, are called Masuna (Mashona = Pigs), a term of abuse bestowed on them by the conquering race, the Matabele. They recognise Macombe as the supreme chief of their tribe. The mightiest chief in the south is Umtassa, some miles to the north of Old Umtali, who has given the English administration many sleepless nights, and receives a regular annual tribute. The natives are not much good as workmen. In their villages they raise stock and do a little farming, combining with this the usual Makalanga crafts, especially smith's work. As I hear, Umtassa still pays a yearly tribute of five young girls to Macombe of Misongwe; but I could not verify this.

The ruins of Inyanga form an important link in the chain of South African monuments, to which I will return again later on. When I arrived at Umtali on September 6, 1900, fresh from my journey through this region, I felt as though I had left one of the most uncommon and most puzzling countries in the world behind me.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

VIEWS as landscape Umtali makes an extremely pleasing impression. It is situated in a wide mountain valley, as though at the bottom of an enormous crater, and is surrounded by a wreath of rugged summits. The geological formation is mostly granite, interrupted by schist and diorite. I calculated that the place lies 3,750 feet above the level of the sea, and, as the south-east wind almost invariably blows there, it is pleasantly cool by day, and at nights almost chilly.

New Umtali is charmingly spread in its valley. The pretty houses lay on the slopes like villas, and are divided by broad, clean roads. As a matter of fact, the transference of the town was a mistake; on the contrary, the railway should have been laid five miles north of Old Umtali and Old Macequeçe, for it is there that the real gold-belt is situated. Especially lamentable does this mistake appear at Macequeçe, where the south gives up all claims to be gold-bearing country; but Rhodes and his friends were in search of a connection between Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, and the coast that should be as short as possible, and all other considerations had to give way.

All these towns in the new colony make, externally,

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

the same stately impression—Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Umtali. All are laid down on the wholesome principle of administration by the actual citizens, and the free co-operation of the colonists, and splendid is the speedy opening up of the country which capitalism has wrought here.

Rhodesia is the outcome of a bold and ingenious speculation, and, for a long time, it remained more than any thing else an object of capitalistic enterprise, which, as if by magic, made railways and roads, towns and telegraph-lines rise up from nowhere; but which, on the other hand, neglected the natural and economic principles on which the healthy progress of a new community is dependent—namely, the production of the requisite agricultural necessities.

To Rhodesia streamed speculators from every quarter of the globe who wanted to grow rich at express speed; or else a mining population came in, which must disappear just as rapidly should the mines refuse to yield. But the farmer, who speculated in meat and flour, eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables, remained. The typical Rhodesian, however, is not content with such a solid but moderate return for his trouble. The consequence of this is a staggering inflation of prices. The times are not so far distant when an egg cost a shilling at Umtali, and a bottle of milk 3s. 6d. Now the railway brings in rice from India and meat from Australia, and consequently prices have grown a little more normal, but even to-day Rhodesia is certainly by far the dearest country in the world. From this it follows directly that all wages are enormously high, which affects the working of the mines at its most vulnerable point. The black miner earns 40s. to 50s. a week in addition

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

to his keep. Reefs must be very rich indeed to stand such charges. The result of all this is that the working of a number of mines had not even been started, while, what is worse, others have closed down. I may instance the Pardy's mine at Old Macequeçe. The Portuguese at Macequeçe complain that Rhodesia



GRANITE FORMATION NEAR UMTALI.

has spoilt their labour market and prices, as well as its own.

A second drawback of the capitalist origin of this colony is that great companies have acquired most of the reefs and estates for themselves, not so much to work them as for the purposes of speculation. They sit down on their title-deeds and await the boom. But where on earth is the boom to come from if everybody

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

is sitting tight and no one is working to start it? The land and soil become, for all practical purposes, non-existent, and the industrious classes, who might do something, are actually kept away by this policy.

What, then, must happen to improve this state of affairs? Steady-going farmers must be attracted to the country so as to lay the foundations of civic life here as well as in the south; people who do not come into the place to get rich all at once, but who want to make a living, and in course of time a modest competence, by honest work. This would change all the present conditions at a blow, and reduce the hothouse temperature caused by artificial speculation. This would provide the necessities of life at normal prices, a solvent and steady custom for the stores, and in course of time a proper basis for the taxation of the country. Then also the mining industry would be placed on a solid footing; it would not be necessary to speculate for wealth, for one could then grow rich by steady and productive work. Towns now full of people without work, who have been drawn here by the gold-fever, would be in a fair way of sheltering a contented, permanent population. Such a development I wish Rhodesia from the bottom of my heart. It is a perfectly possible one, for Nature has liberally endowed the country with a most splendid soil.

I had a good many business matters to settle in Umtali, and was glad when they were over and when, on September 21st, I could turn my back on the town and return once more, before the rainy season, to my beloved wilderness. The tent in the green forest contrasted very pleasantly with the Cecil Hotel in Umtali. The meals one cooked oneself out of doors tasted doubly good after the delights of the hotel



A VILLAGE IN MANICALAND.

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

cuisine, although that of the "Cecil" was exceptionally good. This time also my travelling companion was Herr Ernst Gramann, who, meanwhile, had joined me from Inyanga, while Herr Blöcker had returned to the Zambesi.

Lightheartedly we set out over Macequeçe, east-north-east towards the Pungwe River, which I wished to reach at its junction with the Injasonga.

I had taken two Somalis and about thirty carriers with me. I was also accompanied by Cuntete, the brother of Macombe, whose territory we had to recross north of the Pungwe. I could not restrain a smile when the Government people at Macequeçe warned me in a friendly way against visiting this district. As a matter of fact, it was difficult to find people in Macequeçe who would accompany me thither, so unattractive was Macombe's name to everybody.

The road to Dombagera, as the place near the junction of the Pungwe and the Injasonga is called, is, generally speaking, in a north-easterly direction from Macequeçe. I, however, wished first of all to stop at d'Andrade, near Old Macequeçe, on the invitation of Mr. Raw, the then proprietor of the Braganza and Richmond Mine. At his house I met Mr. Sawyer, who was just drawing up a geological map of the whole d'Andrade district that interested me very much. Near by lies the well-known Guy Fawkes Mine of Mr. Parry, which I visited.

Soon, north of Mr. Raw's house, the road leaves the highlands of Macequeçe to bend eastwards into the actual steppe. We leave the waggon-road leading to the northern mines to enter on a fine, broad Kaffir trail, which henceforward we follow. It is the path

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

to Macombe's country, and at the Pungwe a road leaves it leading to Gorongoza. The morning was splendid. The temperature, it is true, rose towards noon to over 91° Fahr. in the shade, but was cooled by the south-east wind that was blowing. After we had marched some thirteen miles I ordered our luncheon halt, so as to be able to do another five miles in the afternoon. We camped on the Chimesi River, and once again heard the roar of the lion at night close at hand.

At this part the landscape is regular African bush, but richly watered with brooks and tiny rivers. The dwellings of the inhabitants lie to the left, on the slopes of Mount Manica. On September 26th the bush gradually gave way to forest. Tall and slender tree-trunks clothed in light green protected us from the scorching sun. To-day as well we have to cross stream after stream. Towards one o'clock we came close to a small settlement in a clump of trees. The heat was sultry and oppressive and provisions scarce in the village. Our Somali cook, Ali, thought he had done a master-stroke when he obtained six eggs for a piece of blue calico eleven feet long. When he set them before us at breakfast next morning the whole lot were bad except one. The prices, even in this remote corner of the earth, are under the Rhodesian influence. The scoundrels actually wanted two shillings for about 4 lbs. of flour. Impudent and loud they bargained before my tent, till I at last applied some Central African measures to them, whereupon the noise ceased.

On September 27th we again moved on through fine woodland to Kwa Mura, and about three o'clock arrived at a deserted village where I had the tents

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

put up. In vain I waited for the appearance of the villagers. I have the huts searched, and find that there are no traces of fire or any recent occupation. At length people come from the neighbouring village, who tell me that the place where I am has been deserted for over a year, and who invite us to come over to them.

I therefore had the camp taken down again, and after advancing another quarter of an hour towards the north-east had it set up close to a brook. Here I remained on September 28th, and purchased eight loads of grain to take with me over the Pungwe. On this day I also sent eight men back to Macequeçe to fetch more rice, goats, and sheep. I made friends with the people of Kwa Mura because the place is indispensable to my commissariat. For now the deserted Pungwe Steppes lie before us. Only Dombagera, a small place on the Pungwe ford in the north, has a few inhabitants, but there is no food sold there. I had to leave some of my baggage behind me at Kwa Mura.

On Friday, September 29th, at eleven in the morning, we reached the beautiful Pungwe River, which at Dombagera, flows rapidly to the south-east over enormous boulders of diorite. In crossing it I was nearly drowned, as I had myself carried by a nigger whom the stream bowled over, so that we both fell in. He thought it was necessary to hold me tight under the water as well, so that it was with difficulty I could get loose and by swimming reach a rock that stood out in the middle of the stream.

A short march up-river then took us, on the left bank, to one of the most beautiful camping-places of my whole African experience. It was about

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

fifty feet above the river, which here rushes melodiously over rapids, widening out later like a lake. The charming scene is framed in light green, behind which rugged and nobly formed ranges of mountains sever themselves from the blue sky. Really this part of the river can match any German river scene on the Neckar or even on the Rhine! Livingstone once said that the African feathered world did not sing



ANCIENT MINING WORKS IN PENHALONGA VALLEY, MANICALAND.

less beautifully than that of Europe, but that poets had sung about them less. It is exactly the same with African landscapes. When I lay down in my tent in the evening the Pungwe whispered and bubbled its strange and secret melody, always, always, to the sea. The whole passionate life of the tropical night murmured with it, crickets, birds, and cats. Like the pulsating blood of old Mother Nature herself it ebbs

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

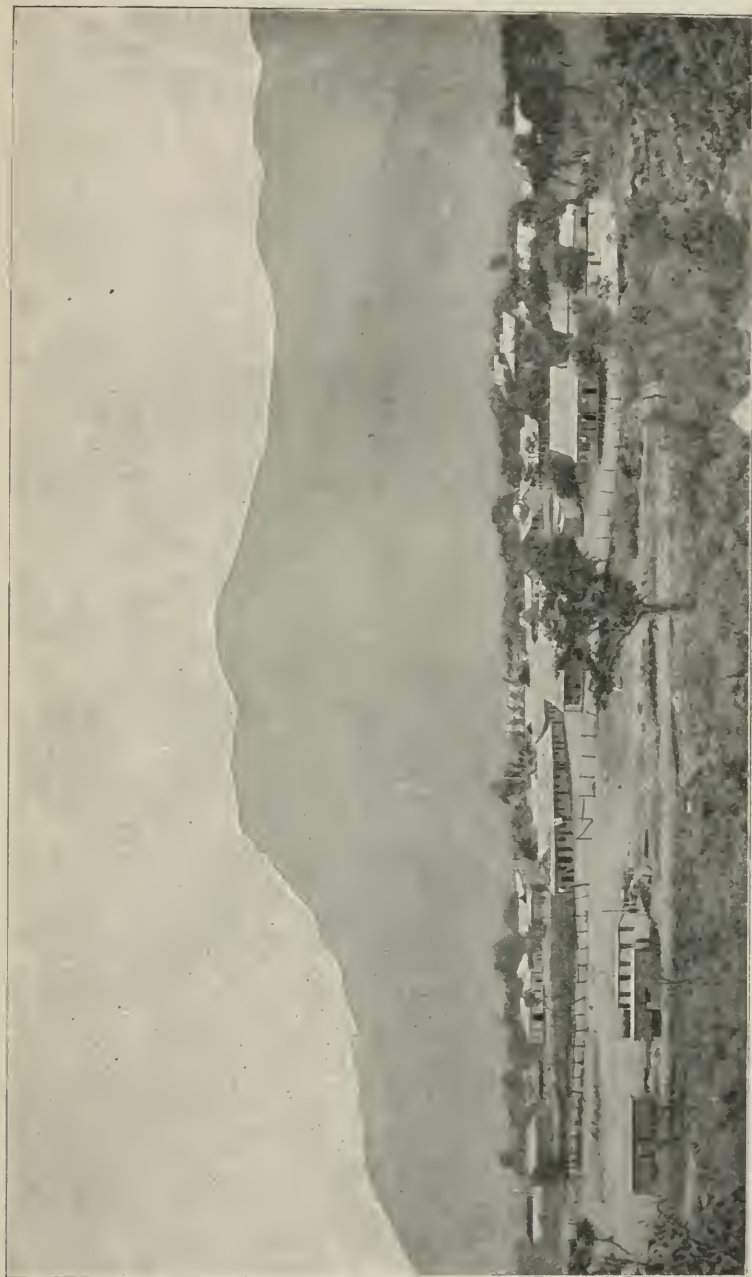
and flows! It is wonderful to let one's soul surrender utterly to the great mystery of the eternal oneness of things amid such surroundings. And for the rest Gramann and I are agreed that the Pungwe would not be in such a hurry to go forward if it knew that it must come to an end at Beira. Like so many semi-geniuses its course is a flashing and dashing youth, a steady prime and a philistine ending in the stale and the musty.

After three days I set out with my expedition for the Injasonga. Some six miles above its junction with the Pungwe, and south-east of our camp, towered the rugged outlines of the Serra da Humbe. The angle between the Pungwe and the Injasonga is extraordinarily rich in wild animals; buck, antelopes, zebras, buffalo, and the rhinoceros as well, judging by its traces, swarm there; in the river romp whole schools of hippopotami.

In the word *Pun-gwe* I recognise one of the philological evidences that this region once belonged to the Carthaginian dominions on the Indian Ocean specially indicated by Dr. Glaser, and called by the Egyptians Poenat or Punt.

Diorite preponderates in the geological formation of this vicinity with granitine intersections. Towards the north-east, in the direction of Gorongoza, slate again appears. After we had made a pretty general survey of this district we returned, first myself, then Mr. Gramann a fortnight later, to Macequece and Umtali.

My conversations with Mr. Sawyer made me consider it advisable for the present to concentrate our special explorations after gold-mines in this neighbourhood on the actual Manica district round Old



MACEQUECE.

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

Macequeçe. Sawyer is regarded in South Africa as one of the most thorough and cautious mining experts, and he had carefully studied the Manica district for several months with his brother-in-law, Mr. Durell.

With his map, which he was then making, before him, he explained the geological formation of the district to us in detail. Essentially it consists of phyllitic and talc-slate, as well as of dioritic diabases, and towards the east, facing the Revuë Plain, it is bound by an immense granite cutting. It appears that three great gold-belts run through the primary slate, the one in the continuation of the Penhalonga and Rezende mines from the west follows the Upper Revuë, and is specially approached in the Guy Fawkes Mine. Another runs through the Chimesi and Injamkarara Valley, and so far has been most thoroughly worked in the Braganza and Richmond Mines from the Chimesi, and in our own Moltke Mine from the Injamkarara. These two gold-belts lie in quartz reefs. Independent of them is the gold of the Mudza Valley, which seems to be the most plentiful of all. Here, in a formation of talc-slate, the gold is found in well-defined schist reefs, and that, too, in extraordinary quantities. Here, so far, we have obtained the best results in our Windâhgil Mine. The formation of the Mudza Valley is similar to that of the Great Boulder Group in Australia.

Following up the general knowledge of the district, as Sawyer had pieced it together, which he had done more thoroughly than anybody else, from November, 1899, onwards, I set Herr Gramann to work on a systematic exploration of the country. In August, 1900, I sent Mr. Levan up to help him. I myself did not interfere with this district again till January,

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

1901. The description of my first tour round the country, which was written on the spot, will best serve to illustrate its general characteristics.

I arrived in Macequeçe on January 7th to take over the direction of the researches in Manicaland. Mr. Levan, a miner of twenty-six years' experience, received me at the station and led me to a room which he had hired for me in the house of Mr. Katsulis, a local Greek.

M. Pacotte, the assayer and inspector of mines of the Mozambique Company, whose acquaintance I made on the following morning, offered in the most charming way to take a week's leave so as to show me the Manica mining district himself. I had already got to know the d'Andrade Valley with the Guy Fawkes Mine under the guidance of Mr. Warren in September, 1899. We therefore resolved, above all, to make a closer inspection of the centre and north-east of the district.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of January 10, 1901, I was seated before the hotel in Macequeçe waiting for M. Pacotte, who was going to do the trip on horseback, while I had only been able to obtain a donkey. It had been raining hard the last few days, but when we rode up the heights that separate Macequeçe from its mines at three o'clock that afternoon the grey sky had ceased its downpour. It is remarkable that both New Umtali as well as Macequeçe are built south of the gold belt which they wish to servê as railway stations. Macequeçe should be built where d'Andrade lies, while Umtali Station belongs to Old Umtali.

I resembled Sancho Panza riding behind Don Quixote as I followed M. Pacotte on my donkey.

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

I had already sent Mr. Levan on in the morning with my tent and private effects to the Injamkarara Valley.

It was a fine and cool afternoon, and charming was the view over the Revuë Valley with the plantations of d'Andrade, when we had reached the edge of the mountain and rode downhill. A wide roadway crosses the mining district in several directions. The grass grows rich and green on the broad mountain slopes, and field and forest are at this season of the year richly jewelled with flowers. Conversation soon slackens amid such beautiful surroundings, and the soul holds commune with itself.

While Macequeçe only lies 2,200 feet high, the Revuë Valley rises to 2,500 feet, the surrounding escarpment, however, reaches a height of 5,000 feet. One passes Mr. Danford's settlement, where I stayed in 1899 with Mr. Sawyer. On one's right the Guy Fawkes Mine is left behind, which, under the management of Mr. Warren, has now been given a fresh start. Across the Revuë rises the old Portuguese fort of Old Macequeçe, and opposite lies the young Portuguese colony where agriculture, fruit-growing, and stock-raising are pursued. Then our road winds upwards to the northern escarpment of the valley. Soon the Revuë Valley, with its white dwelling-places, lies below us like a pleasant dream.

The road now borders giddy precipices, continuing to rise in mighty zigzags. Sometimes we ride through tall grass in which our mounts disappear, sometimes through thick forest. Heavy cloud or light mist crown the sharp points of the mountains. It is a genuine Alpine landscape through which we move. From time to time a light shower descends upon us.

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

At a quarter past four we met Mr. Raw with Mr. Cartwright of the Mashonaland Gold-fields, returning from the Injamkarara Valley, and at a quarter to six we passed the camp of Mr. Krige, where I halted to make some purchases for supper. Mr. Krige, in the most kindly way, presented me with the half of a lamb



DR. PETERS AND M. PACOTTE.

he had just killed. He was engaged on the building of the new road into the Chimesi Valley.

Now the darkness of evening began to overtake us. Rain fell more heavily, and the situation began to get uncomfortable. Our "boys" were stupid enough to lead us off the high-road too soon, and we had to go endlessly downhill on a slippery way through reeds, grass, stinging-nettles, and bush. At last, towards

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

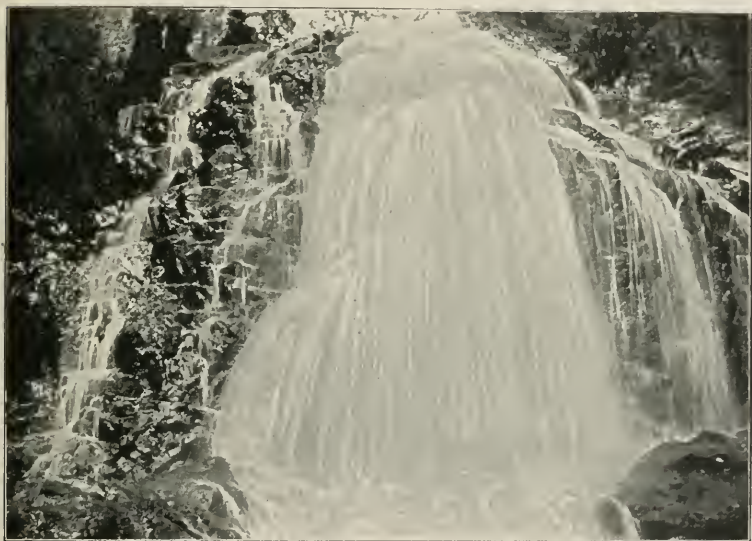
seven o'clock, in the Injamkarara Valley, we came across a small settlement of Mr. Danford's. Here we were forced to leave our mounts, who obstinately refused to cross a little bridge over the Injamkarara. We had to off-saddle and house our cattle in one of Mr. Danford's huts in charge of one of our servants. Then it was uphill again in the pitch-black night, through forest and over a rocky pathway to my camp on the heights. M. Pacotte led, I followed. Even to this day I am surprised that neither of us broke his neck.

Mr. Levan and Mr. Massie had long ago given us up for the evening, when about half-past eight my "Hallo!" surprised them. We were soon sitting by lamplight round a frugal meal in my "dinner" hut, and not long afterwards I was at rest in my tent, being lulled to sleep by the whispering of the Injamkarara down below in the valley.

Next morning at sunrise I stepped out of my tent, and delight seized upon me at the sight of the landscape. "Peters' Camp" lies on a hill in the middle of a circular fringe of pointed mountain-peaks, as though set in some wide crater. Our camp is 3,553 feet high; but the mountain chain around it rises 5,000 to 6,000 feet, and heavy clouds still hung about it. On the green meadows which slope away in broad reaches at our feet the rays of the rising sun are already resting. In the west the Injamkarara rushes from the mountains which mark the frontiers of Mashonaland, breaking into a series of cataracts. To the height of 5,400 feet it is ours, and then there comes a drop of about 2,200 feet, to the base of the hill on which we are encamped. The whole of the north and north-east of our estate (some 120 acres), is

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

covered with forest, from which we obtain splendid timber for our mines. Straight opposite to us, on the other side of the Injamkarara, I discover the camp of the Welcome Mine, and over the hill on which it lies, so M. Pacotte tells me, is the valley of the Chimesi, in which the Braganza and Richmond Mine of M. Bartisol is being worked. It is a heart-quickenning spectacle that lies before me in every direction. The



WATERFALL ON THE MOLTKE MINE.

morning is fresh and cool like a September morning in Europe. What I see is a genuine Swiss Alpine landscape, offering nourishment for thousands of sheep and oxen.

The Injamkarara empties itself towards the north into the Honde, and through this into the Pungwe; the Chimesi, towards the south, into the Revuë and Busi. At Beira they meet again. Throughout this

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

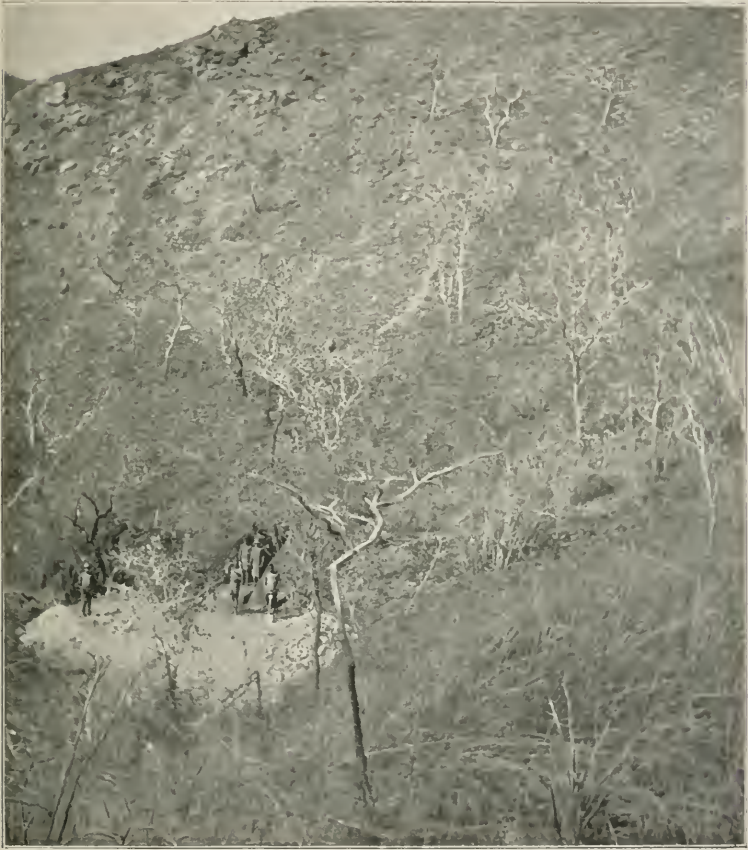
district the formation is talc-slate and diorite. The vertical is talc, the horizontal diorite, just as in the Braganza and Richmond Mine. Between both, quartz reefs run from east to west (20° S.). In the Revuë Valley the reefs lie between phyllitic and talc-slate. So far we have found twelve parallel gold-reefs on our estate, and examined it to a depth of 180 feet. They all contain free gold that is worth the cost of winning. The main reef is about 2 feet broad on the surface. At a depth of 25 feet it is 6 feet wide, and the quality improves as you go deeper. As the cost of working only amounts to 5 dwts. one can calculate the rest. But what distinguishes the estate more than anything else is the quantity of old alluvial workings that run along both banks of the Injamkarara, and reach here and there to a depth of 100 feet. The whole soil here is saturated with gold. We pan here without ceasing, and no pan is quite empty. As timber, water, and water-power, as well as fodder, are here in plenty, the working of the mines will be comparatively inexpensive, and their development should be rapid. I do not think that another mining-place in Manicaland has more in its favour than ours, which lies fourteen miles from Macequece.

The whole of Friday, accompanied by M. Pacotte, I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Levan's exposition of these several advantages of our mine, which I call the "Graf Moltke"; also of inspecting the tunnels and other works which had been carried out and which made the assessment of the estate possible. Towards evening rain-clouds gathered and threw a considerable mass of water on to us, so that M. Pacotte and I, who had planned a visit to M. Pouhin, the sub-director of the Braganza

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

and Richmond Mine in the Chimesi Valley, had to wait, and spend a quiet evening at home.

Bright and golden shone the sun next morning as



WOODING AT THE WINDÄHGIL.

we set out on the road to the Chimesi Valley. Our estate lies near the centre of the northern gold-belt, and in the east is surrounded by the Chimesi Mines—by the Winga in the south-east, the Formosa in the

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

west, the Welcome in the south, the Germaine in the north.

Our road lay towards the east, M. Pacotte riding proudly on his horse, I following upon my donkey. At the Welcome Mine Mr. Everett greeted us—he directs operations there—and invited us to dismount. But we promised to visit him the following morning, and, on good paths, crossed the mountain ridge which separated us from the Chimesi. Soon the broad valley opened to our left, reaching far away towards the east. Deep below us lay the camp of a Portuguese who was superintending the making of the road. Before us and half-way to our left we looked down on the roofs of M. Pouhin's station and on the huts of the Braganza and Richmond Mines. Only a short hour's ride separates our estate from this gold-mine of M. Bartisol.

We were warmly received by M. Pouhin and his charming daughter, Mademoiselle Pouhin. An older lady, formerly mademoiselle's governess, is in charge of the household. The young lady had lived in Paris up to now, and had accompanied her father to South Africa for the first time the summer of the previous year.

After breakfast we mount our animals to visit the Richmond and Braganza Mines. The road led uphill through thick undergrowth. The works here have been going for more than three years, and therefore have arrived at definite results. A tunnel 300 to 400 feet long has been bored at a depth of about 80 feet into the reef, and from above a shaft has been sunk into this tunnel, and at the foot of this shaft a second tunnel has been bored into the quartz-veins pointing south, by which means a great quantity of

IN THE HEART OF MANICALAND

quartz is brought up to the surface. The ore yields more than one ounce per ton, and, as with us, the stone improves further down. They have begun to bore a second tunnel at a depth of 200 feet, but at this depth the reef is not yet reached. The formation, as I have said, is exactly the same as ours: the horizontal is diorite, the vertical talc-slate; in fact, the two estates belong to the same gold-vein.

The surroundings of the Richmond Mine make a nice impression, and when, after our visit to the tunnel, we stood above the shaft and let our eyes roam over the laughing landscape, at once cool and sunny, all three of us were convinced that Manicaland has a future. Then we rode to the Braganza Mine, where more work has been done than at the Richmond. Here the ore is not so rich as in the sister mine, but the reefs are thicker. Here also we were very favourably impressed. There can be no question that in connection with the working of the mines a flourishing agricultural life will soon develop in the Chimesi Valley. Towards sunset we returned to M. Pouhin's house, before which I had meanwhile had my tent put up so as to have all in order for the night.

At a quarter past seven a cheerful supper party, to which another Frenchman, M. Bernard, was invited, united us all. In the year 1895-96 M. Pouhin had led an expedition of the Mozambique Company, with the object of attempting to enter Macombe's country. He had, however, not been able to complete this plan, as his people feared to follow him. As I had carried out this very expedition last summer, we had many common points of interest. M. Pouhin is a gentleman of about sixty years, and he was the first to map out the Beira-Macequeçe railway. He is a great friend

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to the Germans, and during the evening he toasted "the alliance of the future, the alliance between Germany and France."

Early next morning M. Pacotte and I returned to my camp.

We wished to visit the old alluvial workings which run along the banks of the Injamkarara. Mr. Levan and Mr. Massie acted as guides, and shortly we came to a strip of country where we had to step out very carefully, for there was pit on pit, often grown over by thick brushwood. These pits are often 100 feet deep, and some of them are connected by underground tunnels. There are between two and three hundred of them on our estate. Mr. Levan had several of them dug open and discovered quite profitable gold in them. The old miners have nowhere reached the actual bed-rock, as it lies below water-level. The chief gold-deposits are, therefore, quite untouched. I ordered our dredging-machine there from the Zambesi, in order to conduct these works in a rational manner.

I noticed that close to all old mining-buildings in these districts there are little clumps of Mahoba-Hoba trees which bear a very delicious fig-like fruit. The Mahoba-Hoba tree is almost a sign-post to old mines. I suspect that it represented the fruit tree of the old conquerors. I do not even now know where its actual home is, but I think that from it one may arrive at the home of the old miners themselves. The Mahoba-Hoba plantations were apparently the gardens of the old miners. We have a whole forest of them on our estate.

On Sunday afternoon we set about the exploration of the west side of our estate, and later on collected a number of samples of ore that, when crushed, were

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found to be full of gold. Towards evening M. Pacotte returned to M. Pouhin's, while I remained on my station so as next day to be able to arrange my general dispositions and to write my reports for Europe.

On Monday morning I resolved that the work on the tunnels should be proceeded with vigorously, and at the same time a beginning should be made with the opening up of the alluvial works, which, with this object in view, I visited again. On Monday afternoon I wrote reports, and about evening rode to the Chimesi Valley, from which I was going to ride with



GIVING OUT THE DAY'S RATIONS.

M. Pacotte next morning to the Mudza on the eastern border of the gold-belt, where we intended to visit a mine.

My reception at Pouhin's was again very friendly. The distance from Pouhin's house to the Mudza River is about fifteen miles, and, as we wanted to be back in the Chimesi Valley next evening, M. Pouhin lent me another donkey in addition to my own.

One of those glorious sunny mornings which one meets with so often in the higher tablelands of Africa, with the air clear and transparent and yet

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pleasantly cool, broke over Manica when, on January 15th, we set out from Pouhin's house. The whole country is covered with fresh, juicy green, and a golden glow rests on the slopes and mountains and over the wide Chimesi Valley. Here and there the grass country is interrupted by woodland, till at last, three miles east, we enter a regular forest. The bridges which we have to cross are rather shaky structures, with holes and gaps in their woodwork, and we dismount continually, as riding over them is dangerous for man and beast. On every slope one sees the little white flag and signal posts of registered mining estates. The whole valley has, to all intents and purposes, been appropriated. Thus we move the whole morning eastwards. Before us the two peaks of a granite mountain show us the goal of our journey. About nine o'clock we cross the little brook, Dororo, and now the road goes uphill over green fields towards the eastern escarpment of the Manica highlands. We mount to about 5,000 feet, and then suddenly we see the Mudza Valley at our feet. To the right lie the houses of a Portuguese settlement, where the alluvium of the Mudza is worked. M. Pacotte tells me that the last yield was 6 lbs. of pure gold. We cross the Mudza, rushing on to its junction with the Chimesi, and reach Mr. Bull's about eleven o'clock, whose property, the Windâhgil Mine, we wished to inspect.

In Macequeçe already I had heard a great deal about this estate, whose yield was said to reach 30 ozs. and more. The formation is talc-slate, and the gold is obtained straight from the slate. The gold, however, is confined to clearly marked reefs and is obtained by means of a shaft 90 feet deep, as well as

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through a tunnel and surface-workings. The official analyses show an even result throughout of 1 oz. 7 dwts. to 4 oz. 11 dwts. We saw, besides, a good deal of gold later on in coarse particles, discovering it by washing the slate and even in the bare rubble. With Mr. Bull's permission I sent Mr. Levan to this property to examine more closely into a matter in which I had a lively interest.

After Mr. Bull had showed me over his whole estate we enjoyed a fine roast of antelope, and at 2.45 rode back to the Chimesi Valley. The afternoon was warmer than the morning, but not exactly oppressive. To the south-west a storm was in the sky, whose thunder we heard continually. About six o'clock we were back at M. Pouhin's.

Next morning I rode back to our station. In the afternoon M. Pacotte came to fetch quartz samples from our reefs. Towards evening, however, he returned to M. Pouhin and wished to get back to Macequeçe the next day.

During the following days our station continually washed and crushed quartz, with ever favourable results. At the same time the boring of the lower tunnel was continued. On Friday, January 18th, I had concluded my preliminary examination here and I determined to ride away next morning with my two miners to the Chua Valley, where there was open ground to prospect in. We took our lunch with us. In the afternoon I wished to return to Macequeçe with Mr. Levan. We had a very interesting look round over the northern Chua Valley, and I gave Mr. Massie instructions to follow up the results of our observations with further prospecting. The Chua is some five to six miles from our camp. I then went to Macequeçe

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through the d'Andrade Valley and past Old Macequeçe. About five o'clock, somewhat fatigued, we were back again in Macequeçe, where I legally established some of the results of my tour of observation—as, for instance, the registration of the last ten claims.

My ride through Manicaland had not only made me acquainted with a fine piece of country, where rock and forest alternated, and water runs from every height, but had also proved to me that we have here a mining region of the first order. A comparison with the Rand Mines proves that this gold district is superior as regards quality, and I think that with regard to the quality of our own quartz in which the gold is distributed finely and quite evenly, the continuity downwards will also show itself to be thoroughly reliable.

The climate varies considerably according to the season of the year, but at a height of 3,500 feet I have never found it oppressive even in the hot month of January. In June and July the nights grow sensibly cold, and the days remain cool throughout. Fever attacks, it is true, occur here ; but this is rather to be ascribed to the abnormal conditions of the life of the pioneers than to the general climatic influences.

Actually unhealthy the country only seems to be immediately after the great rainy season, which reaches its limits during February and March. Then all the conditions become abnormal. At the same time, it is clear that healthy stone dwelling-places would greatly help to alleviate the discomforts caused by these annual disturbances. So that the reader can form a picture of Manicaland at this time of the year, I append a description of the rainy season, which I wrote during March, 1901, in the Mudza Valley.

CHAPTER VIII

SUNSHINE AND STORM

“Horch, wie brauset der Sturm,
Und der schwellende Strom in der Nacht hin!”¹

“**H**ISSING like the stream of a fire-engine the rain beats on to my tent as I write. Or for a time it ceases, and then drip, drip, drip, it drips down on the camp. The Mudza Valley and the broad Revuë Plain lie before me to the east wrapped in a thick mist. Thus, since the middle of February it has been in this part of the world—naturally with interruptions. The rains are late this year and last out over the vernal equinoxes.

“Every single being is affected by this. The camps are isolated, the intercourse between them ceases, and the ‘capital,’ Macequeçe, is often cut off for whole days from the mines. On the other side Macequeçe is also separated from the rest of the world. The Beira-Mashonaland railway has to stop running for weeks; great patches of the permanent way are washed away. The part between Beira and Bamboo Creek is under water, the bridge over the Pungwe at Fontes Villa is torn away. Life here returns to the

¹ “Hark, how roars the storm,
And the swelling stream into the night!”

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comfortable uneventfulness of antediluvian times, that is to say, of ante-railroad times. No mail comes through, no goods are sent on. The passengers have to wait in Beira for better times. The stores in Macequeçe become denuded of eatables ; rice for the 'boys' become scarce and dear ; in the camps we have to be careful so as not to get into a famine. Last year the rains really brought the whites round Macequeçe to the verge of starvation, because all traffic was cut off for weeks.

"As is well known, the tropical rains follow after the sun has reached its highest point. The cold, heavy air then forces its way into the zone of the layer of air loosened by the zenithal sun, and condenses the moisture of it to rain-storms. If the sun moves from south to north, as at present, the rains will come from the south. This lasts until we reach the cold air belts arising out of the south, and should, according to rule, come to an end here about the middle of March. This year the sun seems to have operated more strongly, and even at the end of March we still find ourselves in a zone of extreme heat and, therefore, of downpours of rain.

"This has a highly unfavourable effect on the health of the Europeans. Fever flourishes. The camps become empty. Opposite my own one there is a Portuguese station where the mining engineers usually live. To-day a black caretaker is sole occupant. My own companion, Mr. Levan, I had yesterday to send to Macequeçe because his liver began to swell up, and now I am here alone. In these weeks Macequeçe churchyard receives what is essentially its annual increase.

"And even now this landscape is still as lovely as a



IN CAMP.

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dream. I look out of my tent over the broad Revué-Chimesi Plain and north-east to the Pungwe. The background of the landscape is framed on clear evenings by the Serra da Humbe *massive*. To the right rise the peaks of southern Macombe-land. The thermometer now seldom reaches 70° Fahr. in the shade; the evenings and mornings are cool. I, who somehow seem to be entirely proof against fever, ask myself how it comes about that everybody in this splendid air is lying ill? I cannot understand it, just as little as I can understand why people get sea-sick.

“At this time travelling in Manicaland is rather peculiar. The formation is practically all talc-slate, slippery as frozen snow in the rain, and stony from one end to the other. At the same time the grass is as tall as a man. The roads, which wind over mountain slopes and over steep declivities, are quite grown over. In parts the country is strewn with the holes made by old alluvial works. When one has pictured all this, and adds the expectation of a down-pour heavy as a thunderstorm, one will be able to understand the charms of intercourse in this land at the present time.

“I had a delightful sample of these conditions on Monday, March 11th. I had spent two days at d'Andrade with Mr. Danford, the Surveyor General, with whom I had worked up the map of our gold-mine, the ‘Count Moltke.’ On Monday morning at ten o'clock I quitted his hospitable roof to ride on donkey-back to the Mudza Valley, which should be fifteen miles distant. ‘You can't miss the way,’ they said; and so off I started into the mountains.

“I only had my servant, Fritz, with me and a boy who carried my rifle. I missed the way right at the

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start and arrived at the Portuguese "Colonia" instead of at Davis's Farm. I did not wish to ride back, and therefore made up my mind to keep straight through the mountains, going north-east by the compass. By three o'clock in the afternoon I found myself on the side of Mount Venga and looked out on the Chimesi Valley. I had, therefore, done the impossible; that is to say, had missed the road. The sky grew covered, and a storm drew near. I now tried to aim straight at my goal, in doing which I had to cross three swamps in succession, wherein my donkey sunk to the shoulder, and I half-way. Five o'clock came along, and down the rain rattled amid thunder and lightning. I and my two blacks landed in some thick bush in which we discovered several deserted kraals, but where the road completely disappeared. But below us we suddenly saw the Mudza, which here seems to be pretty wide and shallow. So through thorn and brake we descend. Crossing it we discover that the Mudza is not exactly shallow and easy here, but is quite a swamp. We are literally stuck tight in it for an hour, and I almost gave my donkey up as lost. At last we reach the opposite bank, and then with a setting sun we go uphill once more. And with all this a crashing thunder, and lightning, so that we can't even hear ourselves speak. Arrived above, I did not know how to go on, and prepared myself for a night in the open, which, in such weather, with no roof, and let alone in a district infested with lions, was absolutely dangerous. Luckily, however, I followed a little pathway that took me downhill again to a brook, which had to be crossed, and which my donkey, mindful of his experiences in the Mudza, refused to approach. At last he cleared it at a bound. We ascend a further hill, and at seven

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o'clock in the pouring rain we reach a Manica village of five huts.

"It is not particularly comfortable to sleep in a native hut, on the bed of a black man. But on March 11th, I was very thankful to be there, in spite of dirt and mosquitoes, and although there was no supper, I could at least throw off all my wet clothes, wrap myself in my waterproof and stretch myself on the *Kitanda* of the old chief. In the night I could make studies of the life of the Manica natives. I did not reach my camp till Tuesday towards noon. 'You can't miss the way!' Certainly!

"The rainy season is hardly more of a hindrance to the working of the mines than our European winter would be. Of course, prospecting is at times quite impossible, and tunnels and shafts are in danger of caving in. The Braganza and Richmond Mine suffered by such an accident, which is said to have cost several lives. At 'Count Moltke' we have been very fortunate. We are now working seven tunnels there, one of which is 150 feet deep, and have no accident of any description to report. The day before yesterday I visited a shaft and side-tunnel of the Windâhgil here in the Mudza Valley, 65 feet deep. The water came through from above, filling the tunnel from one end to the other, and I must frankly say that I was glad when I was above ground once more.

"My tent, in which I write, has a damp floor. Now and again the water overflows from the ditch which I have had dug round it, and at night I hear a small river roaring beside my bed. If the sun shines, the floor becomes as smooth as a skating-rink. It makes one melancholy to be rained on thus, and to have to sit still for days. My dog, who is more patient

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than I am, lies quietly sleeping for hours in his box, as though everything was no business of his. Lucky being! Unfortunately, the North-European is incapable of such resignation to the unalterable, and the commonplace consolation that sunshine follows after rain has no effect after one has spent days under the monotonous beat of this downpour. One can get too much of a good thing, and I am just about sick of the hissing, or the drip, drip, drip of the rainy season. I begin to understand how Noah must have felt when the dove brought him the well-known olive-leaf on Mount Ararat."

Manicaland is full of relics of the ancient Semitic era. I have already mentioned the quantities of old mining works. These, of course, go down to modern times. The native washed river-gold till our own time. When the Portuguese conquistador Homem, the first European, entered Manicaland in 1570, he and his companions were disappointed when they saw the natives wash a few grains of gold out of a bucket of river-mud. They had dreamt of Inca treasures, but forgot that also the gold of the Peruvian Children of the Sun "was obtained a grain at a time." We newcomers are not frightened by this method of going to work. When we call to mind that the modern miners on the Rand fetch up hard ore from more than a thousand feet, out of the bowels of the earth, which ore mostly yields no more than 6 to 8 dwts., or not even half an ounce; when we consider that the companies that undertake this work still manage to show large profits, we shall be better able to appreciate the riches of Manicaland.

If the old works go down to modern times they still

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go back in parts to times prehistoric. To the east of our Count Moltke Mine we found old underground buildings just like those in Inyanga. Throughout Manicaland one finds ancient Phœnician gravestones. The religious views of the Manicas are those of the Makalangas. From the Zambesi down to this region of the Upper Pungwe we find one and the same civilisation. And this reaches, as I discovered later, unbroken, down to the Sabi and the Lundi.

In fact, I believe that everywhere where one finds the negro washing gold to-day, one may conclude that his first impulse to do so was derived from other races.



PHŒNICIAN GRAVESTONE IN MANICALAND.

The negro himself is much too indolent and lazy to obtain any metal grain by grain through labour, when there is not the prospect of receiving something for his belly in exchange. It would never occur to him to wash or dig for gold, not even to satisfy his own desire for ornaments, if strangers had not come who had offered him something to eat and drink for it. I find it altogether superfluous to follow here every detail of the historical problem that faces us with exact evidences as to which period the gold-mines belong ; because the mere fact of gold-mines existing on the Indian Ocean points to the influence of the



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE" IN AFRICA.

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two gold-seeking nations of the remotest times, to Egyptian or Arabic influences. For instance, the shafts and tunnellings of the old works on the Injamkarara can under no circumstances be ascribed to the negroes. One must only see the aversion with which the Manicas descend into such pits to be convinced that their race had never made these works except under the guidance of strangers.

I will later on treat of the question as to who these old miners might have been. Here we are interested in the fact that in Manicaland they actually came across an Eldorado of the first order. All the rivers bear gold, and this gold comes from the gold veins in the surrounding mountains. The quartz of the country is soft and inclined to decompose. Softer still are the talc-slates in the Mudza Valley. The changes from hot to cold are great in this mountain-region, which leads to the quicker decomposition of the rock; and on this rattles every year the rain which the south monsoon pours down on the edge of this plateau. It is no wonder that the gold of the brooks and rivers is continually renewed. There can, therefore, be no question of the exhaustion of the alluvial deposits.

The present narrative is not intended to be a detailed account of the gold-mines which we ourselves obtained here. But it may be mentioned, as representative of the whole of this territory, that the Count Moltke Mine in the Injamkarara Valley, and still more the Windâhgil Mine in the Mudza Valley, have, after careful technical tests, both shown themselves to be mines that are well worth working. The Windâhgil Mine, especially as regards the richness of its ore, is second to none in the whole world. The Guy Fawkes, the Braganza and Richmond Mines again are also worthy

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representatives of the Manica gold-fields, and can hold their own against any on earth. What the country requires is a greater expenditure of capital than has hitherto prevailed, and for this it will doubtless not have long to wait.

The centre of this interesting country is, as already mentioned, Macequeçe, 200 miles from Beira, 23 miles from Umtali, on the Beira-Mashonaland railway. The place has a European population of about seventy, and is very nicely, even charmingly, situated at the foot of Mount Wumba. The roads are wide and



OUR STATION AT THE WINDÂHGIL.

straight; they lead to the Government building of the Mozambique Company, to the right of which, in the middle of fine gardens, lie the offices of the Board of Mines, whose head, at present, is Captain d'Andrade.

Macequeçe, apart from the Portuguese officials, is in all essentials a mining camp, and one is often reminded of Bret Harte's stories when one moves among its population. Krige's Hotel, opposite the railway station, is the chief rendezvous, especially on Saturdays, when the bar is filled with the prospectors and miners of the district. "Absolutely No Credit,"

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or "No Credit To-day, To-morrow the Same," is written up on all the walls, and yet I suspect that many of the guests in shirt-sleeves could not raise their "drinks" except on credit. Indirectly, the prospector depends on the great money markets. When no capital is disengaged he is unable to realise his discoveries, and is therefore without money. This state of affairs has been the prevailing one, I am sorry to say, in Macequeç these last few years.

But in countries such as these hospitality is greater than in hard-hearted Europe, and in the Macequeç district there is a strong feeling of comradeship. No one who invites himself to a meal or to a "drink" is turned away. Often when I looked on at this company I was reminded of the Biblical remark: "They sow not, neither do they reap, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." But all criticism is silent when one understands the feeling of comradeship which animates this body of men.

The centre of the cosmopolitan society of Manicalland is the hospitable Mr. George Danford, who always keeps open house at his home on the Reone, the so-called "Pirate's Retreat," in which I myself was a frequent guest. A typical Macequeç figure is Mr. C. G. Brown, who has conducted mining and other enterprises there for years. In such settlements the aristocracy is reckoned by the number of years that each individual has spent there. The settler of five years' standing thinks himself a good cut above the three-year-old, and so on.

All in all, Macequeç and its neighbourhood are inhabited by an easy-going and yet industrious population. "Sauere Wochen, frohe Feste"¹ is the

¹ "Sour weeks make happy holidays."

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rule here also. When the district is thoroughly taken in hand the picture must change very rapidly. Then as if by magic, all the values that to-day are dead will come to life. Not till then will Macequeçe mean something for the world's commerce.



MINING HEADQUARTERS, MACEQUEÇE.

Meanwhile, I still cherish the hope that some Bret Harte, or, better still, a Mark Twain, will rise up and give us a picture of this capital of Manicaland before it loses its present shape. It would be full of grotesque comedy, and yet not without some moving traits of pathos.

CHAPTER IX

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABU

FROM the beginning of my South African enterprise I had decided to extend my explorations at least as far as the Sabu River. The mere name of this river suggests the Hebrew epoch of South African history. Here we actually come to the hinterland of the ancient port of Sofala, which has long been regarded as the chief harbour of the Ophir region. From the Sabu and Lundi Rivers beckons the chain of ruins first explored by Bent, whose most brilliant example is found to the east in the so-called Zimbabwe, near Victoria.

I had already sent Herr Gramann into the Sabu region in the summer of 1900, and there he had looked for evidences in confirmation of a rumour relating to ancient copper-mines. He also found such ancient workings eastwards of the Upper Sabu, not far from Mount Selinde. But he could only stay there for a few days, and was unable to exploit his discovery either geologically or archæologically.

As soon as I had brought my explorations in Manicaland to a definite end, about the last days of March, 1900, I myself went further, so as to get a personal insight into this Sabu region.

On April 3, 1900, I arrived at Umtali in order to

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prepare for my Sabi expedition. In Macequeçe I had run up against Herr Blöcker, who had just come from our stations on the Zambesi. In Umtali I engaged Mr. De Closs, a Canadian who had had



HERR BLÖCKER.

four years' experience in copper-mining in Arizona (U.S.A.).

I resolved to do the expedition with an ox-waggon, as at the present season no food is to be bought for a biggish carrier caravan in the Melsetter district

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through which one has to travel. I therefore arranged with a man in Umtali for a team of eight oxen, as we had not even a load of two tons. Easter week interfered with our work of equipment, but on Monday, April 10th, all was ready, so that at 3 p.m. I could send off Blöcker and De Closs with the ox-waggon. I myself followed about four o'clock on a donkey. For all that, about half a mile beyond Umtali, on the Melsetter road at a hill behind the railway embankment, I overtook my waggon, which had stuck fast. The team could not even draw our small load. Nothing was left for me but to have a camp pitched and to ride back to Umtali to make other arrangements.

Luckily the next day some Mount Selinde Boers arrived in Umtali from the Penhalonga Valley with three ox-waggons. With one of them, Bekker by name, I came to an agreement for a team of sixteen trek-oxen, and with the help of Messrs. Philippi & Co. I was again ready to march on April 12th.

The following records of my journey as far as the Upper Sabi are from my diary, written on the spot:—

13 *April*.—Rise at 5.30 and call my servant Hamadi; bathe, shave, and pack my portmanteau. Unfortunately the Boers have not come yet with their waggon. Buy 12 lbs. beef, six loaves of bread, and a sack of vegetables which I sent into camp to Blöcker on the Melsetter road. The ox-waggon does not appear till seven o'clock, and I put my portmanteau inside it. I breakfast in the Cecil Hotel, and about nine o'clock ride at a quick canter to our camp, which in the meantime has been broken up. I follow the waggon trail, and catch sight of the team at about ten o'clock. The whole morning the sky is cloudy;

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from time to time a short, light shower falls. The temperature is that of an August day in England. The country before us shows picturesque chains of wooded heights, of granite and coarse sandstone, in which dykes of slate and a good many unpromising quartz veins, easily recognisable from the road, have formed. The landscape recalls parts of the Harz and of Thuringia. The road, at the end of the rainy season, is in a shocking state. But our lusty oxen, driven by an equally lusty and wild-looking Boer with a 25-foot whip, take every obstacle as though it were



MELSETER ROAD, NEAR UMTALI.

nothing. At 11.30 we outspan and have lunch cooked at a clear spruit—"Witwater." At 2.30 Blöcker marches ahead with our shot-gun to bag a few guinea-fowl for to-morrow, Sunday. I follow soon after with my two donkeys, alone, as I like to be, on this quiet, beautiful Saturday afternoon. My memories of the vicarage in which I was born always make Saturday afternoons especially sacred to me. We have entered the mountains, and to right and left picturesque mountain ranges accompany me, set one behind the other like stage scenery. From time to time fantastic

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boulders of granite from the mountains appear in the valley. The road winds for miles through green bush. We cross brook after brook whose clear, dancing waters leap joyfully towards the valley. At 4.30 I overtake Blöcker, who has seen no guinea-fowl, and soon after we cross the spruit described to us by the Boers, where we decide to camp.

The waggon does not arrive till 5.30, and I have the tents put up in the middle of the road.

An autumnal air settles over the country. The sun sinks before six o'clock, and the evening grows cool.

While I write the camp-fires glow at different points round my tent, and the cook prepares beefsteaks for our supper.

We camp fourteen miles south-west of Umtali.

14 *April*.—Yesterday evening it began to rain hard, and I gave my nine "boys" my upper tent-roof for shelter. The rain splashes down till late into the night, and keeps the oxen, the donkeys, my dog Boxer and myself awake for a long time.

While I lie thus I suddenly hear Blöcker's voice calling for his boy. When I ask what is the matter, he answers that his tent has just fallen over. I give him hospitality for the night in mine.

In the morning a light rain is still falling. I set out in advance with Blöcker at seven o'clock towards a deserted store said to lie three miles to the south. The air has cooled, a thin melancholy fog hangs over the forest through which the sandy roadway leads. It is just like a September day at home in a beech-wood on bad soil. When we reach the store the rain falls more heavily, and I resolve to lunch here and wait for better weather. The sky really clears towards midday, and the mountain ranges show up sharply. The formation

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throughout seems to be granite. Romantic boulders and disordered *débris* are seen on both sides. In the afternoon we go another ten miles. When at 3.30 we come round an imposing granite kopje, a laughing valley opens before us, framed in a whole sea of



.. FIVE MILES SPRUIT (WITWATER).

mountains. The landscape reminds one very much of Inyanga, approached from the Nhani side. The wood becomes more open and park-like, and the high grass, twice the height of a man, sways and bends in the wind. One almost fancies that shapes and faces are beckoning from it. A verse, remembered from

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childhood, comes back to me. Roughly translated it reads :—

“ Don't pick the flowers,
And shun the corn ;
Mother Barley lowers,
Mother Barley's there ;
Now she bobs up,
Now she bobs down,
Children beware !
She will catch them all,
Who pluck at the flowers.”

Sunday afternoon is ideally beautiful. Light clouds are scattered over the blue firmament. The sun sheds a soft light and mild autumnal warmth. By 4.30 we have pitched our camp on clean sand at the edge of a wood, where I am writing.

We are a little more than 3,100 feet above sea-level.

15 *April*.—Overnight it rained again, but the morning is fine. At 7.30 I go on alone ahead of the waggon. The landscape is unchanged ; it is exactly as though we were marching through a North German forest. At nine o'clock I hear the murmur of the river Mpusi, which I cross. It is a clear stream, reminding me, with its frame of rolling hills, a little of the Upper Tana. We lunch on its left bank.

At 12.15 we go on. This time I let the waggon with the other men go ahead, so as to indulge in my weakness for solitude. Soon, however, I overtake the waggon on my donkey and resume the lead. Traveling with ox-waggons is slow work (about twelve miles a day), but it is by far the most comfortable of the African methods of travel that I know, such as carriers, donkeys, or camels.

One has no trouble at all with the baggage, and can stop or go on as one pleases. The oxen, also, require



ON THE ROAD TO THE SABL.

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

no attention on arrival. The leading ox, with his bell round his neck, tells where they are to be found. They are simply driven into a meadow and left to themselves. Only at night, if lions are close at hand, they are sometimes tied up. Our team is so well trained that every beast knows its place in the team and takes it of its own accord. The waggon is covered in behind and affords protection against rain. The baggage is protected by a watertight sailcloth. Over and above this the two Transvaal Boers know their work to a T.

A light drizzling mist, that sometimes turns to real rain, follows us the whole afternoon. The country undergoes no change; the road descends continually through sandy woodland. One sees nothing of the mountains in this forest. At two o'clock the wood suddenly opens, and we pass through fields of maize. Before us towers the mountain range that we saw yesterday; rugged and wonderful groups are outlined here, reminding one a little of the Drachenfels, of the Loreley. In about twelve minutes we reach the Nymbaya River, which flows swiftly past the mountains over a rocky bed, something like the Neckar at Tübingen. On the opposite bank I find a fine camping-place, where I wait for the ox-waggon and have our tents pitched. The evening grows into a dismal November rain-landscape.

All the rivers which we pass flow through the Odsi into the Sabi. We have descended now to 2,600 feet.

16 *April* (my mother's birthday).—A splendid morning march. To the left an imposing mountain range with mighty granite peaks, to the right the view over a wide plain strewn with picturesque granite

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kopjes. With this, dewdrops on every leaf, every flower, and every blade of grass, in which the sun conjures forth a million little rainbows. At 9.30 I cross a murmuring brook, and wait for the waggon which arrives at eleven o'clock. At two o'clock we go on; the scene, apart from the mountains, which have grown more magnificent, does not change; real forest traversed by a forest-path. But the formation begins to change. We gradually leave the granite for primary slate, and from 3.30 onwards we move through nothing else. About four o'clock I hear the roaring of the Umbvumbumvu, the largest tributary of the Odzi-Sabi. In crossing it, De Closs is all but swept away in a waterfall with my one donkey. At the last moment I call to him to mount, which rescues De Closs and donkey—at least from broken bones. The Umbvumbumvu winds through a long cross-valley which reminds one forcibly of the Ilfeld Valley in the Harz Mountains. We have to cross the river three times—we have done so twice this afternoon—and I honestly admire the skill of our Boers. For twelve months no waggon has crossed the foaming drifts without a double team. Now we are camped hard over the roaring waters, and find it difficult to make our voices heard even at a short distance.

The march towards the south becomes grander with every day; and to-day we have already come to the real gold formation, which will, no doubt, accompany us to the romantic Sabi River (the river of the Sabæans). On this sunny day I have had memories of many of my dead mother's birthdays, and I thank the Providence that graciously led my footsteps towards such wonderful impressions as this day, as well as on many others have been my lot.

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

We are now fifty-two miles distant from Umtali, and are camping half-way up the Melsetter Road.

17 *April*.—The name Umbvumbvumvu is apparently onomatopoeic, arising out of the deep roar of the river. Last night it sang me a proud lullaby, which my soul answered with fantastic dreams.

At 7.20 Blöcker and I climbed the mountain barrier. In Europe the landscape would be reckoned among the sights and attract tourists. Palms and euphorbia give the flora a tropical touch; the breath of autumn lies over all. On all sides the mountains rise impressively, below foams the Umbvumbvumvu. At 8.30 we again cross its turbulent waters, in which process the oxen break a yoke. Then the road crosses a far-reaching plain covered with short grass; before us rises a sickle-shaped mountain ridge, apparently of slate, whilst the formation below us is diorite. Surely a region for the prospector.

I wonder when Germany will at last obtain a colonial mining law. I mean a mining law which opens its colonies to the prospectors of all nations, and thus really gives them a chance. We apparently possess two mining colonies in New Guinea and in South-west Africa. Why do our people only support the policy of "the open door" when it applies to other nations, and not concede it themselves? Our mining law should be as liberal as possible. For a small sum, let us say ten shillings, one ought to sell prospecting licenses to every one who wants them, and the State should content itself with 15 per cent. of the net profits of the mines worked. The old Transvaal mining law furnishes Germany with a good example. Only we ought to make ours more liberal still. I would give the owner the right to the full exploitation

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of the reef from top to bottom. These are fine hopes that will hardly be realised! On the contrary, we seem to be moving towards a colonial system of exclusion and monopoly, as at one time Louis IV. and Colbert contemplated for Canada. Quite naturally the results will be the same. The latest move in this direction is the attempt to obtain differential duties on the products of German colonies.

At eleven o'clock we camp on grassy ground, and about three o'clock move on towards the south. The country widens out into a fruitful valley charmingly framed with wooded heights. The formation again changes to phyllitic slate running from the south-east to the north-west. At five o'clock we reach a newly-built store, where we camp.

The air grows considerably cooler. We are now not quite 3,400 feet above the sea.

18 *April*.—The night is bitterly cold. About three o'clock in the morning I am awakened by the shivering of my dog, who is lying under my bed. In the early morning the landscape is covered with a cold dew. A brilliantly fine day follows, in which Nature again shows herself in all her mystic charm. On the trees the leaves begin to glow in fiery autumn colours. The green summits of the finely-grouped mountain-chains stand out sharply against the blue sky. The thrush and finch sing in the forest. Thus we ride through God's beautiful world, a holiday mood in our hearts.

The formation is continuously primary slate. The features of the mountains are consequently gently rounded and conical, like the Harz at Lauterberg; or else a flat-topped mass, very different from the wild and ragged granite.

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At eleven o'clock, after a nine-mile march, Blöcker and I cross the foaming Nyamyaswi River, and immediately afterwards we are at Mr. Bradley's store, where we are heartily welcomed. The waggon does not arrive till after twelve; luncheon, therefore, is eaten towards two o'clock.

At 3.30 the waggon starts again. I do not follow for half an hour, as we are only going another four miles. The road winds beside the sparkling Nyamyaswi, and is uphill the whole way. I recall the poet's—

“Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen der brausende Kur
Im tanzenden Wellengetriebe.
Es leuchtet die Sonne, das Herz und die Flur!
Ach, wenn es doch immer so bliebe!”¹

The way the road winds through the valleys may be illustrated by the fact that in the afternoon we marched northwards (therefore, apparently, back to Untali), and that we shall have to cross the Nyamyaswi no less than eighteen times. This afternoon we made our second crossing; my dog celebrated the event by disappearing down a waterfall, which, however, did him no harm.

Half to the right in front of us we have a jagged slate mountain, whose sides have a red glow, and which commands the landscape menacingly.

Magnificent sunset with the whole radiant palette of the tropics. Then night rises sparkling and glittering, with its diadem of stars over the resting earth. A

¹ “The glittering waters roll yellow below
In dancing wind-blown waves.
The sun shines, shines the heart and the meadow!
Ah, would it were ever so!”



A WATERFALL NEAR LONGDEN'S FARM.

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

gusty wind blows from the mountains, and sets our tents rocking uncomfortably.

We have done a good deal of climbing and descending to-day, and our camp is thirty-five feet higher than it was yesterday, or some 3,450 feet above sea-level.

19 *April*.—Splendid march through mountains. In a light rain we continue marching up-river, crossing the Nyamyaswi sixteen times by drifts, some of which were decidedly unpleasant. The ascent reminds one in places of the Italian side of the Brenner railroad. The mountain-sides rise ruggedly, often with fine effect, on both sides of the roaring river. The bright colours of sycamores and other trees glow on the mountains. Then come whole strips full of euphorbia, palms, and bananas. The mountain-chains are split up in places into picturesque cones and domes 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. Then again the glowing red slate forms whole fortresses with turrets and platforms. Fancy grows alive. One imagines one has entered the kingdom of legend and passed into the fairy world itself. It is impossible to describe what passed my eye to-day. Words are much too poor.

At eleven o'clock we leave the rushing Nyamyaswi below us to our left, and climb upwards. At noon Blöcker and I wait vainly for the waggon. As it is still invisible at one o'clock, I send two servants back to bring lunch up to us. The sun has been shining for the last two hours, but on the heights blows a distinctly cool wind, which induces us to put on our winter overcoats at midday. After lunch we go another half-mile, as far as Mr. Longden's farm, which is empty, and where we wait for the waggon which at last turns up about 5 p.m.

The sunset is so rich in colour and fine in tones and

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half-tones, that the greatest painter would not be able to do it anything approaching justice.

We are 5,144 feet high, and a wintry coolness settles on the darkening earth.

20 *April*.—A fine sunshiny morning with autumnal October weather. I ride ahead with Blöcker, to settle the formalities concerning our oxen (certificate of health, &c.), at Melsetter, so that the waggon need not lie too long outside the town. The road winds uphill and downhill by sheer mountain-sides and through deep valleys. At 10 a.m. we have reached the summit of the pass, and see to the east a grotesque wall of slate, but below us lie the neat stone houses of Melsetter scattered cleanly and prettily under the northern mountain slope. The formation is still slate.

We at once go in search of Mr. Longden, the magistrate, to inquire for the "boys," whom I had ordered by wire from Umtali. He receives us very pleasantly, and promises to send the "boys" straight on to Mrs. Webster's farm, the next landmark on our journey.

In the afternoon Mr. Longden showed me his beautiful orchards, which are splendidly arranged. Every European fruit, including the grape-vine, is planted here, and oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits besides. Mr. Longden told me that the country round Melsetter is of an inexhaustible fertility and can practically produce anything. Unfortunately, so far there is no market for its produce. As a parting gift Mr. Longden presented me with three beautiful roses, which I put in my button-hole.

Melsetter lies 83 miles from Umtali, close to the Portuguese frontier, is about 5,000 feet above the

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level of the sea, and is said to possess forty inhabitants.

In the evening a pleasant surprise awaits me. I had several times told my "boys" that my pillow lay too low. This evening I find it beautifully raised. When I turn to look how this has been done, I discover that my delightful servants have placed our box of dynamite under my head: "No, my dear boys, this won't do. I must first examine the copper-mines on the Sabi before I am ready to start heavenward!"

21 *April*.—The road now turns to the south-west, and I ride the whole splendid sunlit morning through far-reaching valleys running lengthways to the wooded mountain slope, with splashing brooks to my right. At 11 a.m. I cross a biggish river, the Injahori, and then await the waggon. In the morning the road passes by two Boer farms, and in the afternoon we pass two more. What Melsetter requires is a couple of thousand sturdy European peasants. The grass is first-rate for cattle and sheep, the soil can grow anything, and there is a wealth of water, which comes down splashing and sparkling from every hill.

The climate is better than that of the Transvaal. There is only a short winter with light frosts, and the live stock can be kept in the meadows the whole year round, which is impossible in the Transvaal. The country is, besides, free from fever. Melsetter, by the by, is called Umsapa, or Massapa, by the surrounding tribes—a survival from the Sabæan epoch. The natives of the country itself call it Shemano-mani. It was christened Melsetter by the Boers. At the time of writing one could not grow rich here. But an industrious family could easily make a good living. And with it the finest climate in the world! It is

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impossible to imagine anything like it in Europe. I can only recall certain September days in North Germany, and nothing else. But how much more intense is everything here, light, colour, even the air! One cannot well describe it.

We lunched by the Injahori, and then made a short afternoon march in search of good camping ground. This I found towards four o'clock on the grassy



A VIEW OF MELSETTER TOWN.

shoulder of a mountain slope below a farm, and at a height of 3,980 feet.

22 *April*.—The road again rises, running past far-stretching mountain-ridges. From Melsetter onwards the formation is diorite. The temperature, which was absolutely cold in the night, quickly rises in the radiant sunshine which glorifies the country. I ride on far in advance, and enjoy the lovely scene without reserve. About 8.30 the woods cease, the mountain

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slopes are bare and grassy, reminding me of parts of Massailand, and of Beachy Head near Eastbourne, over which I have galloped so often. At 9.30 I reach the crest, and descend once more into a valley through which the clear Lusiti River flows, reaching up to the saddle of my donkey as I cross its crystal waters. Here we will stay for the day, because the oxen require a rest, and all our linen needs a wash. We camp at a height of 4,130 feet.

In the afternoon there is a great washing, the loads are repacked, the salt and rice bags are dried, &c. While I write this I can see our oxen and donkey taking it easy on the river-bank, Blöcker lying on the ground in his tent, and De Closs doing ditto under the waggon. Everybody is enjoying a well-earned rest.

23 *April*.—The formation and the country change. We come out of the primary slate formation into sandstone, and in the afternoon we reach a pronounced coal formation. The landscape changes from wooded mountains plentifully intersected with gorges, to long ranges of bald, grass-covered heights. As though the heavens wished to emphasise this change properly, the sunshine has disappeared, and grey lies the land before our eyes. I am far in advance of the column, and find myself alone in this Rembrandtesque landscape, which has an oppressive and dreary effect on the human soul. And yet an uplifting one; for it appears to demonstrate the infinitude of our spiritual and bodily vision. As in Massailand, these wide, grass-covered heights, standing one behind the other, draw our soul into the distances. I am very sensitive to scenic differences, and effects of light and shadow. This is the only artistic quality I have to boast about.

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I believe in the "One and All" of pantheism, and my soul feels in accord with this faith. "In it we live, we weave, and are," sings the poet.

At ten o'clock we cross the beautifully clear "Silverstream," and shortly afterwards lunch at an equally clear forest brook, where two Boer ox-waggons, coming from the south, pass by.

In the afternoon the sky assumes an almost threatening character, and single raindrops fall. But the sunset brings back to us the whole radiant glory of South Africa. At 5.30 the valley in which we



MELSETTER.

camp lies, blue on blue, in the finest gradations before us. But a quarter of an hour later the ball of the sun appears once more, dyeing everything in brilliant colour. Then the night rises. But on the western horizon the sickle moon lights us with its soft glow.

We come ever nearer to the scene of age-old historical activity. Already in the south-west we are shown elevations which are in the region of the Sabi, where an ancient race once worked mines and erected temples and strong places. Coming from the north of the Land of Ophir, on the Zambesi, we now

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approach the mysterious hinterland of Sofala, to which the Sabi ruins and also the much-discussed Zimbabwe belong.

24 *April*.—Yesterday evening we camped at a height of 4,344 feet, and began to-day's march with a pretty steep descent of about 1,500 feet—a heavy task for the oxen. Still the waggon came more quickly than I had expected. With this last descent we have left the actual Melsetter tableland. We see it stretching like a mighty bulwark from the north-east towards the south-west, sinking fringe-like in the deeper-lying level at which we have now arrived. We continue our march towards the south-west, parallel to the tableland, during the morning. The formation is sandstone; here and there we see patches dyed green, the first sign of copper.

At 12.30 we halt, and do another four miles in the afternoon, till we are facing the farm of Mrs. Dunbar Moodie, where we camp at an altitude of 3,270 feet. The landscape, which was very monotonous in the morning, grew somewhat livelier towards afternoon, as sharper outlines of peaks appeared in the south-west. Evening is much pleasanter, because it is warmer. Unfortunately, as a consequence, mosquitoes turn up at once. The cold evenings of the last weeks have not been to their taste. For the first time I am again writing this out of doors; whereas in recent evenings I was sitting at this time (about seven o'clock) shivering in my closed tent. "That nothing on this earth is perfect, I now recognise," as one of our writers puts it; and that for the several thousandth time.

25 *April*.—Yesterday evening after dinner Bekker comes with an invitation from Mrs. Moodie, who

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wants me to stay with her for a day, and wait for the Native Commissioner, Mr. Meredith, whom she expects to-day or to-morrow. As Bekker added that Mrs. Moodie is well informed about the copper region, and will lend me a boy who can show me the old workings, I thankfully accepted the invitation, and am moving over to "Kenilworth"—the name of the farm—this morning. Mrs. Moodie is a young widow, who, with Mrs. Markham, her younger sister, manages a farm of over 9,000 acres without any masculine assistance of any kind. Both are from the Orange Free State, and five of their brothers are fighting against the British forces.



MELSETTER FARM.

Mrs. Moodie gives me the explanation of the name Melsetter. Her family went from Melster in the Orkney Islands to South Africa in 1820; and as her father was the first to open up the Melsetter district, Rhodes gave him the right to christen it. He called it Melster, which through a corruption became Melsetter.

The two ladies have laid down some fine gardens, where, besides all kinds of European fruit and vegetables, they also grow coffee, tobacco, oranges, and bananas. Wheat is grown as well, and they raise cattle. The blacks on the farm are kept in good

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order, the sjambok being applied when necessary. Sometimes the two ladies apply the punishment themselves. In the evening Mrs. Moodie tells me much about the old workings in the neighbourhood, which are supposed to belong to the Zimbabwe type.

I have sent my expedition on nine miles, to Bekker's Farm, and thus I pass a very quiet day. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Meredith, who is at the Gungunyana police camp, and to whom I wrote in the morning, does not arrive.

26 *April*.—I wait for news. In the morning the postman comes, bringing me the following curious telegram: "Wait explorer with De l'Isle's chart leaving for Melsetter at sunset, Ophir." Who can the remarkable saint be? About midday Mr. Meredith lets me know that he may arrive before nightfall. So I must stay. At half-past six in the evening Mr. Meredith arrives with Mr. Swinnington, and in the most kindly way promises me carriers for the following morning.

27 *April*.—Mr. Meredith sends a native policeman out early to enlist carriers for me in the surrounding villages. I therefore send my five private loads by five of Mrs. Moodie's boys to Bekker's camp. A Cape boy called Kleinboy, who is familiar with the copper district, is in charge. At 9.15 I follow with my two servants and my dog. Soon the landscape grows quite monotonous. Endless hillsides covered with grass; here and there a patch of forest. At eleven o'clock we cross the Busi, and south of it the landscape grows livelier, inasmuch as to the east and south-east more prominent mountain-chains appear. Among others Mount Selinde comes into view. At twelve o'clock I reach De Beers Farm, and learn that Bekker's is still

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another three miles. It is one o'clock when I arrive in camp, where I find Blöcker and De Closs. After lunch we go forward, first in a westerly direction and then a north-westerly. On our left we are continuously accompanied by a flat-topped ridge. The air is rather cool, as we are again mounting uphill. At five o'clock we pass King's Store, and it is past six when we reach Mrs. Webster's, where we are heartily welcomed by the old lady, her two sons, and two charming daughters. We pitch our camp by the splendid moonlight, below the farm at a height of 3,500 feet.



BOER TRAP, MELSETTER.

28 *April*.—Move the camp to Mrs. Webster's dwelling-house. Exit Bekker! Lunch at Webster's. Wait impatiently for carriers and therefore an uncomfortable Sunday. The camp is now 3,550 feet above the sea.

29 *April*.—As the carriers did not come yesterday I send De Closs early with all the available transport, including my donkey, whom we load, to our copper-mine, so as to begin work. I send Blöcker back to Mrs. Moodie on my other donkey to see what has become of the carriers. I myself have, *nolens volens*, to wait.

Young Webster visits me in the morning and

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complains about the difficulty of getting workmen in Melsetter. Most of the Boers, of whom there are about five hundred here, have made up their mind to trek back to the Transvaal as soon as the war is over. The English Government pampers the blacks to such an extent as to make the country impossible for the whites. The black man, under the Union Jack, becomes lazy, arrogant, and boorish. Exeter Hall is ruining Africa. Thus Mr. Webster. I wish that our own friends of the negro, with Bebel at their head, had to live among blacks for a year, so as to test their views that are founded on ignorance. I have already expressed myself on the African labour question. I would, however, like to repeat again, that the Boer laws on this matter strike me as exemplary. In the Transvaal, at the end of the year, every black had to show a "ticket" proving that he had worked six months at a European's; in default of which he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and the necessary beatings. A very good recipe is also the demand of a hut-tax from every nigger over the age of sixteen—and one of not less than £5; so that they are forced to work. Otherwise we shall soon be responsible for a lot of lazy *canaille* from Algoa Bay to the great Syrtis, who will force Europe to give up the opening up of Africa unless the colonists follow the example of the Tasmanian pioneers, and simply exterminate the useless rabble. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that South Africa will be lost to the British Empire over this native question. At the next rising, English, Dutch, and German Afrianders will unite against European tutelage, unless this does not finally free itself from Exeter Hall.

Darwin has demonstrated that the struggle of the

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paces for the surfaces of our planet which ends in the dispossession of the less fit, has been one of the most essential means of human progress. To-day one wishes to eliminate this struggle, in a morbid desire to save all the sickly and useless rubbish whose existence leads to the degeneracy of the whole race. But nature will not be dictated to by man, and in the end natural law will prove victorious. This law lays down that the nations who refuse to participate in the common work of man, and therewith in progress and civilisation, die out. If Europe will not educate, that is to say, will not force, the negro to join in this work, the negro will have, for the most part, to suffer the fate of the Tasmanian and Australian aborigines.

In the afternoon I once more turned to Darwin's *Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex*. I find that Darwin recognised, with the insight of genius, the laws by which nature, or the divine creative power, has developed the living world. But I cannot understand how materialism hopes to find any support in Darwin. Or do these gentlemen think that they can dispense with the elemental forces of nature when they recognise a few of the laws that govern these elemental forces. These creative forces, without which the processes of nature remain unfathomable, are those which ancient philosophers summed up in the phrase *natura naturans*; which to our religious consciousness is the same thing as the Deity—call it Jehovah, Brahma, or Allah—or as what is felt as “Hen kai pan” (the One and All) of Pantheism.

Winter is approaching! (20° 20' S. latitude). Following on a splendid, sunny day, we have a sunset so beautiful and rich in colour, as only the land of the Pyramids commonly shows to the European: yellow,

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shades of orange, to purple, blue, and violet! The twilight lasts longer than half an hour, and with it, in the eastern heavens, stands the growing moon with its mysterious light. Here is an array of colours that not even a Böcklin could reproduce. The mountain ridges in the west, which divide me from Sabi, stand there in the two lights like the rigid frontiers of good and evil, hell and heaven!

1 *May*.—As Blöcker let me know yesterday, writing from Mrs. Moodie's farm, that the police-boy had not troubled to find any carriers, but instead was sitting at his ease in a kraal swilling beer, I resolved to try and reach the Sabi Valley in Mr. Webster's two-wheeled car. True, there is no road, but there are frequent patches of open grass by which one can avoid the bush. So this morning I have my private goods and chattels loaded on to the car and six oxen yoked in front. At nine o'clock the journey begins, and at the outset all seems very promising. We go towards the south-west, then westward.

At eleven o'clock I hurry on in advance of the car, towards Injambaba, where the load is to be delivered, with Kleinboy our guide. At noon we lie down to await the car. It does not come, but at 1.15 comes my cook with the message, "Gnare file,"—"the carriage is broken." Nice state of affairs! We have to go back $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where we find the two young Websters with the car whose one wheel has smashed on a stone. I send the older Webster to Bezedenhuydt, a Boer of the neighbourhood, to borrow another car for to-morrow, and ask the younger brother to go on ahead with Kleinboy and cut a road. We are in the mountains that lead down to the Sabi, on a grassy alp wooded in places, where it absolutely

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reeks of lions or leopards. Once more the old African "Patience!" It is enough to drive one crazy. The formation is sandstone; the height of our camping-place 3,333 feet.

2 *May*.—After a bitterly cold night, a fine golden autumn morning breaks, with millions of sparkling dewdrops in forest and field. By nine o'clock Webster is already back with a small open car on which the half of my baggage is loaded. The other half must stay behind with my servant to look after it. Webster tells me that Blöcker has not yet caught the police-boy. My one chance, therefore, depends on this small car, the only one of its kind far and wide. Up and down, through forest and bush and tall grass, cutting a road with the axe, we go forward. Fortune favours us, and about eleven o'clock we arrive at Injambaba, above the village, my actual destination. I have the tent put up at the edge of a mountain slope.

A cold lunch, and I send the car back to fetch the rest of the baggage before sunset. By 3.30 this matter is happily settled. From here I must conduct my explorations in trips of a day till the "boys" arrive. I am lying at the edge of a hill, over the Sabi Plain, and here my journey with the ox-waggon comes to an end. "I look out over the countries, and yet I am not seen"—again I quote one of our poets. In front, below me I see the head of a wide forest. It is lonely around me, as I am only accompanied by a small servant from the Zambesi. All the others are away from camp. Unconsciously I find myself repeating Goethe's well-known lines:

"Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh; In allen Wipfeln spürest
Du kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vöglein schlafen im Walde: Warte nur, bald ruh'st
Du auch."

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My position at the edge of the Injambaba slope was by no means an enviable one. I lay here with some servants contemplating the task of getting thirty loads down into the Sabi Valley. I hardly reckoned on the porters with which the South African Company were going to provide me, so I was entirely dependent on the natives, with whom I had so far had no relations whatsoever. The position was the more unpleasant, as I could not prolong my stay in South Africa indefinitely, and therefore had to carry out my task on the Sabi River as quickly as possible.

Early on May 3rd I descended, Kleinboy accompanying me, about 1,000 feet down the valley, through a fine forest at first, and then through peaceful maize and millet fields. I wished to call on Shlatin, the old chieftain of Injambaba, of whom I had heard that he was the single living negro who had himself helped work the copper on the Sabi. The old man's hair was snow-white. He sat in the shade on a chair before a granary, but he was so slow-witted that it was difficult to converse with him. His son, a man of about fifty-six years, was, on the contrary, highly intelligent, and gladly undertook to interpret the conversation to his father. I opened our relations by presenting the old gentleman with two pieces of white calico and one of blue.

I now learnt that the natives of the district, who call themselves Shangans, had worked copper along both banks of the Sabi from time immemorial, until, about sixty years ago, the Zulus had broken in under Gungunjana and had made themselves masters of the country. Gungunjana had taken all the copper that they possessed away from them, and since then the industry had ceased.

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

"Can you not show me some of your copper?" I asked.

"Here—I made this arm-ring myself."

"Where did you learn how to work the copper? who taught you that?"

"We learnt that from our fathers, and they again learnt it from their fathers."

"Do you know anything of light-skinned people who were here a long, long time ago and first worked the copper? You call their country Gaza-land. Do you know where the Gaza people first came from?"



BLÖCKER WITH HIS BAG.

"No, I do not know that. But I do know that the ancient people lived in the stone houses (zimbabwe), of which there are remains not far from here, at Mrs. Webster's farm."

This information, though incomplete, was interesting. I afterwards paid a flying visit to these ruins, and found that, as Mrs. Moodie had already told me, they were built in exactly the same style as the ruins explored by Bent.

I now asked: "Will you not let your son go with me to show me the places where you once dug copper

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

from the earth? I will give him a handsome present in return. I would also like your son to show me the rocks in which no copper has yet been worked, but where you could find it if you wanted to?"

"That I will gladly do. My son can show you everything, if you will take him with you to the Sabi."

With this I had secured the object of my visit, and we climbed up again to our camp. We now only had to get about thirty porters to be able to remove my camp into the Sabi Valley.

I accomplished this task next day with the help of Kleinboy, and on Sunday, May 5th, was able to set out with all my belongings for De Closs' camp, distant about fifteen miles.

The descent is very steep, and was made more difficult by the high grass through which, from the Injambaba Kraal, we had to march for about three-quarters of an hour. Here already there was a change in the formation, as we left sandstone for crystalline slate. As soon as the slate started I found a lot of quartz-blocks dyed green, blue, and red, proving the presence of copper.

The descent is by way of two mighty terraces. The road practically follows the river Injambaba, which we had to cross several times. We are marching through a genuine "kloof," that is not without a picturesque beauty. About two o'clock in the afternoon we quitted the gorge and entered the actual Sabi Plain. Swerving to the right, we rounded the spur of the terrace-slope towards the north, and soon found ourselves in the maize-fields of Mfundi, where, about 2.45, I discovered De Closs' little tent under an enormous, shade-throwing tree. De Closs had pitched his camp at an altitude of about 2,000 feet, and little expected my arrival.

BY OX-WAGGON ON THE SABI

After I had refreshed myself with a mouthful, De Closs and I ascended to the rump of the hill, east of our camp, at whose foot we were stopping, and, for the first time, rested our eyes on the magnificent chain of old copper-mines, which surprised me to the utmost. In numerous parallel rows the chain of mines generally followed the mountain-slope in the direction of north to south. The works were apparently of very different periods. While the upper chain was quite ruined and hacked about, there were lower down shafts and tunnels, which, judged by the girth of the trees that had grown up in them, could only be about eighty years old. Everywhere we found great heaps of ores dyed green and red, the so-called "tailings"; sometimes we lighted on some primitive tool as well. On this afternoon we followed up these works for about one and a half miles. The men of later historical eras who walk over, let us say, the ruins of Witwatersrand will feel very much as we did. Very well satisfied with this first impression, I returned towards sunset to the tents, where, to my surprise, Herr Blöcker soon arrived with carriers, for whom he had to thank our good friend Mrs. Moodie.

Herr Blöcker brought, as was his custom, game for our larder: guinea-fowl, and also a small antelope which he had shot. He is one of the keenest hunters in South Africa, with the result that, when he took part in my expeditions, I myself took very little share in the noble sport of the chase. Consequently the reader will find very few hunting adventures in this narrative. As characteristic of the country we travelled through I would still like to add the following :—

CHAPTER X

AMONG BIG GAME

THE hunting between the Zambesi and Sabi naturally suffers from the progress of the white race. Wherever there are permanent settlements of Europeans the big game soon withdraws and the small game is quickly destroyed. Elephants and rhinoceroses do not like the neighbourhood of the European, not to speak of giraffes, eland, and larger bucks, and all disappear very soon. The small antelopes and hares frequent the maize and barley fields, as also do guinea-fowl and francolins and pigeons; but, as I have said, the hungry stomach of the white soon settles them. I am afraid that even the very wise game laws of the British South Africa Company will not be sufficient to prevent this decline of the hunting, for "The sky is high and the Czar is distant," and in the wilderness hunger rules and not European law.

In spite of this general character of sport between the Zambesi and Sabi, in some parts of this territory hunting is still in the height of its former splendour; still is the Zambesi crowded with rhinoceroses and crocodiles; still the eland, the water-buck and spring-buck, koodoo and hartebeest range over the Muira, and still in more distant places on the Zambesi Valley

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herds of elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses may be traced. Everywhere you see the spoor of zebras or quaggas. The amount of bird-game on the Zambesi, particularly on Lake Rufumbo, opposite our station of Mitonda, is simply colossal. Guinea-fowl, pigeons, francolins (called partridges or pheasants), ducks, geese, water-fowl, snipe, cranes, herons, storks, flamingoes, and pelicans swarm in countless thousands on the banks and on the islands of the gigantic river. Here, therefore, there is still an inexhaustible ground for hunting. The same is the case in the forest district of southern Macombe country, and on the Pungwe. Here also still exists a high African hunting field; and in the Revuë Flats, east of Manicaland, the hunter finds big game and grand sport.

The great cats, lions and leopards, as well as hyenas and jackals, are most numerous all over this whole district, and as their own game is diminishing so rapidly, they throw themselves upon the cattle herds and sheep flocks of the white—nay, directly on the track of men. They are becoming man-eaters, and change in connection with these new conditions of life from night into day animals. This makes travelling in this district a good deal less pleasant. In the summer of 1899 two officials of the Mashonaland Railway were taken in broad daylight out of their offices by lions. Mr. Browne, a prospector who had worked on the Sabi, was in 1895, also in broad daylight, caught by a lion in his tent on the high plateau of Melssetter. I had an adventure on September 18, 1900, which may in this connection be of some interest.

I was sitting about six o'clock in the morning in our camp near the Lupata with Blöcker and Mr.

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Thomson and some other gentlemen at breakfast when suddenly, breathless, some niggers from the neighbouring kraal of Merula appeared, informing me that three lions had penetrated during the night into their kraal, and had knocked down one native and, even worse, several pigs: "Come at once; the lions are sitting now in a big bush between our village and the river." Blöcker and I took our rifles, and, accompanied by two other gentlemen who had no arms, one of whom was carrying my cartridges, we at once started for the kraal, which was about a mile and a half from our camp. There was great excitement, the natives ran about loudly talking and gesticulating; the bush was shown to us in which the beasts were supposed to be hiding. This bush commenced about thirty steps from the village, which was situated on a little elevation and reached as far as the Zambesi. It was about twenty-five yards wide. The distance from our place to the river was about one hundred and twenty yards. On the left-hand side from the bush up-river was a big tree. I took up my position beside this tree up-river; on the right-hand side from the bush Blöcker took a stand, so that we could not see or help each other.

Now the natives, with shouts and noise, pass from the side opposite to me upon the bush.

Suddenly it becomes lively; inside an angry roar is heard; in a moment appears, not "three" but only one magnificent lion on my side, who, in a quick canter, strives to pass to the right of the tree beside which I stand. I fire and miss. I intend to give him a second shot from my double express when he has passed my tree, but he does not pass it. As soon as I fire he changes his direction and advances



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with the velocity of an express train straight down upon me. In a moment he reaches the tree, four natives are knocked down with a blow of his paw, then he jumps upon the man who stands directly beside me, whom he tears down, and into whose stomach he thrusts his paws, while he grips his shoulder with his teeth, shaking him with an angry roar. I jump two steps sideways, and am now three steps from the lion. From this distance I send my second bullet through his ribs; a little too high, in order not to touch the man beneath him, but not high enough to smash his spine. At once the lion drops his victim, and for a moment we stand eye to eye. In this instant I notice the man with my cartridges bolting in the direction of the village, and I turn my rifle in order to fight with the butt end of it for my life. Then the lion breaks down, and crawls into the grass, which is more than twelve feet long, and while doing so gives Cuntete a blow with his paw which takes out the upper part of his left thigh. His carcase was found in the afternoon at the foot of the mountains, which he had tried to reach.

I had all our wounded carried to camp, and by using up a large part of our supply of bandages we saved them all.

Let somebody else come and tell me that lion-hunting is not dangerous! When I was back in camp I found a tumbler of claret by no means unwelcome to soothe my stimulated nerves.

Blöcker and I had another similar hunting adventure about a month later on the Muira River. We were sitting in our camp at a temperature of about 113° Fahr., about 5.30 one afternoon, when our boys came running from the water-hole in the parched

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Muira Valley and announced that an *Injarukua* (a leopard) was watching them. Blöcker had his rifle ready. I called to my servant to bring mine, and we ran to the hole in question, distant some three minutes from our camp. "There he is," says Blöcker, and in the same moment I hear the report of his rifle. I had not even seen the animal.

We came closer and found a trail of blood leading into the long grass. It is extremely dangerous to follow a newly-shot leopard into cover of this sort, and as it was close on sunset I postponed pursuit till the morning. Next day, shortly after 6 a.m., we found the leopard dead some thirty paces from the water-hole. Blöcker's explosive bullet had torn away his whole inside.

I find that the crocodiles and hippopotami of the Zambesi also grow more familiar every year. In the summer of 1901 we lost two "boys" who were washing themselves, through crocodiles. A crocodile knocked them off the bank into the water at a blow, seized them, and went off with his booty to a neighbouring island on the Sabi, where they were eaten. Thomson, who was standing on the bank, could follow the bodies closely below the surface of the water.

The crocodile also comes on land, lies as though dead in the shadow of a bush, and suddenly, when a victim comes close enough, rustles forwards and tries to drag him by the leg into the river. I saw such a beast in November, 1900, as I was taking a solitary Sunday morning walk, about ten minutes below Mitonda, where the path, owing to the spur of a hill, is pressed close to the river-bank. To all appearances my crocodile slept. As I had unluckily left my rifle at home I preferred, in spite of these slumbers,

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not to cross the narrow path, but turned back as quickly as possible to fetch my gun. When I returned the good crocodile had also preferred prudence to valour, and gone back to its native Zambesi; thus our acquaintanceship remained purely platonic.

The hippopotami in the Zambesi have lately acquired an unpleasant fancy for attacking and upsetting harmless canoes. Apparently they have arrived at a connection between boats and explosive bullets, and they now regard boats as the "hereditary foe-man." Last year there were repeated encounters of this sort between hippopotami and canoes. Personally I am not fond of shooting at hippopotami from unsteady canoes, but still I exterminate the Zambesi hippopotamus systematically, because it does so much harm to the plantations along the river-banks. A similar consideration also governs my relations with the monkeys which swarm in the old rocks on the Zambesi, and generally throughout the whole region. The monkeys are particularly well represented about the Lupata Gorge, as well as at Inja-ka-Fura, in Nhani, in Inyanga, on the Mudza, as well as on the Sabi. Everywhere one finds them in great quantities—dog-headed apes as well as baboons.

On the Sabi, so we were told, one can smell the lions and leopards. I was warned not to take my dog with me, who would surely be got hold of. We saw nothing at all of lions, of leopards only a few traces. As makeweight, however, a hyena one night paid me a visit in the middle of my tent, attracted by the smell of the roast we had had for dinner. When I raised an alarm it took to its heels at once.

There is fine bird-shooting on the Sabi: guinea-fowl, pigeons, and partridge; Blöcker also bagged

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several buck. Still we had too much other work to do to be able to devote even a single day to shooting. For I not only wanted to ascertain the whole extent of the old copper-works, but also by working with dynamite to arrive at a clear judgment as to the quality.

First we had to form a rough estimate as to the extent of this belt of old copper-fields. From information received from Mr. Myburg in Umtali, as well as from an entry at the Board of Mines there, I knew that the zone extended to at least eight miles north of the point where we were camped. Consequently we started early in the morning of May 6th, in a southerly direction: Blöcker, De Closs, and I, guided by Kleinboy and the son of my friend Shlatin of Injambaba. Unfortunately, De Closs immediately fell ill, and had to be carried back to camp.

We marched, in laughing sunshine, through luxuriant fields and several cleanly native villages. The slope of the plateau receded to our left. At some distance to our right we caught occasional glimpses of the river forest of the Sabi. The footpath took us through settlements for about three miles, then we quitted it to turn half-way to the left towards the foot of the escarpment. These mountain-sides, seen from the plain, make a very stately, and in places, a very imposing impression.

So far, we had had to march about one and a half miles through moderately open bush towards the foot of this escarpment. Suddenly the scrub opens, and before us lies a charming scene. A spring sparkles from the ground, forming a little pond. I dip my hand into the water, but quickly withdraw it, for the water is extraordinarily hot; it is besides strongly impregnated

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with sulphur. We have discovered a hot sulphur spring. The natives tell me that when a chicken falls in, it is boiled. I can further add that all the water in this valley of the Upper Sabi is more or less full of sulphur, so that I would recommend expeditions or families to take a distilling apparatus with them, unless they are going to settle straight on the banks of the Sabi.

Round this spring, as elsewhere on the plain, we found a quantity of stones dyed green or lilac, showing traces of copper. I concluded that it was here a case of copper ore combined with sulphur—a conclusion which we confirmed later on.

We now mounted uphill, and after marching another mile lighted on a chain of old workings, which, like those we visited yesterday, generally ran from north to south along the hillside. Apparently we were face to face with the continuation of the upper workings. We were interested to find traces of modern prospecting works here as well, and even to discover European tools in a hole. The riddle was explained when half an hour later we found the southern boundary stake of the Mr. Browne who has been mentioned. We were therefore on ground which he had prospected, which later on, as it had been abandoned for years, I registered in my own name. As my readers will remember, poor Mr. Browne was killed at Melsetter by a lion, when on his way to the Board of Mines in Umtali to register this very claim; and with that the matter was dropped. As Mrs. Moodie had told me that her late husband, an expert in copper, had seen Browne's samples, and found them well worth mining operations, a good stroke of prospecting work had to a certain extent dropped into our lap.

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After we had ascertained the probable extent of Browne's claim, whose more careful exploration we reserved for another time, Blöcker and I, with our black attendants, once more descended into the plain, and marched another six miles in a southerly direction.

Everywhere we met the green boulders, whose presence denoted copper. Towards noon we crossed the dry river-bed of the Injambaba, and again ascended the hillside. Here, true enough, we found no old workings, but exactly the same quartzitic reefs in the slate as those which enclosed the old copper-mines higher up, and from which, as Shlatin's son told me, we could obtain copper by sinking a shaft. More to the south, he said, were other old workings. With this we had defined the range of the old workings by at least twenty miles. But it is certain that it reaches, north as well as south, far beyond this zone.

Satisfied with the results of our work, we lunched under a mighty baobab tree, from whence we had a splendid view over to the silver thread of the Sabi, which ran from north to south, to turn in a wide bend at the southern end of our slate-incline towards the east. After we had collected a number of specimens we returned to our camp, which we reached tired out but very cheerful towards sundown.

Life on the Sabi was particularly pleasant, for we could once more sit out of doors of an evening, a double delight after the cold evenings on the Melssetter Plateau. Our table was excellent, as we always had game and eggs, and there was flour and potatoes in plenty. Besides these delicacies, Mrs. Moodie sent us fresh butter regularly. The natives sold us chickens, honey, and refreshing, thirst-quenching beer. We carried a small supply of whisky. What more could

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we want? As on all my African expeditions, I always kept a personal check on our cook, so as to make sure of a palatable and cleanly *cuisine*.

On May 7th Blöcker and I commenced a closer examination of the old works above our camp, and their several parallel continuous chains of old pits running north to south, partly fallen into decay, partly very well preserved. Here and there we notice that the old miners have dug a kind of side-tunnel leading out of the pit. In other spots the ore below the quartzitic reefs and always following these was removed from the surface.

The natives call copper *masuk*, and distinguish it from gold, *delama* or *derama*. I was particularly anxious to ascertain from what material the Shangans themselves had smelted their copper. Accordingly, we began to widen and to deepen one of the existing tunnels with dynamite, so as to reach the actual copper vein.

I need not describe these labours here in detail, as they can hardly be of interest to the non-professional reader. What we established was essentially as follows: The quartzitic reef lying in the slate crossed 20° E. of N. above our camp, but at Browne's former claims it lay 70° E. of N. The incline is 36° towards the east. The hanging side is quartzite mixed with slate and full of iron (hematite). The wall is also a quartzite strongly coloured with blue and green. Amid this lies a dark blue, opalescent vein, streaked with slate on the surface, and from which the natives obtained their copper, which, apparently, is copper-glance. The quartzite contains free gold in small quantities. The iron that lies on top of it almost appears in some places as pure metal. This whole

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dyke lies in phyllitic slate, which fills up all the western slope of the Melsetter Plateau towards the Sabi.

That we had discovered the ore from which the natives, and surely also the ancient miners, had smelted copper, I established through several cross-examinations of Kleinboy, Shlatin's son, as well as of other Shangans. I first of all showed them a number of specimens of other rocks, which they laughingly refused, till we came to the changing blue kernel, which they accepted with grunts of "Eh, eh!" We were also able to prove the presence of copper by several simple tests on the spot though we had not the necessary acids with us which would have made an exact analysis possible. As I had not time to go deeply into the work of prospecting, I confined myself to a general survey of the Sabi copper-formation.

All that we managed to ascertain seemed so encouraging to us three, that I resolved to set aside one hundred and twenty claims on the ground we had worked (which throughout was exactly similar to that of the old workings) and have them registered for us in Umtali. At this we worked continuously during the following week on the Sabi. We took eighty claims above our camp and forty claims on the estate worked over by the late Mr. Browne, which I afterwards had entered in Umtali as the "Marie Louise" and the "Clara." A closer technical working would naturally take months, and call for quite a different equipment than was at my disposal in May, 1900, when pressing business engagements called for my immediate presence in Manicaland.

The Sabi Valley in which we camped is very suitable for all kinds of plantations. The soil appears to be extraordinarily fruitful. I have seldom seen more

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luxuriant maize and millet fields. We repeatedly found cotton growing wild, and the soil produces excellent coffee. Here surely Europeans could grow all the cultivable products of the tropics, as the different altitudes follow one another from 2,000 feet upwards. Here sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, and vanilla grow. The farmers would only have to keep to the watersheds. The climate would, it is true, be very hot in the summer, but it is always tempered. The Sabi, with a few interruptions, is navigable as far as the coast—about 175 miles. Here we find ourselves on the high-road over which the Sabæans marched to the plateaux of Mashonaland, which epoch is still recorded in the chain of ruins on the Sabi and Lundi as far as Zimbabwe in Victoria.

Even to-day this whole region is called Ghazaland, equally a souvenir of the Semitic era of South African history. The natives call themselves Shangans, and look something like Hindoos. They are recognised as good miners, and belong to an ancient mining people. They are also quick and skilful, but not easily persuaded to work in their own country.

When they lived under the terrible rule of Gungunjana things were different. The negro will not work without compulsion. Gungunjana was a born ruler of blacks, whom he chastised, not with rods or scorpions but with fire and sword. For this his subjects paid him an almost idolatrous reverence; and, what is more, they became the best labour-material which one can find in South Africa. Then Gungunjana was taken prisoner and sent to Lisbon. That put an end to the glory of the negro. To-day, under European rule, when every black is equal before the law, the native chiefs have lost all influence over their people.

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But they are clever enough to laugh at the white settler, who is subject to the same law as themselves. In Melsetter a black has a white entirely under his thumb, as long as it is not a white official. He can lie to him, insult him, and even rob him. The white has only the right to a judicial complaint. For this purpose he must go to Melsetter and give personal testimony, which of course means a loss of several days' work. If he chastises one of his men personally he is punished, at first with fines, then with imprisonment. The black knows all this, and behaves accordingly. So have the Melsetter farmers been given over to insolvency. Either they get no workmen at all, or else these run away just when they are most required, in the moment before a harvest. European law, besides, hardly knows a punishment that really affects a black. So that even when the farmer makes the great sacrifice of going to far Melsetter or even to Umtali to bring a black to book, he cannot even then obtain a sentence that will make any impression on the negro. Gungunjana had their heads, or at least their hands and feet or other parts of the body, cut off. That was brutal, and quite opposed to our feelings. But however much it was rightly repugnant to European sentiment, it had the one good quality of making these tribes industrious and obedient. To-day we punish by imprisonment. The prisoners are regularly fed, they get meat once a week, they are well clothed and sheltered. In prison they live far beyond the measure of their ordinary mode of life, and are in clover.

The negro view of imprisonment may be illustrated by the following occurrence which happened in Umtali in the spring of 1901. A black had been in

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prison for six months. When he was about to be dismissed at the end of his term he fell on his knees before the warder, and began to howl and cry, asking what he had done to be turned out of doors like that.

The man regarded prison as a sort of holiday resort, and hoped to be supported there for the rest of his life. The majority of his countrymen are of the same opinion.

This occurrence speaks volumes *à propos* of the European treatment of the negro question, about which those only should be listened to who know Africa and its requirements through actual experience. When one reads the twaddle that is written in Europe about the African labour question, one cannot refrain from a certain feeling of contempt. It is uncommonly cheap to write leading articles in Berlin or in London on the inhuman or brutal treatment of the negro, and to gather together all sorts of theoretical catch-words borrowed from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. One does not know the negro from personal observation ; one is not directly affected by the whole matter. So on one goes with these borrowed phrases ! The matter looks quite different when one has to lead an expedition in Africa itself, or has to rear a family by hoeing and tilling, or to make a mine pay its way with black labour. Then the matter at once becomes one of very serious importance, even, in many cases, of life and death. Only such people can take a practical part in this discussion.

The black has gained two things through European annexation which he did not possess before : security of life and property. It is right and proper that he pay for these. In Germany we pay for the protection extended to us by the State with taxes and compulsory



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military service. None of us calls this inhuman and brutal.

The negro accepts these privileges, but it never occurs to him to make a voluntary return of any kind for them.

The white gives him legal protection ; the white builds roads and railways which the black shares. Mr. Nigger in Rhodesia, as in Portuguese Manica, sits still and looks on. When one knows how capable he is when forced to work, will one find, in these entirely unjustifiable theoretical considerations of the world of Christian culture, any justification for letting him sink to the level of a lazy and arrogant boor, from Algoa Bay to the great Syrte? If Europe wishes this, it would have been better for the negro world if one had left it to its Gungunjanas, Mirambos, Mtesas, and Abdullahs, who at least extracted a quantity of economically useful work from it. As far as the white settler is concerned, however, I can only advise him to exchange the black continent as soon as possible for some other portion of our planet, as long as the existing views and laws in regard to the treatment of the negro world are in force. The farmer can certainly earn no money in Africa ; he is not even sure of his life, as long as the law recognises the negro as a citizen with equal rights. This is perhaps possible in America, where the white forms the basis of the population. But it is fatal in Africa, where the negro not only forms the absolute majority, but where the natural conditions and also the increase of population arising from the adoption of European conditions of life assure his continuance.

When I see that the farmer in Melsetter, the coffee-planter in Blantyre, the mine-owner and prospector in Umtali, the grain-dealer in Inyanga are ruined by the

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existing Exeter Hall governed regulations for the treatment of the blacks, the tinkering with this problem which is carried on by the Chartered Company of South Africa can only fill me with astonished compassion. The company imports workmen from Arabia, Abyssinia, and Somaliland. Thousands of years ago Arabians and Abyssinians forced the blacks of South Africa to work the gold-mines of this part of the globe for them. To-day these people from the north are expected to do the rough work, in order that the black may enjoy security of life and property in comfortable sloth. The black is a much better navvy than the sensitive northerner. Besides this the imported labour is incomparably dearer. Why, therefore, not treat the black on his own natural basis, which Gungunjana and Company applied with such success! Why not introduce legalised forced labour, with the modifications which our modern sentiment demands? The Chartered Company would not only considerably improve its own budget, but would also afford many thousands of Europeans an opportunity of prospering in its territories. Nor would, in all probability, any such ruinous import duties be required to build up Rhodesia as those which are now levied.

The form of such forced labour can be selected from several alternatives. Either so heavy an annual poll-tax can be put on the negro that he is forced to work, at least for several months, in order to earn the money to pay it, in which case at least £5 a head should be charged—a fine source of revenue for the State; or else, as has been before said was done by the Boers, one can demand that every male negro of a certain age shall carry a six months' "labour ticket"; that is

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to say, proves that he worked at least six months at a white's during the past year. If he fails to show this guarantee he is sentenced to forced labour for the same number of months, and in cases of repetition to more. Again a good haul for the Government is effected.

To me the most advantageous system seems to be one in which the negro is forced, following the example laid down by Prussian military law, to devote some twelve years of his life to working for the Government. During this time he should receive food and shelter, and a small wage, say about two shillings a month, like the Prussian soldier. He should have Sunday for himself, he should be allowed to marry, he should be treated humanely and justly.

The labour thus obtained should be contracted out by the Government to private enterprises. The planter could, besides keep, pay six shillings a month to each workman, the mine-owners twelve to fifteen shillings a month. The difference between the two shillings which the Government pays the negro and the six shillings which it receives for his work would in most cases be sufficient, where the whites administer their own countries, to cover the cost of such administration. Instead of, as to-day, making the European pay for the whole business, in the shape of duties, taxes, licenses, &c., the negro would be forced to bear the burden in return for the advantages he enjoys. Thus the European states would be released, which, as in the case of the German Empire, spend quite disproportionate sums on the administration of their African colonies; and so would the white settlers, who, in Rhodesia for instance, through the present system of taxation, are being driven to the verge of ruin, while the negroes themselves would be the

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gainers by being trained to become a decent and disciplined people, infinitely better off than under their own national rulers. Africa would thrive and prosper and soon become a source of European well-being, instead of, as to-day, a sink for European capital.

Till Europe adopts such measures, the absolutely absurd condition will continue, that a continent which is naturally equipped as none other for the provision of manual labour to other peoples, must actually import labourers from abroad.

I am second to none in my admiration for David Livingstone, and would not seek to undo his abolitionist work in South Africa, but in the negro's own interest I can only deeply deplore that any one has let him make a stride which would mean a process of development covering several thousand years to the European, instead of leading him step by step towards the new order by a fundamental and governmental education. All the European settlers are suffering from this to-day, the opening up of the black continent is suffering from this, and not the least to suffer is the negro himself.

The carrying-out of this system presents no difficulties. As it rests on the mutual basis of payment by work in return for the protection afforded by the State, it is only applied where the State has the government in hand and under control. There, however, the registration of all negroes is already rendered necessary by the Hut and Poll taxes, and with the help of a well-organised black police force one will be able to compel this service of forced labour just as easily as the duty of military service with us. The arrangement will be the more full of results for the negro if one combines with it in Africa, as is done in Germany by

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means of civil employments, similar rewards for service perfectly carried through. In this direction the granting of farms to particularly able and reliable labourers is to be specially recommended. By this means one will be able to assist the agricultural development of Africa to a remarkable degree.

International arrangements would have to be made in order to hinder the workmen from running off from one colony into the other, similar to the existing arrangements of the European states in regard to deserters. Only by this means will Europe be able to get the negro completely under control. In this way a real training of the black for work will be reached. Behind all these measures, naturally, the full freedom of the individual to control his work must also be the goal in Africa. Only in the black continent one must not simply clear at a bound the training of centuries which the European has had to go through to reach the stage of free contract.

That all sorts of positive objections will be raised against my proposal I foresee. But if any one comes with the stale reproach that it is inhuman, he will have to prove to me in what way it is more brutal than the German system of military service. "The German Army is a school for the German people." All right ; the organisations of the black workmen will be like it. "The German soldier must fight for the freedom of his country." Right again ; and the black workmen will carry on the agricultural development of his. The phrase "A people under arms" I will set in Africa beside "A people with spades and hammers." What is inhuman in this ?

Such conclusions were very natural in countries like the Sabi and Melsetter regions, where a kindly pro-

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vidence had furnished every condition for agricultural progress and wealth, and where, in spite of this, the farmer is in actual want, because an incomprehensible legislation allows the rich labour-power of the land to lie fallow. I may add to this that I have only expressed here what are practically the leading ideas of all intelligent people interested in South and Central Africa. If Europe will not allow these a decisive voice in the regulation of matters that to them are



OLD RUINS AT MELSETTER.

vital, all these settlements must either be ruined or else free themselves by force from European tutelage.

On May 13th our operations in the Sabi Valley were for the time concluded, and I could set out on the march back. In splendid weather we again ascended the gorge of the Injambaba, which, however, we soon parted from so as to turn directly towards Mrs. Webster's farm. The ascent was impressive. Enormous walls of slate fall sheer into the valley on both sides, to the left a tremendous dome of rock

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towers over the incline. The foliage of the trees glows in autumnal tints. But behind us reaches the broad Sabi Plain, through which the river winds like a shining ribbon.

A road could be built here, although the ascent would naturally be one of great difficulty.

Towards noon we had climbed the gorge, and now a further march of about seven miles, partly through forest, partly through the fields of the natives, brought us back to Mrs. Webster's farm, which we reached towards three o'clock, and again pitched our camp on the old spot next to the settlement.

Soon after our arrival I learnt that Bekker's and young Mr. Webster's ox-waggons were lying at Mrs. Moodie's farm, from whence they were going next morning to Umtali. Consequently I at once despatched a letter with the request that they should wait for me, as I again wanted to make use of this opportunity for transport.

The nights on the Melsetter Plateau were now always bitterly cold. It froze regularly out-of-doors, and a few days later, even in the tents. I slept in several woollen shirts and two pairs of pants regularly.

As I intended to send a new expedition to the copper-fields before long, I left a number of utensils behind me in Mrs. Webster's store, and set out early on the morning of May 14th with twenty-six loads for Mrs. Dunbar Moodie's farm. Here we arrived towards noon, and right enough the Boer waggons were there. We were very heartily received on all sides.

In the afternoon Blöcker and I visited one of the old ruins which lie scattered over this part of the Melsetter Plateau. It stood on a hill on the right-hand side of the Umtali Road, and we could recognise

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plainly a sacrificial stone in the middle of the stone enclosure. The ruin apparently belongs to the same type as the buildings described by Theodore Bent, and is Phœnician in character. Mrs. Dunbar Moodie showed us from her house another hill with similar remains.



A SCENE NEAR MELSETTER TOWN.

We waited at her farm till Thursday afternoon, as I had to send my people back to Mrs. Webster's once more to fetch further loads. When these arrived the Sabi people were paid off, and we started at once on the return journey to Umtali.

I like to travel for a second time through a land-

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scape that I have seen. One compares impressions and observations, and thus obtains a far clearer picture of the neighbourhood. It would, however, hardly interest my readers to have a detailed account of our return journey.

On Saturday, May 18th, I sent Herr Blöcker on in advance with a few porters by the direct forest-path to Umtali, to have our claims registered there, and then to go on immediately to Macequeçe to settle other business matters.

On May 19th we were in Melsetter, where I was again most heartily welcomed by Mr. Longden, his secretary, and Mr. Meredith. In Melsetter I also met Mr. Larssen, a young Dane, the sender of the telegram from Umtali which had so surprised me on my outward march. He had an old map of De l'Isle's in his possession, and was looking out for ancient gold-mines with that as a guide. I have not learnt what became of his expedition.

A radiant, sunny haze rests over my memories of the whole of our journey back. Forest and meadow lay before us in the full glory of autumn; the season had advanced considerably in the four weeks that had intervened. It was a time of sweet peace and thorough relaxation for the nervous system strained by weeks of restlessness.

On May 25th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the hollow of Umtali lay once more before our eyes. The journey had lasted exactly six weeks, and seldom in my life have six weeks had so strengthening an effect on my health as these. More fresh and energetic I have never felt than on the return from my expedition to the Sabi. Melsetter may be regarded as the South African sanatorium.

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And what interesting impressions we had obtained on this journey ! To form a clear opinion about South Africa considered as an ancient Eldorado, one must regard the Sabi chain of copper-mines as the necessary complement to the gold-mines of Mashona- and Manica-lands. We can now establish that gold, copper, and iron certainly, possibly also precious stones, have been worked from time immemorial in this part of the earth. This gives us a much more solid foundation for the explanation of the mysterious riddles which have come down to us from the greyest antiquity. True we had already known whence came the gold for the temple of King Solomon. Our journey to the Sabi had by personal observations provided us with a sign-post by which we could perhaps find an answer to the question : from whence did the Egyptians obtain the copper of their voyages to Punt ?

Chance willed it that in Umtali I received two remarkable incentives which directed my thoughts to this matter. Mr. Fairbridge, an old settler in Rhodesia who took a lively interest in all the archæological problems of the country, showed me, when on a visit to his house, three copies he had made of newly discovered paintings by Bushmen. The pose of the figures, the character of the drawing, the head-dress, reminded one at the first glance of the frescoes in Egyptian temples, and made us both decide on the influence of ancient Egyptian culture.

During the same time I saw much of Mr. Birch, the Director of Police at Umtali, who is also an archæologist and has also made an interesting collection, wherein he is greatly assisted by his many relations with the natives. Among other things he

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showed me the upper part of a statuette which was found 17° S. lat. 32° E. long. south of the Zambesi. The figure was undoubtedly Egyptian. Mr. Birch gave it to me, so as to have it examined more closely. This further examination which Professor Flinders Petrie made here in London proved the entire correctness of our assumption. If we find Egyptian relics south of the Zambesi, we may consider ourselves justified in inferring that direct Egyptian relations were maintained as far as these regions, just as, for instance, Mommsen infers, from the offshoots of the Roman discoveries, the limits of Roman authority or, if not that, of Roman intercourse. I will treat this matter more fully in the next chapter. Here I will confine myself to saying that the week which I spent in Umtali between May 25th and June 1st was, with its interesting archæological experiences and incentives, a very useful complement to our discoveries on the Sabi. To a certain extent it removed the fact of the old copper-mines to a higher and more general plane.

On June 1st I returned to Manicaland over Macequeçe, made my last arrangements for the two mines I had acquired, in which meanwhile work had been proceeding energetically. The management of the Mount Moltke Mine I confided to Mr. Eyre, while Mr. Bull was left in charge of the Windähgil Mine.

By June 11th everything was in order, and I set out with Herr Blöcker for Beira, a very unpleasant contrast in climate to the splendid plateau we had left. Here I had a quantity of business to settle, and only on July 2nd did I begin on the steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, my return journey over

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Madagascar, Aden, Suez, to London, where I arrived in perfect health on July 28th.

My travels between the Zambesi and the Sabi cover a period of exactly two years, and I look back on this space with a feeling of gratitude. Not only was I permitted to reach the practical ends which I had set before me—the opening up of the gold-formations of Fura, the acquisition of the Manicaland gold-mines, the examination of the copper workings on the Sabi fall into this section of my task—but I also think that I am able, in connection with the researches of others—of Karl Mauch, Theodore Bent, Dr. Edward Glaser, Professor Keane, &c.—to form for myself a definite judgment upon the mysterious Eldorado of the remotest of human civilisations. On the banks of the Zambesi and the Ruenje, in the mountains of Manicaland, on the tablelands of Inyanga and Melsetter: in one word, among the ruins of a prehistoric and antique mining industry, more sure evidences towards the solution of this riddle are to be found than in the libraries and closets of Leipzig, Berlin, or Oxford.

Interesting to me personally in this my last African enterprise is the fact that the regions traversed were the object of my first colonial scheme. When, in 1883, I began to associate myself with the colonial question in Germany, I handed the Foreign Office a petition in which I proposed to take possession of this part of South Africa for Germany. The scheme was coldly received by the German Government, because the “countries south of the Zambesi are regarded as belonging to the British sphere of interest.” This was six years before Cecil Rhodes received his charter for Matabele, and Mashonaland.

Also the German Colonial Society turned its back

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on "youthful" projects of this sort. I was forced to devote my attention to the far poorer regions of mid-Africa. How much grander would the position of Germany have been in Africa had it begun by laying hands on the cool, well-watered gold regions south of the Zambesi! The annexations further north could have been added with ease. A German Colonial Empire from the Limpopo to the Upper Nile and the Gulf of Aden was possible, whose southern frontier would have had not the English but the Boers as neighbour. At one blow we would have possessed a country for settlers, and, in the gold-mines, a field for the employment of German capital.

According to the legend of the ancient Egyptians the modern gods wandered from Punt, the fabulous Eldorado of the south, northwards. The Privy Councillors, von Kusserow, Dr. Krauel, and Dr. Kayser, were apparently not the men to promote the advance of Germany into the "home of the gods."

CHAPTER XI

THE GOLD OF OPHIR

MORE than half a century ago Carl Ritter came to the conclusion that all possibilities of explaining the Ophir problem were already exhausted, "be it the criticism of the text, or the interpretation of the objective of the voyage, or the etymological authentication and the origin of the goods brought back" (*Erdkunde*, vol. xiv. fol. 349).

This conclusion was fully justified as long as it was sought to solve this question from the students' desks of Europe; by general theoretic considerations, by commercial hypotheses, by philological analyses. There fancy had a wide playground. The one suggested this region, the other that. Some brought a happy thought to market; others served up anything that entered their head. There was a chaos of contradictory, sometimes of well-founded, frequently, though, of altogether crazy, assertions and hypotheses.

I do not intend to reopen this maze of theories and fabrications. The reader who wishes to glance through it I can refer to Carl Ritter himself, or, should he prefer a shorter summary, to my own book, *King Solomon's Golden Ophir* (pp. 12-34).

For years my attitude towards this question has

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been that it is impossible to arrive at the situation of Ophir by means of theoretical deductions, and that one must actually *discover* it somewhere on the earth. It stands to reason that an Eldorado, from which a single expedition lasting three years returned to Jerusalem with a mass of gold weighing 420 talents (of 114 lbs. troy, or 42, 6 kg. each), must be indicated to-day by unassailable archæological remains. One must reflect that this amount represents a value of over £1,750,000. And in 1 *Chronicles* xxix. 4, we even read that King David had brought together 3,000 talents of gold from Ophir, representing a value of £12,225,000.

So large a quantity of gold could not have been obtained without extensive mining operations, and of these there must be distinct traces remaining somewhere, unless we wish to discard the whole tradition of a golden Ophir, and relegate it to the lumber-room of traveller's tales. Accordingly research ought, for good or ill, to have quitted the comfortable writing-tables of Europe and to have set about a search in the regions of the Indian Ocean, or of the Red Sea at least. When Ritter wrote the words cited above, the examination of this problem had not, as he supposed, been exhausted in all directions; it had hardly been begun. The explorer and not the student had to speak the decisive word.

Starting from these remarks one arrives at the fundamental conception on which the following examination is based: *No solution of the Ophir problem is worthy of scientific consideration that does not start from the clear and irrefragable evidences of ancient, and, to be more precise, ancient Semitic gold-mining operations.*

It is possible that a country, in spite of such evidences,



ON THE OPHIR JOURNEY.

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need not be regarded as the Ophir of the Old Testament; here one has to take the special circumstances into consideration. But where such a basis is absent, the reader of 1902 can safely throw every scientific treatise on the Ophir problem into the fire. He will get nothing but empty words instead of the facts he has a right to expect.

He who sets out in search of any place on the strength of a description, be it in the forest or in the plain, does well to impress every sign by which one may recognise it faithfully on his mind. Therefore we will clearly enumerate everything that our authorities tell us about Solomon's Ophir, and keep it sharply before our eyes. We are, however, mainly directed to the passages in *Kings*, and the passages that correspond to these in *Chronicles*. The two books of *Kings* are, apparently, an abridgment of the State Annals as they were recorded from year to year at the Court of King Solomon. *Chronicles* is a later remodelling of the same material, and, according to Ewald, only dates from about the middle of the fourth century B.C. Therefore, where *Kings* diverges from *Chronicles*, preference should be given to *Kings*.

In addition to these essentially historical sources of information in regard to the Ophir expedition we have the so-called Table of the Nations of *Genesis* to consider (chap. x. 25-30). Here Ophir appears in the following context: "And unto Eber were born two sons: the name of the one was Peleg; for in his days was the earth divided; and his brother's name was Joktan. And Joktan begat Almodad, and Sheleph, and Hazarmaveth, and Jerah; and Hadoram and Uzal and Diklah; and Obal and Abimael, and Sheba; and Ophir and Havilah and Jobab: all these were the

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sons of Joktan. And their dwelling was from Mesha, as thou goest toward Sephar, the mountain of the East."

A. H. Sayce, who is supported in this by Dr. Edward Glaser, explains that this "Table of the Nations" can lay no claim to represent an ethnographical chart. It is purely geographical, *i.e.*, it gives a list of Arabian place-names. The Eber mentioned is perhaps the cradle of the Hebrews, who are thus traced back to South Arabia and the Phœnician country as their place of origin. Ophir here appears between Sheba and Havilah. The whole region in question is exactly specified geographically in verse 30. Mesa or Mesha is, according to Ritter (*ibid.* fol. 372), the modern Musa, and Sephar, later known as Dhafar, Dhofar by Mirbat in the incense country, is now the "Isphor" of the natives. "The mountain of the East" is the modern range of incense mountains, called Faguer in the Ekhili language. The Ekhili language is a dialect of the remotely ancient Himyaritic tongue.

The sons of Joktan, among whom were Ophir and Havilah, lived, therefore, towards the east of the modern Hadramaut. I will return to this later in connection with the researches of Dr. Edward Glaser, Theodore Bent, and Professor Keane, and only add here that Havilah is mentioned as the son of Cush (*Genesis* x. 7), and therefore as belonging to a Hamitic tribe. But in the Creation (*Genesis* ii. 11), Havilah is mentioned in connection with the following context: "And a river went out of Eden; and from thence it was parted and became four heads. *The name of the first is Pishon: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and*

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onyx stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Cush. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth in front of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates" (verses 10-14).

This is interesting in relation to our inquiry, because it shows how fluctuating these geographical pronouncements in *Genesis* are. While we were directed to Yemen or even to the African coast for the Cushite Havilah, the Havilah of Paradise brings us to the Persian Gulf, in the watershed of the Lower Euphrates. With the Havilah of the "Table of the Nations," we, however, found ourselves, as we have seen, in the eastern Hadramaut, on the southern coast of Arabia. How now must we explain this? Were there several Havilahs, or is only one and the same district differently located in the several original biblical sources which are brought together in the Book of Genesis? Tradition gives us no answer to this question. We see, therefore, how little can be done for our problem with these statements in Genesis. One investigator interprets them this way, another that. Therefore, they possess no real weight as evidence for one theory or the other. Let us lay them aside for the present.

To our question, where did David and Solomon send their treasure-ships, and whence came the gold of Ophir, we have, as already said, to go to *Kings* and *Chronicles* for an answer; and here we arrive on firmer historical ground.

There the first passage to interest us is in 1 *Chronicles* xxix. 3 and 4: "I give it unto the house of my God, over and above all that I have prepared for the holy house; even three thousand talents of

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gold, of the gold of Ophir, and seven thousand talents of refined silver, to overlay the walls of the houses withal," says *David*. This interesting communication is to be found, it is true, only in *Chronicles*, and not in *Kings*. Nevertheless it is indisputable, as *Chronicles* is undoubtedly drawing upon an ancient source here. That there is no reference to this in *Kings* is easily explained by the fact that the Books of the *Kings* only begin their narrative with the accession of Solomon. The death of David, which is just mentioned, is, in this connection, only a part of the history of Solomon. We can, accordingly, accept the statement of *Chronicles* as authentic.

It finds remarkable confirmation in a note in the fragment of Eupolemos which Eusebius quotes in his *Præparatio Evangelica* (Ev. ix. 30). We know nothing further of Eupolemos.

Eusebius lived in the beginning of the fourth century A.D. He was the "Father of Ecclesiastical History," and, in pursuit of his researches, he used the public archives, the Church libraries, and private collections in Constantinople and other places. If he quotes Eupolemos, it is evident that he has critical reasons for believing in his trustworthiness, and I do not think that Professor Keane is justified in setting this evidence aside without further ado ("The Gold of Ophir," pp. 149 and 226). Eusebius, however, quotes a note of Eupolemos which relates that "King David sent miners to an island called Urphe (according to Gesenius more correctly called Upher or Ofer), on which were many gold-mines, who brought gold thence to Jerusalem."

This passage completes the record in *Chronicles* quoted above. If David actually did procure three thousand talents of gold for the building of the

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temple, this can only have been through mining, as the Jews of his era were much too poor to procure such quantities of the precious metal by barter. That Eupolemos calls Ophir or Urphe or Upher an island, proves that it lay oversea and not overland, and was reached by ship.

This much we may take for granted, that the Ophir gold voyages were already being energetically prosecuted under David.

His great son and successor, Solomon, seems to have organised these expeditions with a greater degree of regularity. Here we are on the firm ground of the Book of Kings :

1 *Kings* ix. 26-28: "And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon."

2 *Kings* x. 10, 11: "And she (the Queen of Sheba) gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones; there came no such abundance of spices than which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon. And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of alghum trees and precious stones."

In the Second Book of *Chronicles* (viii. 17, 18) the same story is narrated in the following form:—

"Then (after the building of the temple) went Solomon to Ezion-geber, and to Eloth, on the sea shore in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent him

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by the hands of his servants ships, and servants that had knowledge of the sea ; and they came with the servants of Solomon to Ophir, and fetched from thence four hundred and fifty talents of gold, and brought them to King Solomon."

Keil explains the difference in the number of talents in *Kings* and *Chronicles* by a clerical error, caused through the similarity of the Hebrew signs for 420 and 450. On this matter, in accordance with the general critical position we have taken up, we follow *Kings*, as the older source.

Dr. Edward Glaser, at present the best authority in regard to the most ancient Arabian history, tells us that Sheba and Saba are two different forms of one and the same name. The Sabæan Empire had its centre of gravity in South-eastern Arabia, in Yemen. The capital, Maraiaba Bahramalakum (" Watch-tower of the Royal Lake "), which Dr. Glaser has recently visited, lay about four days' journey east of Sana, the present capital of Yemen. The Queen of Sheba is the Princess Bilkis of the Arabian tradition. According to legend she became the mistress of Solomon, and the rulers of Abyssinia boast of having sprung from this union.

The rule of the Sabæans extended over the whole of the east of the African coast, and, as we shall see later on, included the gold-fields of Manica- and Mashona-lands. The ruins of the temple in the old capital of Queen Bilkis at Marib, and the remains of the temple buildings in Eastern Mashonaland and on the Sabi, are of one and the same origin.

I shall have to return to this later. But it is important to bear this fact in mind in considering the occasion of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Jerusalem,

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that it is not a mere coincidence that the gold expeditions of Hiram and Solomon in *Kings* as well as *Chronicles* are recorded in connection with this visit of Queen Bilgis. It is more than probable that they originated from this visit.

The Queen of Sheba, as Professor Keane hardly need have insisted on, came across the desert overland to Jerusalem. This is evident from the passage in which it is stated that she came with a large following, "with camels laden with spices." For our question this is interesting in so far as it proves that the ordinary trade route from Yemen to Asia Minor was at that time not *viâ* the Red Sea, for in that case Bilgis also would have travelled by that route. We can, however, conclude from this that Solomon and Hiram as well, if their gold expeditions had been voyages to the Sabæan Empire in South Arabia, would not have equipped a fleet in Ezion-geber, but would have sent camels likewise. For the Jews at least were much less at home on the sea than the maritime Sabæans. From the difference in the equipments of the expedition of the Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem and the Solomon-Hiram expeditions to Ophir we can take it as settled that the objective of the two was not the same region (South-eastern Arabia), but that it was a question of two different goals, and we may infer from the connection between both enterprises that in spite of this the objective of the voyages to Ophir was somewhere within the boundaries of Sabæan overlordship, which extended over the whole of East Africa. That the gold of Ophir was not identical with the gold that came from Arabia is, moreover, quite clear from the following passage in 1 *Kings* x. 14, 15 :—

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“Now the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was 666 talents of gold” (this refers to the Ophir-gold of the sea-voyages), “beside that which the chapmen brought, and the traffic of the merchants and of all the *Kings of Arabia*, and of the governors of the country.”

The port of departure for the Ophir fleets is given in *Chronicles* as Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, in Edom, the land of the Idumeans. This statement is indirectly confirmed by a passage in *Kings*, relating to an attempted expedition under King Jehoshaphat (1 *Kings* xxii. 47-50):—

“And there was no king in Edom: a deputy was king. Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not; for the ships were broken at Ezion-geber. Then said Ahaziah the son of Ahab unto Jehoshaphat, Let my servants go with thy servants in the ships. But Jehoshaphat would not.”

The Second Book of *Chronicles* (xx. 35-37) gives the following version of the same incident:—

“And after this did Jehoshaphat King of Judah join himself with Ahaziah King of Israel; the same did very wickedly: and he joined himself with him to make ships to go to Tarshish: and they made the ships in Ezion-geber. Then Eliezer the son of Dodavahu of Mareshah prophesied against Jehoshaphat, saying, Because thou hast joined thyself with Ahaziah, the Lord hath destroyed thy works. And the ships were broken, that they were not able to go to Tarshish.”

The difference, that in *Kings* ships of Tarshish are spoken of, while in *Chronicles* it is a question of a voyage to Tarshish, will occupy us immediately. But

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in the rest of their statements there are essential contradictions in the two versions. In both, it is true, the Ophir fleet is destroyed at Ezion-geber. In *Kings*, despite Jehoshaphat's declining to ally himself with Ahaziah; in *Chronicles*, because he made such an alliance. Apparently the version in *Chronicles* is a later and biassed account from the hand of an orthodox priest of Jehovah, who seeks a mystical reason for the failure of the expedition, and finds it in the alliance with the Baal-worshippers. We follow the simpler account of *Kings*.

Jehoshaphat was the great-grandson of King Solomon, and reigned from 873–848. It is interesting to note that he made an attempt to renew the Ophir policy. These enterprises, reckoned from the time of David, therefore cover the epoch from about 1030–850 B.C.

The Idumeans, to whose territory Ezion-geber belonged, were old hereditary foemen of the Israelites. They were already defeated by Saul, and were finally overthrown by King David. Solomon was the first to build dockyards in this harbour, and he used it as a point of departure for his oversea enterprises in alliance with Hiram, with the concurrence of the kindred Sabæans in the south-east of Arabia.

A question which arises in regard to Ezion-geber as the point of departure for the voyages to Ophir is, how did Hiram, the King of Tyre, get the ships which he sent to Solomon to that port? Certainly not over the Isthmus of Suez! Keane gives a lengthy consideration to this question, and works it out this way. Menepthah I., 1366 B.C., made a canal, using the Nile delta, from Bubastes (near the

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present Zagazig) to some point above the head of the Gulf of Suez, thereby opening a passage for ships from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea (*The Gold of Ophir*, p. 94). It is highly probable that Hiram's ships came this way. Perhaps they were also built in Ezion-geber. That they were brought there *Kings* does not relate, but only the later *Chronicles*. But the Books of the *Kings* state expressly that both Solomon and Jehoshaphat built their ships at Ezion-geber. The Jewish fleet was, therefore, certainly not transported from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Akaba. Whence Hiram ordered his ships there is not mentioned; we are only told that they sailed from Ezion-geber with Solomon's ships to Ophir. With such inexplicit sources we must leave this question open.

But of the activity of the united fleets we have more exact explanations in our original sources.

In 1 *Kings* x. 21 and 22 we read:—

“And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold: none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon. For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram: once every three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks” (or guinea-fowl?).

The Second Book of the *Chronicles* gives the following rendering of the same incidents:—

Chap. ix. 20 and 21: “And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold: silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon. For the king had ships that went to Tarshish

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with the servants of Hiram : once every three years came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks."

From the passage in *Kings* one first of all sees that Professor Keane is right in emphasising the fact that Jewish and Phœnician ships together went on the gold expeditions. The difference in *Chronicles*, where only Hiram's servants are mentioned, does not affect this conclusion.

Otherwise both passages are in agreement that the treasure fleets of Solomon came once in every three years, not, perhaps, once after an absence of three years, but in a regular rotation. If the author had not meant to say this he would have had to state that they returned from their voyage after an absence of three years, and with that an end. But he reports that they always returned once every three years. This is an extremely interesting fact towards the understanding of all these enterprises, whether it signify that the ships traversed a regular trade route in this time or whether they transported the products of a certain region only once every three years to Jerusalem. The three years also give us a sufficient interval to make the search for our Ophir on a distant coast of the Indian Ocean a reasonable one. We previously found it unlikely that these voyages should have had South Arabia as their objective, where, as we see from the visit of Queen Bilkis, the trade route commonly used at that time lay overland. Now the interval of three years is almost a challenge to let our gaze wander beyond these matters.

Now, in addition to gold, ivory, ebony and precious stones, silver, apes, and peacocks are mentioned as freight on the return voyage. The ivory, in any case,

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clearly points to Africa. The Tukkiim, translated "peacocks," are matters of dispute. According to some (Ritter and Lassen) they mean peacocks, but in my opinion guinea-fowl are meant. In Elgumi on the Upper Nile the guinea-fowl is called *tukka*; and when the Romans designated the guinea-fowl by *gallina afra* or Ophir-hen, this also may point to a connection with the voyages to Ophir, and makes it a likely supposition that the guinea-fowl was known to the Carthaginians as the Ophir-fowl, and through these to the Romans.

But before everything the authorities we have just cited certainly force us to take up a position in regard to the Tarsis or Tarshish problem.

We must first of all mark the divergence between *Kings* and *Chronicles* on this point as well. *Kings* only points to *ships of Tarshish*; *Chronicles*, however, tells us that the ships *went to a place or country called Tarshish*. The difference is exactly the same as we found before in relation to the ships of King Jehoshaphat. The author of the *Chronicles* is, therefore, consistently of the opinion that on these voyages it was a question of a region called Tarshish, which, in this case, must be identical with Ophir; while the Book of *Kings* only speaks of ships of Tarshish as a class of ocean-going vessels, as we may speak of East Indiamen. Is *Chronicles* in error in its interpretation, or had the conception changed in the interval between *Kings*, which is some five hundred years older, and *Chronicles*? The translation of the Septuagint agrees with that of *Kings*.

What is Tarshish? Where was it situated? We find it mentioned several times in the Old Testament. As, for instance, in *Genesis* x. 4: "And the sons

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of Javan, Elishah, and Tarshish, Kittim and Dodanim."

Javan is the Hebrew name for Ionia, and the Tarshish mentioned here was in Cilicia (Tarshish on the river Cydnus; see Keane, Note 42); while Kittim is our modern Cyprus. In *Psalms* lxxii. 10 we read: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts."

In *Ezek.* xxvii. 25: "The ships of Tarshish were thy caravans for thy merchandise; and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the heart of the seas."

If we consider these passages, to which I could add others, soberly, we find that Tarshish is in every case mentioned as a place related to the sea. It is mentioned side by side with the islands, and was known as a commercial port. I also wish to remind the reader that, in the history of Phœnician commercial policy, the name occurs in several places. I have already mentioned the Tarshish in Cilicia. Besides this Tunis was in ancient times called Tarshish. There was a promontory called Tarshish on the coast of Oman which was passed by the fleet of Nearchos, the admiral of Alexander the Great. The Tarshish most renowned in history is the Spanish Tartessus of the old Greek world, known for its exports of silver.

When names occur in this manner, and that always in connection with certain well-defined places, as here in the names of certain Phœnician trading stations oversea, we may accept as a general principle that it is not so much a question of an individual name as of a general class designation: something like the Latin *colonia* or *castellum*, which reappears in corrupted

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forms in all sorts of countries. The special name has in such a case arisen from the original conception. I am, unfortunately, no Semitic scholar, and cannot therefore trace Tarshish back philologically to its original meaning; but I would like to assume that the Phœnicians originally called a trading settlement oversea a Tarsis, and that Tarsis ships were the vessels which kept up the intercourse between such settlements. If this theory is right, then *Kings* and *Chronicles* may both be correct. Solomon and Hiram built Tarsis ships, but the Ophir for which they were bound was one of the Tarsises of the ancient Sabæan-Phœnician period. Keane identifies the Tarshish of the Bible with Sofala. For this he has absolutely no historical foundation. But, in spite of this, his supposition may be the right one.

There only remain now several passages from the Old Testament to be cited, in which Ophir is mentioned incidentally, before I gather together clearly and plainly my conclusions from our sources.

Job xxvii. 12, 16: "But where shall wisdom be found? and where the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The deep saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire."

Job xxii. 24: "Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks."

Psalms xlv. 9: "Kings daughters are among thy honourable women; at thy right hand doth stand the queen in gold of Ophir."

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Isaiah xiii. 12 : " I will make a man more rare than fine gold, even a man than the pure gold of Ophir."

If one grasps the total impression produced by all these passages taken together, two characteristic indications stand out clearly at once. First of all Ophir was the Eldorado of that day. "Gold of Ophir" is quite a fluent expression ; even there, where simply gold is meant, the poets of the *Psalms* and of *Job* add "of Ophir" almost mechanically. Professor Keane thinks that it is unnecessary that the gold should have actually been mined in a country called Ophir in order to arrive at such a *façon de parler*. It is sufficient that it was always shipped from a certain port that was called Ophir. But I would like to ask if such an interpretation covers all our quotations. For instance, *Job* xxii. 24, where it is a question of the brooks of Ophir, does not fit in with Mr. Keane's hypothesis. If the gold were *not* from Ophir, but from somewhere else, say from Havilah, we should be entitled to expect *some* hints of this in our sources. But there is not the slightest trace of anything of the kind. The question whether Ophir was the Eldorado or only the export harbour, that is to say place of reshipment, for the gold, actually goes hand in hand with the question whether the Jews obtained the gold themselves by means of mining operations, or whether they bought it. We shall see later how the latter supposition is impossible. Here I will only point out that our quotations, rationally interpreted, simply characterise Ophir as an Eldorado.

Further, Ophir is mentioned throughout as a region quite familiar to everybody at that day. Nowhere is it considered necessary to give any explanation of its geographical position. In the Old Testament Ophir

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is spoken about just as we speak of America or Africa. Therefore, wherever it was, Ophir lay in full view of the Semitic world of that period.

From Ezion-geber the ships of Solomon and Hiram set out to visit this Eldorado. Their road lay to the south, past the Red Sea. In this direction we also have to turn our gaze, if we wish to rediscover the lost Eldorado.

Coming from the examination of our references we are in no way inclined to seek for the Solomonic Ophir in Arabia, for we discovered from the journey of Queen Bilkis of Saba that the trade routes from Jerusalem to Southern Arabia lay overland at that time. We can hardly assume that a continental prince like Solomon would suddenly take to the sea. If the fleets, however, sailed past Arabia, where then did they go to?

To answer this question we must look round on the shores of the Indian Ocean for ancient gold-mines, so old that they may be ascribed to the period of David and Solomon. But first we must ascertain what that part of the world which bordered on the Indian Ocean looked like in 1000 B.C. Into what political surroundings did the fleets of Solomon and Hiram enter, once they had sailed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

CHAPTER XII

THE ERYTHREAN WORLD BEFORE THE TIME OF SOLOMON

IN the third millenary before the birth of Christ important national movements had taken place along the shores of the Indian Ocean. Aryan tribes had quitted their ancestral homes in Eastern Iran, and had pushed forward, probably through Cabulistan and the western passes of the Hindu Koosh, to India, where they appeared as conquerors in the valley of the Indus, and later also on the Ganges. The particulars of this great migration of nations lie quite beyond our historical tradition. Thousands of years before our computation of time, the north of India was in the hands of Aryan-Brahminical tribes, the Khâcijas, the Hindustanis, Bengalis, Mahrattas and others. (Compare Lassen: *Indische Altertums Kunde*, vol. i., p. 468.)

In the same period, whether in connection with and from the same causes as this Aryan migration is entirely unknown, a movement of Semitic tribes had also taken place, starting from the Persian Gulf. Here had been the original home of the Punic nation, which poured itself in two mighty streams to the north and south of this region.¹

¹ This assertion is chiefly based on Dr. Edward Glaser's: "Punt und die Sudarabischen Reiche," "Skizze der Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens," &c., and "das Weihrauchland und Socotra."

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The northern movement poured itself beyond the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, where it arrived about 2000 B.C., settling down as Phœnicians in Asia Minor, as Carthaginians in North Africa, whence it pressed on as Milesians as far as the British Isles. To this stream also belonged the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Nabatheans and Babylonians, who had penetrated overland towards the north.

The second great Punic stream, the "South Phœnicians," founded empires in South Arabia, and pressed as conquerors over East Africa. To this belong the Himyarites, Minæans, Sabæans, Kahtanides, Azanians and Abyssinians.

They ruled East Africa from Abyssinia southwards to beyond Sofala.

In Solomon's time empires of the Minæans (Má'in), Sabæans, Kahtanides and the Azanians existed in South Arabia. The country of Queen Bilkis of Sheba was bounded on the north by the southernmost province of the Solomonian kingdom. The Kahtanides and their direct branches the Gabanites and Himyarites were lastingly at warfare with the Sabæans, and were driven step by step out of East Africa by these. The periods in East Africa, according to Glaser, succeeded one another in the following order:—

(1) The Azanians, whose southernmost harbour was Rhapta, identical, as I will show later on, with the Quilimane of to-day.

(2) The Kahtanides—Himyarites.

(3) The Sabæans.

The last named, apparently, pressed the furthest towards the south. Their chief centre seems to have been about the Sabi River and its hinterland, where

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many name-sounds still remind one of the Sabæan epoch. (Rusapi, the many Massapas, Umsapa, &c.)

Mashonaland, with its prehistoric mining works and ruins, also belonged to the regions impressed with the civilisation of the original Punic race, the Himyarites and Sabæans. As evidence of this Glaser calls attention to the analogy between the Mashonaland ruins and those of Socotra. He simply avers, moreover, that the natives of Socotra are even to-day, ethnographically, very closely related to the original Punic inhabitants. As a matter of fact, they, with the Mahra tribe, are the sole pure remnant of this oldest of the Semitic migrations. Now the ruins of Socotra are in plan and character similar to those of Mashonaland. One must, therefore, infer that the Mashonaland ruins were originally erected by Punic tribes.

The Punic elements in Africa have, it is true, been assimilated in all essentials by the native tribes. Probably there was never a real Semitic settlement on the coast, but practically only a government by the South Arabians. I think, however, that one can trace the Punic migration to East Africa beyond the Victoria Nyanza and to Lake Tanganyika, even as far as the Upper Congo. Here we find the ruling tribe of the Baima¹ or Wawitu (Ba and Wa are plural prefixes) who had once founded a great kingdom on the Upper Nile, and to which tribe the ruling families of Uganda and to the west of the Nyanza as far as the north-east of Tanganyika belong to this day. They came there with the straight-backed Sanga ox, and one can still define the zone of their advance from the spread of the Sanga ox in contrast to the Zebu. They are of light complexion, and their type

¹ Ba-ima or Ba-'m is perhaps a corruption of Ba-Ma'in.

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reminds one entirely of the Abyssinians, from whom in their mythical traditions they trace descent. This is the tribe which gave Witu and the ancient Mombassa, Mwita, its name. It appears that in other parts of East Africa they are called Walindi or Walundu. Their ethnographic position has long been in dispute. I myself have devoted long inquiries to the Baima or Wawitu in my "*Emin Pasha Expedition*," and in my "*German East Africa*," without arriving at a definite decision as to their tribal origin. After the luminous demonstrations of Glaser, I am convinced that they represent that tribe of the Punic migration which penetrated most to westward. I will explain later how they show evidences of being strongly influenced by ancient Egyptian culture.

I said above that the old port of Rhapta, the southernmost town of the Azanians in East Africa, was identical with our Quilimane. This fact, provided I can prove it to be such, is of great historical importance because it establishes that South Africa, at least as far as the Zambesi, belonged to the Erythrean circle of civilisation. The evidence for this is to be found in the report of the "*Periplus maris Erythræi*," and the additional accounts furnished by Ptolomæus.

This "*Periplus*" gives a very useful picture of the maritime and political conditions that prevailed round the Indian Ocean in the first century A.D. The author is, according to Glaser's skilful examination of this document, an Alexandrian traveller named Basiles, who went on trading expeditions down the Red Sea, round the Arabian peninsula as far as India. He does not seem to have visited East Africa south of Cape Guardafui, but his accounts of this part of the Indian Ocean are from information gathered in

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the northern ports. Basiles wrote his report between 54-60 A.D.

His accounts of Arabia and India naturally suffer from the defects which accounts based on second-hand information must incur, to-day as then. We must not expect to find the distances given quite accurately. The author, to a certain extent, saw these coasts as a bird sees them. He received, presumably from Arabian sailors, the names and a general description of the places of call, and their approximate distances. A traveller in East Africa could not learn more from the natives even to-day. However, the account given in the "Periplus" is sufficiently clear for a person, who, like myself, knows the appearance of the coasts and places, to find his way quite clearly by means of it.

I find, and will presently demonstrate, that up to now the commentators on the "Periplus" have always compressed this report too much. They seem to be afraid of advancing the old sea-routes too far to the south. The whole business is located as much as possible round Somaliland. At Zanzibar, or, at the most, at Dar-es-Salaam and Kilwa a finish is generally made. It is true that Last, Glaser, and others have already pointed out that the island of Menuthias mentioned in the "Periplus" was probably identical with Madagascar. But they did not follow out this supposition in regard to its bearings on the understanding of the whole document.

I am at one with Dr. Glaser when he explains that the Ras Girdif mentioned in the "Periplus" is identical with Guardafui, and Oponone with Ras Hafûn, and entirely agree with his conclusion that we possess in this name a reminiscence of the

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ancient Punic Empire. From Opone onwards I think I can find my way independently.

Three entries in the "Periplus" can be entirely confirmed to this day, and they provide a firm framework wherein one can fit the whole report. The first entry is the Aigialos, the Great and Little Coastland. This bears its name to this day in the "Benadir Coast," also called simply "Sahil" coast by the Zanzibar Arabs. Why this coast is called "Benadir," *i.e.*, harbours, I do not know. Harbours it does not possess, and the reason could, therefore, only be that of a *lucus a non lucendo*. But Arabs have repeatedly told me that such is the meaning of the "Benadir" coast.

The second entry is Menuthias, an island characterised by rivers with crocodiles, and by an extensive "catch" of sea turtles by means of baskets at the river-mouths. In the whole of East Africa no island answers to this description except Madagascar. Zanzibar is quite beside the mark; there one finds neither rivers, nor crocodiles, nor turtles. Two entries in the "Periplus" appear to speak against Madagascar. It says, Menuthias is 300 stadia distant from the continent. But here one can oppose what I just said about East African distances as experienced by my own inquiries. Every African traveller will agree with me how entirely unreliable such information always is. It is impossible to obtain exact distances from Arabs or Swahilis. Thus these 300 stadia need not discourage us. Secondly, the "Periplus" states that Menuthias is a flat island. Now Madagascar is in parts flat on its eastern side. But the reported abundance of rivers on the island speaks, on the other side, against the statement of flatness in the "Periplus." An entirely flat

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island would not be able to form channels for rivers. So this argument against Madagascar is disposed of.

The third point in the "Periplus" that I can establish is the Rhapta already mentioned. Rhapta lay on a mountain-spur, Rhapton, and on a river, Rhaptos. It did not, however, lay at the mouth of this river, but some distance up-stream. Now, between Mozambique and Quilimane there still lies the harbour of Parapat or Parapato, whose name plainly resembles that of the ancient Rhapta, if we write it Pa-Rhapat or Rhapato. However, the description of the ancient harbour of Rhapata does not agree in its particulars with this place, as Parapat lies neither on a mountain-spur nor up-stream on a river. Now, according to Glaser, the name Rhapta is derived from the Arabic *rhabd* (sewn), and is supposed to have originated in a custom of the natives in this part of the Indian Ocean, who sew their boats and canoes together instead of nailing them. I am reminded here of the many fables of the Arabian story-tellers about magnetic mountains, which drew the iron nails out of the ships, so that the sailors living near such physical influences used to sew their ships together. Such myths apparently owe their origin to the strong currents in the Indian Ocean on the African coast, by which the sailing boats of the ancient seamen must often have been quite mysteriously taken out of their course. The sailors could not explain such phenomena, and therefore invented fables of magnetic mountains and the like. Be that as it may, the fact that in certain parts of the Indian Ocean the boats were sewn aroused the astonishment of the ancient Arabians, as we see from such stories, and it may, therefore, be very possible that they named a part of this ocean Rhabd or Rhapta because such boats were

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found there. If this supposition is correct, then they would not only have distinguished a harbour, a mountain-spur, and a river by the name Rhabd, but rather a whole strip of coast. It is, therefore, very possible that this name has clung to Parapat, though formerly it was proper to the whole coast round the estuary of the Zambesi.

In any case the description of the harbour Rhapta in the "Periplus" and in Ptolomæus in every way fits the modern Quilimane. Quilimane is a Kiswahili name, and means "On the mountain." It lies on an outpost-like mountain platform some 25 miles up the Quilimane River, the northernmost and formerly the chief estuary of the Zambesi. On no other East African river do we find similar indications of the ancient Rhapta. That the Swahilis rechristened the site of Rhapta of two thousand years ago "On the mountain" can naturally not argue against this identification, particularly if Rhabd was a name for the whole neighbourhood, which we must consider likely. As the harbour of Rhapta, according to Ptolomæus, was situated on a mountain-spur, its change of name to Quilimane, *i.e.*, "On the mountain," cannot hamper us.

Rhapta was, according to the old sources, the chief market for ivory, as Quilimane is to this day. The "Periplus" states that wild cannibals lived in its hinterland. The Portuguese found such there in the shape of the Musimbas. All this makes it still clearer that our modern Quilimane is the ancient harbour of Rhapta. Rhapta was the most southern harbour of Azania; Quilimane is to-day the most southern harbour of the actual Zanzibar coast. With Chinde we come to a perfectly new ethnographical region.

I therefore consider this identification as proved.

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Thus, then, our framework stands : Benadir, Madagascar, Quilimane as sure, and the "Periplus" takes us from Cape Guardafui to the mouth of the Zambesi. If this is granted, the identification of the other records in the "Periplus" presents no further difficulty.

Opone (Ras Hafûn) is followed by the steep coastline (Okopona) where there are no harbours, but only anchorages. This fits the Somali coast admirably, with the roadsteads of Magdischu, Merka, Barava, and Kismaju. Then comes the Great and Little Coast (now called Benadir). This took six days to reach (naturally with the north-east monsoon), which is quite correct. This takes one as far as Kwaihu Bay north of Patta.

We then come to the land of the Sarapionos, apparently Lamu and Witu. Perhaps the *Σαραπίανος* was the ancestor of the ruler of Witu. After this we reach the country of the Nikonos, Malindé with Mombasa, later the Sultanate of the Masarui. The portion of the East African coast that follows now is exactly recognisable : several rivers (*μετὰ ὅν ποταμοὶ πλείονες*). Beyond Mombasa one passes the mouths of the Pangani, Wami, Kingani, Rufidji, and then come seven further places of call (Kilwa, Lindi, Mikindani, Ibo, Mozambique, &c.)—one can no longer particularise them with any certainty. After these the islands of the *Πυραλαῖοι* rise up out of the sea, *i.e.*, of the Fire-people. On the African side of the Indian Ocean there is only one group of islands to which the term Fire-islands applies ; that is the volcanic Comoro group, whose most important volcano on Angasija (8,660 feet) is active to this day. The islands of the *Pyralaoi* are, therefore, the Comoros. They take us to the "Channel" mentioned in the "Periplus," the Mozam-

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bique Channel, at whose entry they are situated. And from here the voyage leads, as we have seen, to Menuthias (Madagascar), to Rhapta (Quilimane).

This reading of the "Periplus" is consistent and natural, and I think that it can survive any criticism. The "Periplus" ignores Pata and Zanzibar, as far as one can see, because they were of that time of no commercial importance.

For our approaching inquiry the most important point in this exposition is that the southernmost harbour lay at the mouth of the Zambesi, and therefore on a highway leading to the ruins of Mashonaland.

The "Periplus" says that from Rhapta the coast-line took a south-westerly direction, and the Indian Ocean ultimately mingled with the Atlantic. This reference is doubly interesting. On the one hand it practically confirms my interpretation, as such a characterisation would be absurd from Dar-es-Salaam or Kilwa, where one had so far placed Rhapta. On the other hand, it shows that the informants of Basiles also knew the coasts south of the Zambesi as far as Cape Colony. These countries also seem to have been included in the ancient trading operations from South Arabia.

That the Arabians were acquainted with the relation of the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, and with the configuration of the southern point of Africa at the beginning of the Christian era, need not excite surprise when one calls to mind that King Necho, or Neku, of Egypt had already sent a Phœnician expedition to sail round the whole continent about 600 B.C. The Phœnicians sailed from Suez and returned in the third year from starting by way of the Straits of Gibraltar. Thus Herodotus tells the story, and his account is in every way trustworthy.

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Now anybody will concede that King Necho, in order to conceive such a plan, must already have had exact information as to the geography of Africa. Such information, however, had been furnished him by the Phœnicians, who again had received it from their cousins in South Arabia and East Africa. We can also infer from this record that the south of the Indian Ocean was already very well known to the Punic nations before 600 B.C., and this again generally confirms the picture of the conditions in this part of the world, as presented to us through the researches of Dr. Edward Glaser.

In order to complete this picture we must briefly glance over the results of the discoveries of Professor A. H. Keane, who, in chaps. xii. and xiii. of his book, *The Gold of Ophir*, points to ancient Punic influences in Madagascar. Keane calls them Himyaritic influences, but, in contrast to Glaser, he designates as Himyarites (the "Red People") the whole of the South Arabian tribes (p. 72), and therefore leaves the question open as to which branch of the South Arabians penetrated to this distance. He quotes a number of philological facts in support of this theory that Madagascar was the scene of a pre-Muhammadan Arabian migration, and that the fundamental Malayo-Polynesian tongue has adopted several things from these remote Arabian elements, *e.g.*, its numerals. Keane also demonstrated very skilfully that many survivals of ancient Jewish religious practices still exist among the modern Hovas. Thus, for instance, vicarious sacrifice is still in usage in Madagascar. Professor Keane, however, means that in Madagascar, as on the East African coast, South Arabian settlements existed, dating from a hoary antiquity, and I believe that he

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has produced important reasons for such a supposition. We can, therefore, add Madagascar to the Punic territories in the Indian Ocean that were visited by Hiram and Solomon's fleets coming from the Red Sea. If we finally write the results of all these conclusions, we obtain the following picture of the political conditions governing the Indian Ocean towards the year 1000 B.C.

The stream of Punic migration that flowed to the south had spread over South Arabia and more or less over the whole east coast of Africa and over Madagascar. The original uniform wave, however, had, during the two thousand years which had passed since its forward movement from the Persian Gulf, crystallised into a number of clearly demarcated nationalities.

In Solomon's time the Sabæans were dominant in South Arabia, and they also possessed at that time the gold-countries between the Zambesi and the Sabi, as the many name-sounds in connection with the ancient gold-mines inform us down to this day (Sabi River, Ru-Sapi, Massapa by Mount Fura, &c.). The Zambesi separated the Sabæans from the Azanians, who occupied that part of the East African coast which we still call the Zanzibar Coast, as far as about 2° N. Above these the Abasians had founded Habesch, the great Axumite empire named after Axum, its capital, the modern Axome, west of Adoa. It is the old kingdom of Æthiopia, and still exists as Abyssinia. The Baima or Wawitu peoples may probably be regarded as fragments of this race, which penetrated as far as the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika with the Sanga ox, and there founded extensive empires.

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This whole Punic or Himyaritic territory, from Arabia and down the whole East African coast, from Massowah to beyond Sofala, the Egyptians called *Pwnt* or *Punt* or *Pön-at*. One must, however, note that, according to Edward Glaser, this name had only a general ethnographic meaning, and never was applied to an organised state. Also the Egyptians are the only people who used this ethnographical designation to cover the whole of the countries that were settled in or ruled over by the South Arabians. The single states of this race were known among themselves only by their separate names: Azanians, Abasians, Sabæans, Kahtanides, &c.

The other civilised countries of ancient times, such as the Babylonians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and Greeks, were unfamiliar with this collective ethnographical designation of the Egyptian inscriptions, and only knew each state by its name. The Egyptians alone have that collective designation for the entire south Punic world. This should be kept in mind in attempting to solve the problems with which we are concerned.

The ancient Egyptian *Pwnt* or *Punt*, therefore, embraced Hadramaut and Yemen, ancient Æthiopia with its capital Axum and the Abasian colonies that extended beyond the Victoria Nyanza, the Azanian colonies along the Zanzibar coast, the Sabæan dominions between the Zambesi and the Sabi, with Mashonaland and Manica and doubtless Madagascar. All this was known to the Egyptians, and to the Egyptians only, as *Pwnt* or *Punt* or *Pön-at*.

At the time that these Semites were founding states in the west, the Aryans had established their dominion in India in the basins of the Indus and Ganges, and,

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also in this direction, there was a lively traffic from Arabia.

Thus, broadly speaking, did the world appear, into which the Jews and Zidonians sailed about the year 1000 B.C. with their treasure-ships. In which direction they sailed—that is the long-discussed question. We shall have to answer it by looking round within this area for ancient records and traces of their presence. In other words, in order to establish the situation of the place whence Sabæans, Jews, and Phœnicians obtained their gold about 1000 B.C., we must be able to show gold-mines which plainly belong to this epoch, and which contain characteristic archæological tokens of the presence of the three nations involved.

If my readers are agreed with me that the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem was connected with the gold expeditions of the two allied kings, they will be inclined from the outset to assume with me that the voyage was to a region which formed part of a dependency of the Sabæan empire. It is not likely that Queen Bilkis, in addition to the present which she personally brought for Solomon, and which are enumerated in detail in *Kings*, also made him a direct gift of the gold of the Ophir expeditions. But perhaps she directed her friend to the country where he could find gold, and gave him what to-day we would call a mining concession.

I will now show that the objective of the Hiram-Solomonic expeditions can only have been the Sabæan territory between the Zambesi and the Sabi.

Before we begin our decisive examination let us attempt a few etymological experiments. And first

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we must try and make clear to ourselves the meaning of the word Ophir itself.

For this purpose I must point out that in the Semitic tongues vowels are of no *essential* significance. The consonants, as the actual framework of the word, stand firm, *acre perennius*; the vowels fluctuate. Generally speaking every word has three consonants. The living Hebrew tongue had no vowel-signs. In the second century B.C. this tongue became obsolete, and was replaced by the Aramæan. The vowel-signs were not added till the seventh century A.D., when Hebrew had petrified to a purely academic language, as Latin is to-day. In the Hebrew name Ophir, therefore, we should not lay too much weight on the *o* and the *i*. In *Genesis* the word is written אֹפִיר, in *Kings* אֹפִיר, but is based simply on the three consonants א, פ, ר (aleph, phi, resch). How it was originally pronounced by the Hebrews we cannot know.

We must further consider that for the Hebrews Ophir was a foreign region, whose name they learnt from the Himyarites or South Arabians. If we wish to know the actual name of the country, therefore, we shall have to go to South Arabia for it. Now Sprenger had identified Ophir with the Arabic *afir* (in South Arabic *ofer*) and an authority like Gesenius had followed him in this. *Afir*, *ofer*, however, was said to mean "red." Through this interpretation, which I also followed in my book, *King Solomon's Golden Ophir*, Ophir research was for a time led astray. For according to Glaser (*Skizze der Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens*, vol. ii. p. 378) this interpretation is wrong. There is no South Arabian word *ofir* that means "red." Red, in the Mahra tongue, is *a'fur*. But, so Dr. Glaser writes me on Jan. 30, 1902,

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“No connection can exist between Ophir and *a'fur*, for the former is a proto-Semitic form (אופיר), while the latter is אעפר, and belongs to quite a different root.” Glaser, therefore, deduces that Ophir and *a'fur* are in no way connected, from the *ajin* behind the *aleph* in the latter word. I recognise his authority in this question, and, therefore, give up the attempted etymological derivation of the word Ophir from “red,” that appears in my *King Solomon's Golden Ophir*. With this, however, the derivation of our word Africa from the primary consonants of Ophir, aleph, phi, resch, given in the same book, by no means falls to pieces, as Professor Keane (*op. cit.* 65, 66) maintains. “Thus collapses a whole continent,” he exclaims. To which I make answer that the meaning of the word Ophir has nothing whatsoever to do with its transformation into the Latin Africa. At the same time I may also remark that Keane has himself apparently misunderstood Glaser's exposition, when he says (p. 66): “Glaser shows still more conclusively that the South Arabian *a'fur* has nothing whatsoever to do with ‘red.’” This, Glaser, as we have seen, by no means says, but he asserts that the South Arabian *a'fur* (meaning “red”) has nothing whatever to do with Ophir, which is in contradiction of Keane's statement.

According to Glaser, we do not know of a South Arabian name for Ophir. But Gesenius and others state that Ophir must be pronounced Aphir in South Arabic. Glaser is of the same opinion when he identifies (p = ph) the East Arabian Apir with Ophir. In the course of our examination, therefore, we need not trouble ourselves about the difference between *a* and *o*. But as the Hebrews most certainly

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got to know the land of gold through the South Arabians, we will take the pronunciation of the latter as the decisive one for us, and, therefore, rather expect to find resemblances to Afir than to Ophir in the region of which there is now question. It is, however, advisable with this fluidity to keep as close as possible to the consonants of the word. These are, once more, aleph (in Hebrew regarded as a consonant), phi, resch. The root of the name, written in English, is A.F.R. This was pronounced in a guttural manner by the Semites, which may have resulted in more stress being placed on *a* by one tribe, more on *o* by another, while the third may have accentuated the *u*. One can instance hundreds of examples of such varying pronunciations in different districts from the living Semitic tongues. It is, therefore, immaterial whether the word was pronounced Ophir or Aphir, or Ophar or Aphar or Aphur, in different regions. On the other hand, however, the three primary consonants, aleph, phi, resch, are absolutely necessary for its recognition. Where this country A.F.R lay we have now to determine.

It would contribute much to our purpose if we succeeded in finding a clear etymological derivation for this word A.F.R. This would perhaps provide us with the key to the solution of our problem. Unfortunately such a derivation has up to the present evaded the Semitologists. It has not even been shown whether the name is of Semitic origin or has been borrowed from some other tongue. Dr. Glaser had the ingenious idea of deriving the Greek *ἄπυρος* (the attributive for gold) from Apir, and recommends Greek scholars to discover whether the word *ἠπειρος* (Epirus, "a shore") is not in some way connected with

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this. As Apir, which Glaser regards as the Ophir of *Genesis*, is the sea-coast of the gold-country Havilah, we should in this way get "coast" or "shore" as the meaning of Apir or Ophir.

Professor Keane rejects this explanation. He (*op. cit.* pp. 86, 87) indentifies Ophir rather with Sapphar, Sapphar with Tafari, which means capital or metropolis. Ophir he simply regards as a capital. However, Keane himself says that his evidence for this derivation "is not overwhelming." I find it contradicts not only the meaning of the word as employed in *Genesis*, where Ophir is mentioned as a strip of land between Saba and Havilah, but also everything that we know about Ophir from *Kings* and *Chronicles*. The author, writing in Jerusalem, would never have said, the navies sailed to "the capital" without mentioning to which capital they sailed. For to the Jewish authors Jerusalem was the capital. We can accordingly disregard Keane's attempt at an explanation.

I think I am in a position to turn the attention of Semitic scholars to a theory that, I trust, rests on a firmer foundation. Couto, a Portuguese writer of the seventeenth century, speaks of the gold-mines of Zambesia, and in doing so makes the following observation: "The richest mines of all are those of Massapa, where they show the Abyssinian mine (Abasian) from which the Queen of Sheba took the greater part of the gold which she gave to King Solomon for his temple. And it is Ophir, for *the Kaffirs call it Fur and the Arabs Afur.*"

So that one may form an idea of the diffusion of this tradition, I beg to point out that the Portuguese received this and similar information from the Arabs

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on the coast and in Sena. These Arabs were the successors and probably the descendants of the old South Arabian conquerors. It appears that a tradition a thousand years old, relating to these names, has been preserved. We are interested in the identification of the name Afur, in which we recognise our A.F.R., with the negro word "Fur." Fur, however, is the Fura of the modern Makalangas, and the mine of which Couto speaks is the always recurring Mount Fura. Now I mentioned in a former chapter that to-day Fura means among the natives of Zambesia a "hole" or a *mine*. They even form a verb *kufura*, which means to dig or to burrow for metal. Thus *kufura nangura*=to dig for iron, *kufura delama*=to dig for gold. If Fura is a negro corruption of the Arabian *Afur*—our A.F.R.—then A.F.R. will also have meant "mine" originally; and if this is no proto-Semitic word, then, perhaps, the Himyarites adopted it at a very early date, certainly long before the composition of *Genesis*, from an African language.

I am strengthened in my assumption by a very interesting fact which I owe to Professor C. Le Neve Foster, namely, that in Cornwall, and similarly in connection with ancient Phœnician workings, a mine is still known as "Wheal Vor." Apparently we have here in "Vor" the same root as in Fur and with the same meaning. My critics will allow that this agreement, at two, geographically, so widely separated points of the old Punic dominions, is in the highest degree significant. I should like students of the old Semitic languages to look round in this direction for further analogies.

In the first chapter of this book I mentioned that

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I consider it probable that our name Africa is the Latin rearrangement of the old Semitic A.F.R. That the adjective *africanus* arose from *Afer* I need not prove, as every fourth-form boy in a public school knows that much. The question is whether the Latin *Afer* is identical with the Semitic A.F.R. This is more than likely, as the question is one of a purely Punic country, from which the Romans adopted this word. There is nothing wonderful in the extension to the whole continent of a name originally confined to the South African mining country. If the ancient South Arabians travelled to Africa on account of gold, it almost follows that their next step would be to designate the goal of their voyages, the actual mining country, by the word A.F.R. The more they afterwards learnt of this continent, the more would this name be extended, till at last it appeared also in North Africa. Its etymology was probably gradually forgotten, as is usually the case. For instance, who now thinks of "Flower-country" when speaking of Florida, or of "South-country" when of Australia, &c.

Just as little does the fact that the Romans also at first meant by Africa a certain region only, the Carthaginian province, contradict this derivation of *Afer* from A.F.R. Here we can positively prove that, in the course of a series of centuries, the local name was extended to the whole continent, and have, therefore, historical analogy for the extension of the old Semitic A.F.R. from a certain district over the whole territory.

I still hold to my point, in despite of numerous objections from most different quarters, that it is very evident that the Romans received their word *Afer*,

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which they applied to the Africans, from the Carthaginians, and that it is nothing but a Latinised form of the ancient Semitic A.F.R. That then from *Afer* arose *africus*, *terra africa*, *Africa*, is no longer an hypothesis, but a well-known philological fact which no one disputes.

What relation exists between the Ophir mentioned in *Genesis*, in connection with this derivation which I have been at such pains to lay bare, is not apparent from the scanty material before us. The Danakil, a Somali tribe on the Gulf of Aden, call themselves Afar. Perhaps they are the tribe mentioned in *Genesis*, which with many other Himyarites crossed over to Africa. Perhaps the Ophirites originally received their name in Arabia, because they were engaged in mining work. The vicinity of golden Havilah and also of Sheba might have occasioned this. Of this, however, we know nothing. Dr. Glaser, writing to me privately, suggests that the Ophirites, like the Azanians or Sabæans, perhaps founded a colony in South Africa as well, and that this was later on the Ophir of the Solomonic epoch. For this also we have no historical evidence, and we need not hark back to any such hypothesis if we can show that A.F.R. or Fura is to this day in South Africa simply the word for "mine." In this case the voyage to Ophir just meant an expedition to the "mining region," perfectly well known to the contemporary world.

Moreover, I entirely agree with Professor Keane and others, that it is dangerous to try and prove much in such cases with etymologies alone. We all know to-day what "Rand" means. How I pity the poor scholars who, many thousand years hence, will

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perhaps have to try and discover from the etymology of the word “ Rand ” whence the London, Berlin, and Paris of the twentieth century obtained their chief supplies of gold !

Let us, therefore, leave this dangerous ground, on which even the most careful and alert investigator is in danger of sinking, and let us return to the firmer soil of archæological fact.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GOAL OF THE OPHIR VOYAGES

WHILE we have been getting a view of the general situation on the Indian Ocean, the navies of Hiram and Solomon have sailed down the Red Sea. That Hiram's servants were in charge of the expedition is clearly shown in the passages already quoted. I find further evidence for this in 1 *Kings* ix. 14-15 as well, where we read:—

“And Hiram sent to the King six score talents of gold. And this is the reason of the levy which King Solomon raised; for to build the house of the Lord and his own house, and Millo, and the wall of Jerusalem and Hazor and Megiddo and Gezer.”

The King of Zidon could, therefore, deliver gold to this amount long before he sent ships to Ophir with Solomon. Thus the Zidonians had apparently discovered the gold-fields already; perhaps it was they who had taken out David's miners. The Book of Judges already tells us “how they dwelt in security, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure” (xviii. 7). The wealth of this old Phœnician trading centre was traditional and proverbial.

Where did these pilots take this allied fleet?

That the expedition found its objective on the south coast of Arabia is unworthy of belief, because the

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caravan roads from Jerusalem to the country of the Queen of Sheba lay overland. If Queen Bilkis herself, the ruler of a transoceanic colonial empire, brought her presents across the desert on camels to Solomon's capital, it is hardly likely that the latter, a purely continental prince, would, for his part, have taken the sea route to the same country. He would have had to have the goods sent from Ezion-geber to Jerusalem by camel-caravan. Is it not more than probable, that, if it had only been a question of an expedition to Arabia, he would have confined himself generally to such caravans?

The chief article of the expeditions to Ophir was gold. Now Eduard Glaser has lately shown us a number of places in Arabia where gold was once worked (see *Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens*, pp. 340-353). But this gold exploitation was apparently confined to small alluvial workings, and was insufficient to explain the great quantities which Solomon alone obtained from the Ophir voyages. Also the old workings which Sir Richard Burton thought he had found in Midian, a district in *Arabia Petraea*, are relegated by Professor Keane to the land of fables. (See *op. cit.* chap. iv.) We see, it is true, from *Kings* x. 15, that Arabian merchants brought gold to Jerusalem. But this, compared with the gold of Ophir, is mentioned as a detail and as a mere trifle, and just this comparison leads us to conclude that Ophir with its gold is not to be looked for in Arabia.

The second great product of Ophir, the ivory, does not fit in with Arabia the least bit, neither does the ebony, nor the *Tukkîm*, whether we regard it as meaning "peacocks" or guinea-fowl. All these point to Africa.

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Now Professor Keane has attempted to show in his book, *The Gold of Ophir: Whence brought and by Whom?* that the gold of Ophir originally came from Rhodesia, but that the harbour of Ophir from which the allied kings had it fetched was situated in South Arabia ; or, rather, that Ophir to the west of Mount Sephar was not the harbour, but rather the capital, in which the gold was bartered. The harbour where the fleets put in was Moscha, which according to Keane means simply "a harbour." Dr. Glaser disputes this etymology of Moscha on linguistic grounds. I myself have a number of objections to formulate against the separation of the Eldorado and the harbour from which the gold was fetched.

Professor Keane maintains that our modern Rhodesia is identical with the Havilah of the Old Testament. But for this astounding assertion he brings not a shred of pertinent evidence. Havilah is mentioned in the tradition of Eden as an Eldorado. But, as Glaser has shown, this Havilah of Eden lay in Eastern Arabia, and that towards the northern end of the Persian Gulf. According to Glaser it is the mountain-range of Jemâma. Keane certainly tries to upset this assumption of Glaser's. But he can produce no argument showing that this Havilah should not be sought for in the region of the lower basin of the Euphrates. His reason for removing it over the wide Indian Ocean to Rhodesia he does not explain. It is true that Rhodesia is an Eldorado, but must it therefore be Havilah? Such an assertion is more than bold, and is devoid of every scientific foundation.

According to Keane "gold of Ophir" is a phrase that became stereotyped ; which might just as well have arisen from the harbour whence the gold was

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shipped as from the country where it was produced. I ask my readers whether the passages quoted above actually support this explanation, or whether they do not rather show the Ophir of the Solomonic era in the light of a gold-producing *country*? But if one could also see good reason for Keane's interpretation in them, one would still have to look for some solid historical foundation in order to accept such a complication of the problem. For it is not enough to arrive at a conclusion from historical sources if one is unable to produce any reason for believing that this conclusion is more probable than the simpler view. The simple "Ophir Problem" is without question more simple than with the perfectly gratuitous admixture of Havilah.

At the same time I need not for a moment refer to such general points of view as these disputed critical sources. I can show directly that the hypothesis of Keane is untenable. It maintains by inference that the Jews bought their gold in the South Arabian Ophir from the Sabæans who washed it in South Africa. The gold is expressly mentioned as a thing apart among the presents which the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon. But it is also separated from the gold which he *bought* from the Arabian traders. But let us put this aside. Let us assume that he sent ships to South Arabia in order to barter there with the Sabæans for South African gold; there still remains the old objection, already stated by Ritter, with what goods could he have purchased such large quantities of the precious metal? Not with silver, for "silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." Nor with precious stones or ivory, for he only obtained these by means of the

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Ophir sailors. What, then, could the King of Judah have sent from a purely agricultural country to Arabia in exchange for gold in vast quantities, ivory, precious stones, ebony, &c. Professor Keane's reply that the Tarshish people (of Sofala) had employed slaves to work the mines, does not affect this objection of mine, for it is not a question of how the Sabæans obtained the gold, but of what the Jews gave the Sabæans in return for it. Keane gives no answer to this question, and he cannot answer it, because our sources give no information on the matter. We find nothing whatever about it in the sources, for the simple reason that the gold of the Ophir voyages was not obtained by barter at all, but by mining, as Eupolemos already tells us, speaking of the Davidian era.

And now in regard to Keane's theory we come to the real surprise. After he has tried to convince us in chapter viii. that the Solomonic Ophir was situated in South Arabia, and that this was the objective of the voyages of Solomon's and Hiram's navies, he goes on to show very lucidly, in chapters xii. and xiii. of his book, that the navies by no means only went as far as South Arabia, that they rather came to Madagascar, where they left lasting cultural influences behind them, and that from Madagascar they crossed to the South African shore opposite. I fully agree with these suppositions, and engage them in support of my own view. But I certify that with this Professor Keane demolishes his own hypothesis. If the fleets of Hiram and Solomon sailed as far as South Africa, they did not therefore remain in South Arabia, and down goes the theory that the gold came from South Africa, but was received by the Mediterranean peoples from South Arabia.

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I recapitulate the reasons why I do not believe that the navy of Kings Hiram and Solomon had South Arabia as their objective.

I do not believe that the ruler of the continental Jewish state sent an expedition by sea to the Sabæan country, when the Queen of the maritime Sabæans undertook an expedition overland to the capital of the country of the Jews.

It is impossible that the Jews themselves worked gold in South Arabia. Also Arabia was not sufficiently rich in gold to deliver the quantities which came to Jerusalem by means of Ophir expeditions.

It is further impossible that Solomon could obtain gold in such quantities as perhaps had come to Arabia from abroad, by barter. His country was not able to produce the necessary articles of barter.

Arabia could not produce the ivory which is named as the second article of the *Ophir* cargoes.

Just as little did Arabia produce the *almuggim* (precious woods), and *tukkiim* (peacocks, or guinea-fowl).

The three years which are mentioned as the duration of the Ophir voyages also speak against looking for their goal in a harbour of Arabia.

Arabian gold found its way to Jerusalem as well as the Ophir gold (see *Kings* x. 15). Perhaps the Parvaim gold which is mentioned in *2 Chronicles* iii. 5-6, belongs to this class: "And the greater house he cieled with fir-tree, which he overlaid with fine gold, and set thereon palm-trees and chains. And he garnished the house with precious stones for beauty, and the gold was gold of Parvaim." This account refers to the building of the temple, which is shown to have occurred before Solomon had ships built in

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Ezion-geber. I am, therefore, of opinion that the commentators who, up to now, in common with Dr. Glaser, have identified Parvaim gold with Ophir gold, are mistaken. I would rather suggest that Parvaim gold is mentioned here in contrast to Ophir gold. It may be that Dr. Glaser is right when he recognises Parvaim in Sak-el-Farwain in North Arabia, and goes back to Havilah for the origin of this gold; although the fact that Farwain is not even mentioned as a mining district, speaks against this. It might be, however, that the name, once applied to a large region, has only lingered on in a single spot.

That the South Arabians of the Solomonic epoch carried on an extensive trade in gold, is quite evident from our traditions. That, however, Hiram and Solomon did not send their fleets to carry on such trading operations, we have seen. We must accordingly assume that they sent expeditions to the fountain-head itself, whence the precious metal was brought to the north, as David did before them. Their fleets, therefore, had not reached their goal when, after the passage through the "Gate of Tears," they swept round the south-western corner of Arabia, but they had to sail further into the mysterious beyond.

Did they sail to the East, towards India? Mankind believed this for a long time. Ophir was sought for in India, ever since the Arabian Muhammedans translated the biblical word India by *El-Hend*. The Septuagint and Flavius Josephus also followed this view. In modern times, however, its most important supporters were Lassen and Karl Ritter.

The reason for this is easily found. India was regarded by the whole of antiquity, and also by

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the Middle Ages, as the mysterious land of inexhaustible riches. Also it was known at an early date that a remotely ancient trade existed between Arabia, and through this from the Mediterranean countries, and the Indian peninsula. But to-day we know that India never belonged to the Eldorados of our planet. It was never a gold-*producing*, but always, and to the present-day, a gold-*importing* country. This fact alone is sufficient to put an end to its claim to be the goal of the biblical voyages to Ophir.

Also the second article of the Ophir voyages, the ivory, has not its home in India. The Indian elephant has, as is well known, small tusks, and these have never been of much importance in the world's commerce.

These things considered, what do the philological speculations of Lassen amount to? Even if he had shown that the Hebrew names of the Ophir articles were of Indian origin, he would not have demonstrated by that that the articles themselves were brought from India.

The relations between the two languages are almost unknown to us; we do not know in which era they reacted upon one another. But Lassen has not proved his assertion, as I have already demonstrated in my book *King Solomon's Golden Ophir* (pp. 20-23). It is quite beside the point for him and Ritter to try and identify the Abhiras at the mouth of the Indus with the biblical Ophirites. For *Abhira*, translated, means "Cowherds," and is, therefore, no tribal name at all. Now cowherds could certainly barter milk or meat or hides with strangers. But when and where have we heard that cowherds dealt in gold at the same time? And, with that, gold in

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such quantities as one must assume from the Bible? They would very soon have left off driving cows.

If the fleets had gone to India to get gold from the warlike Aryan tribes, they would certainly, as in Arabia, have had to buy it. Then the same difficulty arises of discovering what article they could have brought to market in exchange. The difficulty here is an even greater one, because a population of cow-herds was still less in want of the agricultural produce of the Jewish Empire than were the Arabian towns.

What decisively cuts the ground from under the feet of this Indian theory is the fact that no traces of old gold-mines have been found there. No chains of ruins are there which lead one to suppose that a prehistoric mining population once dwelt there. Accordingly, from the point of view which we have taken up over this inquiry, every foundation is lacking for the pursuit of the biblical Ophir on the eastern side of the Indian Ocean; and we must declare that the Alexandrians and Flavius Josephus, Lassen and Karl Ritter, like so many others, were mistaken when they thought that the gold of King Solomon's court had its origin in the East Indies.

If the Ophir voyagers, therefore, did not sail to the eastern side of the Indian Ocean, then only the western side, that is to say, Africa, remains for us to seek for the marks of their presence. And here certainly we shall find them deeply stamped.

In East Africa gold-seekers who came from the north could first of all turn to the oft-mentioned Eldorado of Sasu or Shasu. This lay, according to a description by Cosmas Indicopleustes, some fifty days' journey beyond Axum. If this is right, reckoning the day's journey at ten miles, we should have to look for

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this region at a distance of about five hundred miles from Axum. This would take us, going southwards, to northern Gallaland. I have not heard whether old gold-mines have been discovered in this region. In 1890 Glaser placed the gold district (*Skizze der Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens*, p. 204) between Ras Hafûn and Juba, and in 1899 (*Punt und die süd-arabischen Reiche*, p. 4) in the country east of Lake Rudolph.

We can ascertain which district is meant more exactly from Egyptian tradition. Sos or Shasu means herdsmen or Bedâwin (Bedouin). The word appears in the well-known name Hyksos (herdsmen, or shepherd-kings). The Hyksos were undoubtedly Semites, and, additionally, they came to Egypt from the North-west Arabian steppes. They are indicated as Amu in Egyptian monuments. (See papyrus Sallier II. in the British Museum, the inscription of Hatshepsut in the temple of rocks, known as Spero-Artemidos, south of Beni Hassan, &c.—compare Flinders Petrie, *A History of Egypt*, vol. ii.)

Now the Egyptians had relations of several kinds with the country of the Shasu, which lay to the south of their own territory. King Thotmes III. takes the following tribute from them (Petrie, vol. ii. p. 121): 197 male and female slaves, 229 mares, 2 *deben* of golden bowls, 12 *quent* of golden rings, 30 *deben* of real lapis lazuli, silver bowls, a large bowl, a vase in the shape of a bull's head, 325 different vases with rings of silver, a carriage, white precious stones, and a number of other precious stones from this country. In addition, frankincense, different oils, pots full of honey, 1,405 jars of wine, 84 bulls, 1,183 head of small stock, bronze, &c., all the produce of this country.

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We see that the tribute of Shasu mostly consists of precious metals and precious stones, and these worked by craftsmen. But horses and cattle are also included.

I think we ought not to go so far south as Lake Rudolph. This description does not match that barren district in the least degree. That Sasu and Shasu are one and the same region is a matter of course. It is not possible that there was an Eldorado called Shasu and another called Sasu. The Egyptians, however, had regular overland relations with Shasu. This must be borne in mind in contrast to Punt, whence the course was by sea. That the inhabitants belonged to the Punic race is evident from the name. They were one with the Bedouin tribes of Hyksos, who ground Egypt under their iron rule for 511 years. In spite of the description in Cosmas, I suggest that it was a question of Bedouin tribes in the Nubian desert. Here old gold-mines have been found, here we have still a cattle-rearing nomadic population of *shasu*. Then we remain in the region of the Red Sea with the gold-country Sasu. In support of this assumption may I point out that the name Nuba does not refer to the people who live there in Egypt, but to a southern country rich in gold (Nub)? How intimate the relations between Egypt and Nubia were is not only proved by the chain of ancient gold-mines on the Nubian-Arabian coast, but by a series of other ancient Egyptian monuments in this country. Temples dating from the remotest times standing in the middle of the sand-desert, with an avenue of sphinxes at Sebuah, at Assouan, and other places, demonstrate that we are here within the sphere of the genuine civilisation of the Pharaohs.

The harbour for this district is Suakim. Now the

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fleets of Solomon and Hiram could certainly have put in here to take up their gold. Was not Solomon the son-in-law of the reigning Pharaoh, Psusennes II.? But for such an assumption our sources afford no single critical justification. Had the Ophir voyages had any connection whatsoever with the Kingdom of the Pharaohs, we should surely find some trace of this in our biblical authorities. As this is not the case, we have no right to set up such a supposition, even as a hypothesis. Further, the objections which we had to raise against Arabia and India also affect the country of Shasu standing under Egyptian suzerainty. The Jews could not dig for precious metals here themselves, in the midst of a highly-developed mining population, and would therefore have had to buy them. With what could they pay for them?

This objection also arises if we look for the country of the Sasu in a more southerly direction, say in Gallaland, or, with Glaser, even on Lake Rudolph. We cannot avoid the Egyptian sphere of rule, and we are always confronted with an equally civilised population, who not only worked their mines themselves, but were also capable goldsmiths. Here, therefore, we cannot look for the objective of the Solomonian Ophir voyages. The gold-seekers of Asia Minor had, for good or ill, to sail past Sasu, or, rather, the country of the Bedouin.

But in this case the goal of their journey could only be the country between the Zambesi and Sabi; for no other ancient gold-mine country has been shown to exist in South Africa. From Cape Guardafui to the Mozambique Coast no finds of gold in the hinterland enter into the question, and nowhere have

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old gold-mines and ruins been discovered. Here, therefore, we must not look for the goal of the Ophir voyages. But south of the Zambesi we find everything we require, as I now intend to demonstrate. I think that I shall be able finally to convince the reader who has followed me thus far that here and here only one ought to look for the A.F.R. of the South Arabians.

What, then, is necessary for this proof? First of all we must establish that there really exists a clear and unmistakable gold formation in the region which



MASS OF ROCK FROM WHICH THE ANCIENTS EXTRACTED GOLD.

claims to be the ancient Ophir. For this the evidence of a few quotations from authors showing that gold was once obtained here or there is insufficient. What we want is an indisputable geological proof.

After that we must demonstrate that ancient nations really worked gold in these gold formations; and that to such an extent that the immense quantities mentioned in the Bible and elsewhere are explained without difficulty. It is not enough to point to one or another ancient mine; we must show an extensive district covered with mines, all worked on a large scale.

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Finally, we must find there clear remains of proto-Semitic civilisation, for the question is one of ancient Semitic enterprises, of the rule of South Arabian tribes, of expeditions jointly undertaken by Jews and Phœnicians.

All this we can show in the regions between the Zambesi and the Sabi, but nowhere else on the Indian Ocean. Here we find one of the richest and most extensive gold formations existing on our planet. Here many thousands of old mines have been found which were sunk to a depth of 50, 150, 400, 600, 900 to 4,000 feet ; and from which millions of tons of gold-ore must have once been extracted. Hall and Neal, in their highly useful book just published, *The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia*, enumerate over 240 modern mines in which such ancient workings occur in great numbers. This chain of ancient gold-mines stretches from the north of the Zambesi to the Murchison Mountains in the Transvaal ; from Gorongosa and the Lower Sabi to beyond the Hanyati, and as far as Bechuanaland to the west. Hall and Neal estimate that the area of this region is 750,000 square miles with about 75,000 ancient workings. Here, at last, we find the ancient ruins, whole cities, fortresses, and temples, estimated to number some five hundred, characterised throughout by the civilisation of the Himyarites of South Arabia, and by the symbols of the ancient worship of Baal-Ashera.

What other country in the whole world can enter the lists in the face of these facts ?

If I can further add to this that even the erstwhile name A.F.R. has, though corrupted, lingered on in different parts of this region, my case is proved, not only by indirect means, but positively and unmistakably.

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First of all, let me enumerate briefly the evidence which my own observation has afforded me on my expeditions in these countries.

On the Zambesi, east of the Lupata Gorge, opposite Lake Rufumbo, we found the old half-fabulous district of Fura again, with its ancient ruins which still showed plainly that they formed part of the old Semitic sphere of civilisation. The wall round the middle of the hill, the betylâe, the phallus that I found by chance, are typical of Punic buildings. Round these ancient ruins, from which the figure of Baal looks down on us across thousands of years, lives the Makalanga nation, which in its worship of the Kabulu Kagoro has preserved the old Semitic natural religion until the present day. Here, as thousands of years since, sacrifices are still made to Baal on the hills and heights, fire-worship is still practised, and stones like the pillar of Sherele are still objects of religious veneration. The traditions of Punic antiquity have developed without a break up to the present day. Simultaneously, the mining of the precious metal has gone on here steadily from the time of the ancient pioneers, and still continues.

I consider the Makalanga to be the actual bastard race that arose from the Punic immigrants and the original African population. Hall and Neal (*op. cit.* pp. 121-139) give many interesting particulars about this race; but they do not come to quite the same conclusions as myself, because they rely on the descriptions of travellers who have only learnt to know the Makalanga as a subject race; the Makalaka in Matabeleland and the Mashonas, but not the independent tribes in Macombeland. Bent, Sir John Willoughby, Selous, the missionary G. Cullen,

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H. Reed are all occupied with the scattered fragments in the west, while the national customs and observances have naturally been most purely preserved in the independent kingdom of the east. My observations of this portion of the Makalanga were, accordingly, bound to yield clearer results, more especially in so far as they concern the disclosure of the worship of Kabulu.

Certainly the centre of gravity of the old settlement did not lie in the lower eastern half, but on the higher tablelands of the west, and there we still find the actual ruins of the Himyaritic monuments upon which for the most part our conception of this historical epoch is based.

If we turn from Macombe's land to the west, we have to cross the Gavaresi and Ruenje Rivers in which the Makalanga wash gold regularly and from whose banks many an old gold-mine, numerous stone enclosures, and aqueducts, remind one of the era of ancient South African history.

South of Macombe's country the ruins of Inyanga tower like a mysterious note of interrogation written by some vanished and forgotten hand. In the account of my travels I have attempted a description of these ruins, which, as I see, is in general agreement with the reports which Hall and Neal publish in their book (*op. cit.* pp. 350-367). They consist of circular or four-cornered stone enclosures which are scattered in immense quantities over the whole country, and in several places assume the character of large townships, with a diameter of up to six miles. These enclosures are in places five feet high. Below them are open spaces which were apparently used as temples for sacrifices, the altar looking towards the east. The

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stones of these buildings are worked in exactly the same way as those we found by the Fura ruins, and of which I have brought several specimens to London. The same nation was apparently at work here as there. One can also find evidences of the worship of the sun in Inyanga. Here also, as in Macombe's country, the mountains played a part in religion, and everywhere one finds the phallus, the symbol of the obscene worship of Baal. Among the ruins in the Inyanga Valley all travellers noticed, as I did, the remarkable pit-like buildings sunk in the earth, walled in with cyclopean stones, and provided with covered side-passages. As I see from the account of Hall and Neal, all other explorers are of the opinion that here we have ancient slave-prisons before us. To this theory I still oppose my conclusions formed on the spot. In the rainy season such pits were uninhabitable. Many of them, too, are unmistakably connected with ancient conduits. After all, one could hold one's slaves just as securely by means of chains in those old days as to-day. For the above theory one can certainly advance that the Romans learnt to lay down similar underground slave-pits from the Carthaginians in North Africa, and that they therefore represent an ancient Semitic invention. I must accordingly leave the explanation of these remarkable monuments alone for the present. What is strange is that such underground buildings only occur in Inyanga and Manicaland, but not within the sphere of the so-called Zimbabwe civilisation further south.

That in Inyanga—and, as I can add, in Fura—the ruins are altogether different from the Zimbabwe type as presented to us by Mauch, Bent, Hall and Neal, and others, has been noticed by all travellers in Inyanga.

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Since I was in these districts I have had the conviction that we are here confronted with two different Punic immigrations. One used the Zambesi as its gate of entry, pressed past Inja-ka-Fura towards the west, crossed the Ruenje, and finally took possession of Inyanga and Manicaland. The other entered by way of Sofala, and, advancing towards the west, followed the Sabi, and from thence pressed onward to Southern Mashonaland and to Matabeleland. The first wave was the older, and has left the rougher cyclopean ruins behind it. The second was without question the more powerful, and stood on a much higher plane of civilisation. A comparison between the Zimbabwe buildings and the coarse ruins of Fura-Inyanga makes this clear at the first glance. Both, however, professed the proto-Semitic Nature-worship; both were from South Arabia.

This is indubitable. Perhaps an explanation of these differences lies in the fact that Rhapta, the southernmost harbour of the Azanians, lay at the mouth of the Zambesi close to the modern Quilimane; while Sofala, the port of entry of the southern migration, belonged to the Sabæans. That the northern migration is older is not only evident from the more pronounced character of the cyclopean buildings, but perhaps also from the superior navigability of the Zambesi, and the closer proximity of Rhapta to South Arabia. At certain seasons Arab traders were in the habit of sailing up the Zambesi as far as the Lupata Gorge in their ocean dhows as late as the beginning of the last century. The village on the left bank of the Zambesi before one comes to the Lupata Gorge is to this day known as Bandera or Bandar, a purely Arabian name. A Portuguese telegraph station is now there. One

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could never sail the Sabi with such boats. Traffic here would probably always have been conducted by means of roads running alongside the river. A broad stream like the Zambesi must, therefore, have invited a seafaring nation to venture on an advance inland much earlier than a small river. Accordingly I consider it probable that the enterprising South Arabians originally used this high-road to the mining regions, and I think that the ruins of Fura and Inyanga date from the first epoch of ancient Semitic immigration.

If the Inyanga pits are slave prisons they were certainly built by Semites and not by negroes. Domestic slavery never took so severe a shape with the negroes as to call for such precautions. But with the Semites such pits were general, as we are taught by the history of the Phœnician, and especially the Carthaginian settlements in North Africa and Sicily.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ANCIENT ELDORADO

AS the most remarkable peculiarity of the Inyanga ruins the traveller first notices the enormous terraces built on the slopes and mountains, which I have described in a former chapter. Mr. Edwards (see Hall and Neal, p. 356) reckons that these terraces cover an area of 150 English square miles, or 27,878,400 square feet, and that 261,773,750 tons of rock were required to carry them out.

When confronting these terraces we are also face to face with a dark secret. Dr. Schlichter, who, it is true, only passed through Inyanga, suggests that there are essential differences between the ruins of the mountain and those of the valley. He does not consider that the terraces are ancient. I would, however, like to ask where else in Africa negroes have executed so vast a quantity of work. In no negro country have I seen or heard anything of such laying out of terraces on the heights. Such a labour reminds one more of the builders of the pyramids than of the habits of the negro.

All travellers, quoted by Hall and Neal, believe that the terraces were planned for agricultural purposes, so as to obtain more room for the growing of grain. This also was my first impression when I saw them. I

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should, however, like to point out that while one might possibly have laid out terraces on the heights for this purpose, one would never have covered these heights with walls of rock. Do Schlichter, Edwards, and the others, then, think that the natives hoped to grow *mapire* or maize on stone walls? Also I would like to see whether grain grows at all on this cold and windy escarpment of Inyanga. Even in the valley the climate is in no way favourable to the growth of grain, as Messrs. Grimmer and Norris on Rhodes's Farm bear witness. The theory that thousands of years ago Inyanga was a South African granary founders on the fact that the conditions for growing grain there to-day are so unfavourable. It must, broadly speaking, always have been a grazing country.

I agree with Edwards and others that there was once an epoch when Inyanga was very densely populated. But I do not think that a dense negro population ever lived there. For where would it have gone away to? Accordingly, I cannot believe that the mountain terraces were built by negroes. And, if we do not assume that they served agricultural purposes, then certainly everything gets wrapped up in a mysterious darkness.

In Inyanga one comes across a few traces of ancient gold-workings, but they are insignificant, and in no way explain the gathering together of so vast a number of people as the square and circular stone enclosures suggest.

Where economic reasons in explanation of pre-historic ruins are absent, we are as a rule forced back on religious opinions and practices. Whether this is the case in Inyanga I dare not decide. Perhaps

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it was the religious centre of the oldest Semitic settlement in South Africa. The area of these terraces, as already stated, is reckoned by Edwards as embracing 150 square miles. As a matter of fact the chief belt lies about fifteen to twenty miles south of Nhani, where we also found the ruins of the largest settlement at the foot of the terraced heights. Was this perhaps the seat of the High Priest of the ancient population and the centre of their religious celebrations? And were the terraces a part of this essential side of Semitic national life?

Inyanga means "moon" in the language of the natives, and this name has everywhere certain supernatural associations. Is it, possibly, a reminiscence of an historical period when this country was the centre of a worship of the heavenly bodies, such as the proto-Semites spread over all the zones of our planet? I do not know, and leave this question open to further research. It is sufficient to have established here that we also find the ruins of an ancient Semitic past in Inyanga, differing from the Zimbabwe type, but apparently older than this, and that the Inyanga type is the same as the one we found on the Zambesi.

The ruins of a later date in Inyanga do not interest us in connection with this inquiry. A Portuguese epoch is plainly shown here, as Dr. Schlichter has already observed. I personally, through the kindness of Mr. Birch, of Umtali, came into possession of a large number of coins which were found in this country. Among them are a Dutch gold coin of the year 1598, perhaps struck on the spot from Inyanga gold, three silver coins, and thirty-three copper coins of different nationality. All this proves

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that Inyanga was the centre of a lively business intercourse even down to recent times.

The remains in Manicaland join on to the Inyanga ruins. Only here we have a pronounced gold-mine country before us, with workings of most different periods. That the ruins of Inyanga and Manicaland belong to the same class is evident from the fact that here as there we find the same style of



AN OLD MINE WITH CHARACTERISTIC STONES.

underground buildings, as well as circular or four-cornered stone enclosures. Mr. Levan found two of these "slave-pits" east of our Count Moltke Mine in the Inyamkarara Valley.

The old workings were essentially alluvial. Here are many rapidly flowing brooks, and therefore much gold is brought down to the valley. In Revuë, Inyamkarara, Chimesi, Mudza, everywhere one finds

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alluvial gold, and in every place old workings. On the "Graf Moltke" alone we found no less than three hundred. The Portuguese, when they saw this district for the first time, under Homem, in the year 1570, found the natives busily engaged in gold-washing. This has continued until our own day. The different epochs can be very plainly distinguished in the alluvial mines. Where shafts are found at a depth of over fifty feet, one can generally reckon that they were not sunk originally by negroes, who usually confine themselves to washing the sand in the rivers.

It is to be hoped that under the guidance of the sagacious and energetic Captain d'Andrade, the Director of Mines in Macequeçe, a collection of Manica antiquities will be brought together. Here we still find clear evidences of ancient South Arabian culture, as, for instance, several gravestones. I possess a photograph of such a gravestone, which is owned by Captain d'Andrade. It is clearly of Himyaritic origin. The lines which are carved into it and the hole-like points arranged in circles represent ancient symbolic communications. One finds them over the whole field of the most ancient Punic settlements. Monsieur Pacotte told me of other remarkable gravestones in the Manica district. I will give this matter my special attention when I return to that country.

The Manicas, like the Mashonas and the inhabitants of Inyanga, belong to the great Makalanga nation, and Macombe also enjoys a certain religious authority among them.

If we turn from Macequeçe and Umtali towards the south, we find on the Upper Umbvumvumbvu, in the basin of the Sabi, just on the frontier between Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, a number of old workings

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connected with precious stones, probably, however, only semi-precious stones. Here, at the time of writing, an Umtali syndicate is prospecting. I was shown specimens by Messrs. Howard and Myburg in Umtali, but I do not know whether real diamonds were among them. Be that as it may, it is interesting all the same that ancient precious-stone mines are shown to have existed in this region at all. We do not know what sort of precious stones were brought by the Ophir voyagers to Jerusalem. Perhaps they were only semi-precious. In the Sabi region such have been shown to exist, and Solomon's servants could therefore have fetched them thence.

On the Upper Sabi we come to ruins of the Zimbabwe type, as we have seen and shall see again. There, in the summer of 1901, I ascertained the presence of ancient copper-mines, extending over a distance of twenty-five miles, and with that I demonstrated that this important mining product of ancient times was actually mined in this part of the earth some thousands of years ago. This is, anyhow, an important complement to the discovery of the ancient gold-mines of South Africa.

My own discoveries have, therefore, shown that the zone of the ancient Semitic ruins reaches to the Lupata Gorge on the Lower Zambesi, and that the ruins there belong to the Inyanga type. They have shown that some South Arabian practices, above all the unmixed worship of Baal, still survive among the Makalanga of to-day. They have, I think, thrown new light on the ruins of Inyanga, and established that ancient copper-mines exist on the Sabi. By their means I believe that I have contributed something towards the unravelment of the Himyaritic era



A CONICAL TOWER, ZIMBABWE.

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of South African history ; among this the fact that the Zambesi lay in the sphere of Himyaritic enterprise is especially of interest. This river was apparently a highway for the most ancient Semitic migration to South Africa. These Semites came from South Arabia and worshipped Baal and Ashtaroth. These we can now regard as established facts.

I can, however, only regard these points as an expansion of the material evidences in support of a Himyaritic historical era discovered long before my expeditions in South Africa. This body of proof has for its centre the ruins of Zimbabwe in South-eastern Mashonaland and the many other ruins of the same character scattered over the whole zone particularised above. Every year new light is thrown over this mass of discoveries. Since Carl Mauch discovered the great ruins of Zimbabwe in 1871, and Theodore Bent, with Mr. Swan, explored them in detail in 1891, a number of savants and travellers have explained and sifted the material before us in every direction. Of these, I but mention Sir John Willoughby, Dr. Schlichter, Professor A. H. Keane, and, above all others, Messrs. Hall and Neal. It only remains for me to enumerate briefly the facts which have come to light through the labours of these men, in so far as they belong to the inquiry before us. I can limit myself to this, and for the rest refer the reader to the comprehensive volume of Hall and Neal.

Zimbabwe is a Bantu word, and means "house of stone."

Zimba (*Kiswahili nyumbwa*) the plural of *imba*, *bwe* a corruption of *mabwe*=stone. The word is therefore no special name for a special place, but a general designation. Actually all the seats of chiefs

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in the Makalanga territory, *e.g.*, the Misongwe of Macombe, are still called *Zimbabwes*. Zimbabwe was therefore not the name of the famous ruin at the time that the Himyarites dwelt there, but the negroes of to-day call the place thus.

In any case we have the most important ruin of the Himyaritic period in the whole of South Africa before us. Zimbabwe was the capital and the religious centre of the ancient colony. Here lived the Governor, here was the centre of the national worship. All the other ruins, of which up to the present over two hundred have been explored, according to Hall and Neal, are smaller buildings in the style of these enormous ruins.

As evidence in explanation of these South African ruins we can now accept the following :—

1. They belong throughout to the system of the Himyaritic and Phœnician cultural sphere. They are analogous with the ancient Semitic ruins of South Arabia, of Socotra, of Phœnicia, of Sardinia, of Corsica, &c. They exhibit all the characteristics of Nature-worship as practised by the proto-Semites. Sun, moon, and stars were adored ; Baal and Ashtaroth were the chief deities of the rulers of these places.

2. Professor Keane (*op. cit.* p. 162) shows that the fragment of an inscription found by Theodore Bent in Zimbabwe is written in proto-Arabian, in Himyaritic characters and those of the Minæan-Sabæan type.

3. Dr. Schlichter has established from the so-called "Zimbabwe Zodiac," which was in the possession of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that at the time of the Zimbabwe civilisation the sun entered the sign of Taurus at the beginning of the year. This carries us

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back to 1100 B.C. as the era in which this zodiac was in use. The great temple of Zimbabwe must have been erected somewhere about that time. My readers will remember that the Ophir voyages of Solomon and Hiram did not begin till about a century later.

4. But Hall and Neal teach us in chapter xii. of their book that the South African ruins by no means belong to a single period. They divide them, rather, into four periods and give (pp. 168-171) the characteristics of each. The first is the most perfect in style and execution, the second is less massive and less elaborated, the third is clumsier still, and the fourth, one of decadence or imitation by native races. That the great temple of Zimbabwe was not the first building erected by the South Arabian conquerors is plain. Its distance from the coast must alone be against this supposition. Centuries must have elapsed after the first appearance of the Punic gold-seekers before they, marching stream-upwards along the Sabi, established themselves in the tablelands of Mashonaland. We may, therefore, undoubtedly go far back into the second millenary B.C. for the beginning of this historical era.

5. All these buildings stand in connection with gold-mines. The golden ornaments as well as the utensils that have been found near Zimbabwe and other ruins are the exact counterparts of the Phœnician discoveries in other parts of the world. The old workings are, as we have seen, estimated by Hall and Neal to reach the enormous number of 75,000, and millions of tons of gold ore have been dug here in distant ages. There can be no question but that the actual Eldorado of the Himyaritic era was situated here. Without question, also, most of the gold which

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found its way at second-hand to the Mediterranean, even as far as Rome, was obtained here. From here the South Arabians fetched it, and distributed it further



TUMBLEDOWN WALLS, ZIMBABWE.

to the north. That the purchasing Northerners did not get to know of this actual source is accounted for by the peculiar commercial policy of the Punic nations,

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who guarded the secret of their original sources most jealously. In this respect the Himyarites of the south differed in no way from the Phœnicians of the north.

The five facts which I have enumerated here are no hypotheses, but are proofs derived from the actual ruins of South Africa, and stand on as firm foundations as the documentary traditions that have come down to us from the land of the Pharaohs, or from Nineveh and Babylon. It only remains for me to draw such conclusions as relate to the inquiry in which we are engaged.

What, then, was the name borne by these ancient and enormous gold-fields?—this Eldorado, which must have been as well known to the Semitic nations of ancient history as the Rand or Klondyke are known to the educated classes of to-day?

When in the year 1505 the Portuguese commander Alvarez de Cahal was the first European to enter Sofala, the whole region extending from the Zambesi downwards to the Limpopo was known as the kingdom of Sofala, whose ruler was named Monomotapa. The name Sofala was not confined to the modern harbour of that name, but it included the whole of the ancient gold-fields. This was the name by which the Arabians of the fourteenth century knew this district and spoke of it to the Portuguese. But it occurs centuries before in the works of the Arabian geographers.

Masoudi (890–947 A.D.) writes : “ Sofala is the goal of the sailors of Oman and Sylaf. . . . It is a country full of gold and rich in wonderful things and very fruitful.” This does not refer to the neighbourhood of Sofala, for there is no gold there, nor is it very fruitful ; but it refers to the gold-fields of the interior.

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Edrisi (1100 A.D.) Ibn Sayd (1250 A.D.), and other Arabian writers also call Sofala an Eldorado.

The name Sofala, as applied to the ancient gold-fields, is met with many centuries back in Arabian literature. We come across it about 900 A.D. It can hardly be questioned that it was handed down to the Arabians of Masoudi's time from ages most remote.

This name Sofala or Sofara is at the time of the Septuagint the accepted name for the Ophir of the Solomonic era. The Septuagint translates Ophir with : *Σορφίρ*, *Σορφείρ*, *Σωφίρ*, *Σωφείρ*, *Σωφηρά*, *Σωφαρά*. The last form is identical with Sofala, as *l* and *r* are interchangeable. Sofala is still pronounced Sofara among the Makalanga. Gesenius, our greatest Hebrew authority, says that this precise form of Ophir has arisen out of the Egyptian prefix *Sa*, meaning "Land." Sofala, accordingly, means literally "Ophir-land."

The Arabians of the ninth century, therefore, called this mining region in South Africa Ophir-land. De Barros (1496-1570), gives us a demarcation of Sofala in his *Asia*, First Decade, book x. chap. i.¹ :—

"All the land which we include in the kingdom of Sofala is a great region ruled by a heathen prince called Benomotapa; it is enclosed like an island by two arms of a river which issues from the most considerable lake in all Africa. . . . The river, which flows towards Sofala after issuing from this lake, and has a long course, divides into two branches. One reaches the coast this side Cape Corrientes, and is the river which we formerly called the Rio da Lagoa, and now the Rio do Espirito Santo (Limpopo), lately fixed by Lourenço Marques,

¹ Following the English translation of Professor Keane.

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who discovered it in 1545, and the other branch debouching twenty-five leagues above Sofala is called the Cuama, although other people inland call it Zambere (Zambesi). This branch is much the more copious, being navigable for over 250 leagues, and into it fall these six large rivers—Panhames (Hanyani?), Luamgusa (Oangwa), Arruya (Ruia), Manjovo (Majova), Inadire (?), and Ruenia (Ruenje), all of which water Benomotapa's land, and most of them carry down much gold which is yielded by that land. Thus these two branches, with the sea on the other side, form this great kingdom of Sofala into an island, which may have a circuit of over 750 leagues."

De Barros wrote this, basing his information on Arabian sources. I again beg to call attention to the already-quoted passage of Eupolemos, according to which King David sent miners to the *Island* of Urphe or Upher. Presumably Sofala was regarded as an island from the most ancient times.

I have repeatedly mentioned that a number of name-sounds recalling a Sabæan era still exist in this mining country of Sofala. The Sabi River, whose upper stream is called Ru- or Lu-Sapi, Massapa near Inja-ka-Fura, Massapa to the south of Sena, Umsapa, in Melsetter, all these reach our ears like a muffled memory recalling some grey and hoary past, some historical era when the Sabæans were masters here and worked the gold of the country.

A distinct remnant of the A.F.R. period of this region has lingered on in the names of the different Furas. We have seen that the Makalanga translate the word Fura by "mine," that Coutos says the Arabians called it "Afur." It is significant when

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Coutos says: "And it is Ophir, for the Kaffirs call it 'Fur' and the Arabs 'Afur.'" He does not consider it necessary to prove the identity of the words Afur and Ophir. Coutos also based his account on Arabian information. His discoveries, therefore, prove that the Arabians of his day



OLD WALLS, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF A CHIMNEY.

considered Afur, Ophir, and Sofala to be identical. Coutos' interpretation is confirmed by the Atlas of 1705 which I found, and which says:—

"Near this place (Massapa), is the great mountain of Fura, very rich in gold, and there are people who maintain that this name Fura is a corruption of Ophir." This derivation would be somewhat forced without

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the interpolation of the Arabian Afur. I know of a Fura in the region of the Zambesi: Inja-ka-Fura on the Lupata Gorge, another Inja-ka-Fura opposite Tete, Fu-Fura on the eastern slope of the mountains that run down to the Gavaresi, and Fura, identical with Mount Darwin, in Eastern Mashonaland. I am convinced that one would find more places with similar sounding names in Zambesia. They have lingered on at certain places from an era when the country was still called A.F.R. by the Himyarites, and not as yet Sofala.

I should lay little weight on these etymological facts if I had not the powerful foundation of the ruins and archæological discoveries whereon the edifice of my body of proof rests as on bed-rock. Taken together with these, however, they are final and decisive, and I do not see how anybody will be able to doubt that the Ophir problem has at last found its scientific solution.

Let us make a final summary :—

It is shown that in South Africa far back in the second thousand years before Christ a Himyaritic colony existed, whose area was about 750,000 square miles. It is shown that the great temple of Zimbabwe was built about 1100 B.C., that is to say, about a century before Solomon sent ships to Ophir. It is shown that the Sabæans, the allies of Solomon, were predominant here at that time. It is shown that throughout this whole region gold was mined on a large scale at that time, but that precious stones, copper, and tin were also obtained here. All the other products of the Ophir voyages—ivory, ebony, apes, indiarubber (*almuggin*), and guinea-fowl—were also obtainable here.

AN ANCIENT ELDORADO

Let us look round the shores of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. What other country exists in this region that could oppose these facts?

To this is added, that this old Himyaritic mining country was called by the Arabians in the ninth century A.D. by the name into which the word Ophir had been already transformed at the time of the translation of the Septuagint—the name Sofala, which the Portuguese still found current in the sixteenth century, and which has been preserved on a portion



RUINS AT ISIGA (I.).

of the coast down to the present day. That the translators of the Septuagint did not change the name to Sofara on purpose, but wished to designate therewith a geographical region that was once regarded as identical with the Ophir of the Solomonic era, is clear from the fact that they indicated the Ophir of *Genesis* with *Ὀφείρ*, the Ophir of Solomon with Sophira or Sophara. Thus they showed quite clearly that they regarded both as distinct places and pointed to the Sofala region that we know.

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With this my chain of evidence is complete. To-day already it is indestructible, but I am sure that every year new discoveries will forge its separate links more firmly together.

It only remains for us to form a clear picture as to how the entry of Jewish-Phœnician enterprise into this Himyaritic "sphere of influence" may be historically explained. For this we must certainly point to the connection which is characterised by the visit of Queen Bilkis to Jerusalem. A.F.R. was not so much a Himyaritic colony as one of those Punic settlements for the purposes of exploitation which we find in all parts of the world of that day. As in our modern South Africa, there was then also elbow-room for the gold-seekers of various nations. What the Queen of Sheba granted the two allies was surely not that she employed her servants to dig gold for them, which they only had to take away, or we would certainly hear of this in our records. But she permitted her northern neighbours to go to the gold-fields opened up by the South Arabians, and there lay out their own gold-mines. She gave them what we would describe to-day as a comprehensive mining concession. If we do not take this view, then all the objections that we raised elsewhere against a possible acquisition of gold by purchase would come into force. Or do people imagine that the Sabæans in South Africa might possibly have made the Jews and Phœnicians a present of their gold? Even three thousand years ago they would not have thrown their gold away in this fashion.

"Every three years once came the King's ships." Herein lies the key to the final understanding of the most interesting of all historical episodes. The road

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from the coast to the actual gold-fields must at that time have been fully completed, as the great ruins in Zimbabwe, which were built over a hundred years before the arrival of the Jews, demonstrate. All these Semitic nations possessed waggons, and South Africa was always a country with plenty of oxen. Under any circumstances, the necessary means of transport were there, as the flow of gold proves, which without halt streamed from here to Arabia.



RUINS AT INSIGA (II.).

Without a doubt under Solomon the Jews participated actively themselves in the work of mining, as we learn directly was the case under David. They had their own mines, and every three years Solomon's ships brought the gold of these mines with other products of the country to Jerusalem.

Whether they took the Zambesi road or the Sofala-Manica route on their progress inland; whether, therefore, they paid more attention to the northern or to the southern mines, history does not relate.

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We can only say that the Arabians of the sixteenth century were of the former opinion, which we accordingly find expressed in the literature of the period of the Portuguese conquistadors. The stories about Mount Fura on the Zambesi and about the "Abyssinian Mine" from which the Queen of Sheba received her gold, and round which were the stone houses of Solomon's miners, point in this direction. I must leave this undecided. That we, in order to settle this matter, must not turn our attention to relics of



OLD RUINS AT BULAWAYO.

the worship of Jehovah is clear, as Solomon at the time he was engaged in these enterprises was himself completely fallen back into the cult of Baal, in which course he was probably influenced by his connection with the Phœnicians and the Sabæans and the general political trend of the second half of his reign. The worship of Jehovah was at that time only a local and secret cult of the Jews, while Baal and Ashtaroth and their following governed the Punic world, to which also the Jews belonged.

AN ANCIENT ELDORADO

No matter what roads the Jews may have taken after they had anchored, the keels of the ships of Hiram and Solomon, once they had passed Socotra, turned, with the north-east monsoon, towards the south-west ; they sailed along the East African coast, and anchored at one of the harbours from whence they could reach the gold-mines between the Zambesi and the Limpopo, at the Ophir of the Old Testament records.

CHAPTER XV

GOAL OF THE VOYAGES TO PUNT

IN 1896 Brugsch suggested that Ophir and Punt may have been one and the same region. Each was an Eldorado reached by sea, and the nature of the cargoes brought back from the ancient Egyptian expeditions to Punt was very similar to that of the articles mentioned in our accounts of the Ophir expeditions of King Solomon.

Now Glaser, whom I follow in this matter, has shown that the Punt, Pwnt or Pön-at of the Egyptian inscriptions, was not the name of a single state, but an ethnographical term embracing the whole Punic world on the Indian Ocean, from the Persian Gulf past Babel-Mandeb, and as far as the region beyond Abyssinia westwards, and the coast of East Africa to beyond Cape Corrientes. This I have explained in the foregoing chapter.

The question which the celebrated German Egyptologist has started is therefore not whether Ophir was situated in the domains of this general region of Punt but a clearly defined inquiry as to whether the Egyptians brought their gold from the same district in Punt in the sixteenth century B.C. as that from which, five or six centuries later, the yellow metal reached Jerusalem.

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We have seen that the Pharaohs of that time had their own gold-fields in the country of the *Shasu*, the Bedouins in the south of their kingdom. But communication with this country was overland, and this district is clearly differentiated from the objective of the celebrated expedition to Punt under Queen Hatschepsu, which was an enterprise by sea, and that with a fleet of eight ocean-going sailing-vessels. Whither was this ocean-expedition directed?



BRINGING TRIBUTE FROM PUNT.

(From Prof. Flinders Petrie's "*History of Egypt*!.")

Before I turn to the examination of this question, I may remark that from my studies of the Punt problem, I have arrived at the conclusion that the Egyptian records do not always apply to one and the same separate state; but that one time it is this and another time it is that region of the wide expanse covered by Glaser's characterisation that is meant, and repeatedly it is unmistakably a question of regions on the Red Sea. I will confine myself here to in-

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quiring whether the expedition which (according to Flinders Petrie) was sent to Punt by Queen Hatshepsu about 1550 B.C. did not, perhaps, go to the country which we proved in our last chapter to have been the objective of the Solomonic Ophir voyages. That this country formed a portion of the Egyptian Punt we know from Glaser. It is also, on the face of it, possible that the Egyptian *Amu*-gold of the Punt expeditions came from Mashonaland or Manicaland and not from the country of the Shasu, which was more or less an Egyptian province, while we are expressly told of Punt that the Egyptians appeared there for the first time. There was, however, no third Eldorado in East Africa at that time. It is very easy to say that the voyage was to Somaliland. But one should show how and where the Egyptians could collect their different Punt cargoes in Somaliland. Also to solve the Punt problem we must adopt the same point of view that we bound ourselves to in our treatment of the Ophir problem. We must demand archæological evidences, and must not be satisfied with general arguments.

But I will attack the matter from its very beginnings, and for this we have first of all to examine, as was the case with Ophir, what records of Punt have been handed down to us by Egyptian history and tradition.

The first mention of the land of Punt is a note to the effect that under King Assa (3580-3536 B.C.) a pigmy or dwarf was brought from thence to Egypt by Baur-dedu (see Petrie, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 100). This information is not of much use to us, as no geographical statement of any kind is given with it.

Then follows the tradition of the well-known expedition to Punt under King Sankhkara (about

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2786-2778 B.C.) which is represented on the inscription in the rocky valley of Hammamat. This expedition was commanded by a certain Henu. He marched through the Libyan desert to a harbour on the Red Sea, which is called Seba. Here he had ships built for the sea voyage. I am unable to decide whether the name "Seba" implies that this harbour was a Sabæan settlement. According to Brugsch the *leukos limen* of the Romans is the modern Quosseir.

This inscription likewise gives no geographical idea as to the aim of the expedition. The cargo brought back is not mentioned. It only says that Henu brought back all kinds of products which he found current in the *harbour towns* of the sacred country. From Quosseir a voyage was undertaken to reach that country. But when, at the beginning of the inscription, we read that Henu was sent to fetch perfumed spices for the king, we may assume that the journey was to the actual Frankincense Country of the ancient world on the coast of Arabia.

More definite information is given in the aforementioned account of the expedition to Punt under Queen Haschop, or Hatschepsut (1503-1481 B.C., according to Petrie), with which this inquiry is specially concerned. The story is inscribed on the walls of the celebrated temple of Deir-el-Bahri, near Thebes, the ancient capital.

Brugsch gives the following rendering of this record of Deir-el-Bahri (*op. cit.*, p. 281):—

"Instigated by an oracle of Ammon, the chief Theban god, the Queen of Egypt resolved that a voyage of discovery to the unknown balsam country of Punt should be undertaken. By hearsay the Egyptians were acquainted with the wonders of this

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distant country on the coasts of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, the home of the genuine frankincense, so much desired for the services of their temples and many other delicate treasures of the soil.

“A great number of sea-going ships were fitted out for the long and difficult voyage, and these were manned with capable sailors and warriors, and gifts of friendship of many kinds were not forgotten. A high court official accompanied the fleet as royal emissary, and noble princes and gentlemen in the service of their lady and queen joined the valiant leader.”

How long the sea voyage lasted the inscriptions do not state. After the fleet, by the help of Ammon, had reached its goal the Egyptians landed on the coast of the “frankincense mountains.” Wonder on wonder manifested itself before the astonished eyes of the new arrivals, *who in everything they saw were aware of having entered an unknown world.* People, the likes of whom they had never seen before, the inhabitants of this “god-like soil,” standing on the coast, appeared to be little less surprised than the Egyptians themselves at the undreamt-of spectacle of the landing of strange men. They lived in buildings raised on piles, in little dome-shaped huts entered by a ladder, in the shadow of fruit-laden cocoa-nut palms and splendid incense trees, in whose branches rare birds rocked, and at whose feet fine herds of oxen grazed peacefully.

After the first shock of surprise had passed assurances of peace were first of all exchanged with the prince of the strange country, and then followed an exchange of hospitality and gifts. For as the inscription literally tells us: “The royal emissary is arrived with the warriors of his escort. Every one of

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the princes of the land of Punt approaches with rich and costly gifts in honour of the holiness of Hathor, the mistress of Punt, whose living image the Egyptian queen is." The accompanying picture shows us the royal envoy escorted by his warriors, just as he is on the point of receiving *a number of golden chains, rings, hatchets, and daggers*, the gift of Parihu, Prince of Punt, who, accompanied by Ati his wife, . . . his two sons, and his young daughter, greets the royal envoy with raised arms." The *fat, pot-bellied* wife is mounted on a donkey. The accompanying words are translated thus: "The princes of the land of Punt have arrived and are bowing a greeting and a welcome to the warriors of the Queen. They praise and glorify the gentlemen of the gods Ammon-Ra." As the continuation of the inscription makes clear they justly expressed their astonishment *as to how it was possible that the strange men were able to reach so distant and unknown a land*, not without adding to this the prayer that the Queen, the mighty ruler of Egypt, might grant them peace and liberty.

The royal envoy, ready to meet the peaceful wishes of the Prince of Punt, demanded in return, as a condition, that the country of Punt should acknowledge the rule of the Queen of Egypt, and make deliveries of products of the country, especially of frankincense, as tribute to the royal court.

The envoy and his escort had, *meanwhile, pitched their camp on the sea-shore*. That this must have been done for the peaceful purpose of receiving and showing hospitality to the princes of Punt (who had certainly sent in an answer accepting these conditions) as friends of the Queen of Egypt, the inscription accompanying the representation shows with the

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utmost clearness. It reads: "The camp of the royal envoy and his warriors is pitched in the neighbourhood of the Frankincense Mountain of the country of Punt, on the shores of the great sea, to receive the prince of this country. He was offered bread, mead, wine, meat, dried fruit, and everything else that the land of Tomer (Egypt) produces, just as was commanded by the royal court."

The chief representative of the princes of Punt, the aforementioned Parihu accompanied by his *pot-bellied and adipose* wife, did not keep them waiting. For "the Prince of Punt came, bringing the tribute with him, to the shore of the great sea." *Golden rings, ivory, and a whole heap of costly balsam* were piled up before the envoy's tent. Groaning inhabitants of Punt and drivers leading their loaded donkeys, and cow-herds following these, best show the willingness of the natives to do homage to the double crown of Egypt. The envoy of "the Queen received the gifts of the Prince of Punt." Peace and friendship were thus sealed, and everything made ready for the return homeward.

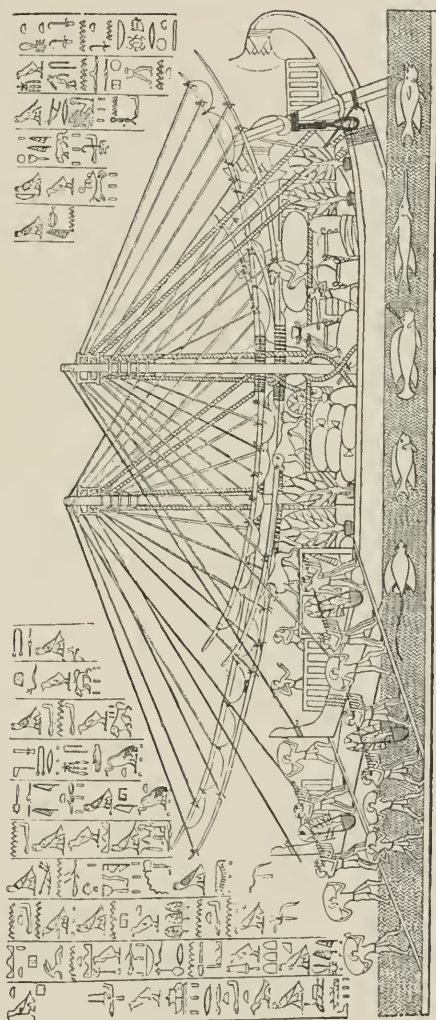
The rich treasures of the mineral, animal, and vegetable world which Punt had willingly and joyfully offered to the Egyptians, were increased by an uncommon addition, which represents the first and oldest recorded attempt at the transplantation of a tree to a strange soil. *Well protected in tubs, the natives dragged along thirty-one frankincense trees.* Every single tree has six men to carry it. When specimens of all the products of the country stood ready to be shipped, the difficult work of packing and loading began. Faithfully the life-like picture shows us the seamen and natives at work. The accom-

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panying inscription further explains the very lucid representation on the stone wall.

The ships are loaded to their utmost capacity with the wonderful products of the land of Punt, and the different classes of timber of that divine country ; and with heaps of frankincense gums, with fresh frankincense trees, and objects of ebony, and ivory set in refined gold of the Land of Amu, with liquo- rice, with frankincense of Ahem, holy gums and cosmetics, with baboons and monkeys and greyhounds, with rare furs, and with inhabitants of the country together with their children. "Never

has anything like this been brought to a king (of Egypt) since the beginning of the world."



SHIPS LAIDEN AT PUNT.
(From Prof. Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt")

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Soon the ships begin to move. Sails and oars must help in turn. The incense trees stand on deck between boxes and sacks, and, to the great amusement of the sailors, the monkeys who are now set at liberty jump up and down on the ship's ropes. The inscription accompanying the picture in question tells us that the princes of Punt were also included among those who made this voyage. Let us hear the words themselves: "They move by ship, they return happily to their home, they sail the road to Thebes with joyful hearts, the warriors of the ruler of the land. The princes of this country are with them. What they bring is of a kind that no other monarch has ever had brought to him."

The return of the voyagers and their arrival in Thebes was naturally celebrated as a great event. Egypt had made her own, in the most peaceful manner, a newly discovered region in the East, and with that secured to herself the acquisition of the most costly products of this Eldorado. In solemn audience the Queen received the tribal princes of that foreign land, who threw themselves reverentially to earth before their present ruler, and who designated her in the usual courtly speech of their celebratory address as "the Queen of Tomera and the sun, which shines as the disc of heaven," not without acknowledging her at the same time as their "Queen," and as the "Mistress of Punt." "They have now become subjects of Her Holiness." In a long train the animals and other natural products are led past the Queen, and even the ponderous frankincense trees are carried past the august presence of the Sovereign.

In consequence of the happy result of the Egyptian voyage which had carried the name of Egypt as far

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as the East African coastlands in the east, and opened up new sources of wealth, it was natural and fitting that the costly treasures brought home should be dedicated to the originator of the voyage, the oracular Ammon, and that magnificent processions should be arranged in honour of the god. Further pictures and inscriptions leave us in no doubt as to this.

In full war-paint the Queen appeared, carrying the noblest insignia of her rank, before the mighty god, in order to bestow her royal thanks upon him, and to demonstrate her gratitude by the actual gift and dedication of all the treasures that had been brought home



PILE-HOUSES OF PUNT.

(From Prof. Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt.")

from the distant austral world. The products of Punt are heaped up in sections, and the frankincense trees are planted in Egyptian soil. *Giraffes, leopards, oxen, leopard-skins, gold, copper, ebony and other woods, the so-called Amu-sticks, ivory, cosmetics, kasch (?)*, and whole mountains of precious frankincense-gum were brought to the god, and number and measurements entered in the books of the temple, a proceeding expressed symbolically in the representation, where we see Thut, the divine scribe and the goddess of the libraries, writing down on a scroll the pieces weighed and counted by "Hor."

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"The exact and just scales of Thut, which the queen had had made for her father, the Theban Ammon, to weigh silver, gold, sapphires, emeralds, and all other precious stones"—such are the words inscribed over the pictures of the scales.

On the one scale repose thirty-one rings made of precious metal, on the other scale are the *Ten* or pound-weights, in the shape of resting bulls, and the smaller weights are formed like bulls' heads and stone tiles. The occupation for the time being of "Hor," the watcher of the scales, is described as the "weighing of the gold and copper and the works of the inhabitants of the south for the Theban god Ammon."

In a relief below this the spectator sees two enormous heaps of precious frankincense-gum. Four men are employed in measuring these heaps. An inscription above this reads: "Very energetic measuring of the fresh frankincense for the Theban Ammon, the most wonderful of the countries of Punt, the most glorious of the divine country."

With the proceedings described above (according to the contents of a longish inscription carved next to them) was combined a great feast in honour of Ammon. The Queen had ornamented herself most beautifully; a spotted leopard-skin with copper clasps covered her shoulders, and her limbs exhaled a perfume like newly fallen morning dew. All the inhabitants expressed their festive mood with song and music and joyful sounds.

The brother of the Queen, who was known at court at that day by the name of *King Man-cheper-kara*, had the honour of offering a gift of the best frankincense of the holy barge of Ammon, which was carried

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on the shoulders of serving-priests in joyful procession. A long train of priests, officers of the court, warriors and people approached the shrine of the divine protector of Thebes, the holy men with sacrificial gifts, the warriors with peace offerings (branches) in their hands. Food and drink-offerings were prepared, and loud cries of gladness sounded from the lips of the joyfully excited multitude.

Petrie, who is much briefer than Brugsch, calls the brother of the Queen who sacrifices to Ammon by his historical name of Tahutmes (or Thotmes) III. Speaking of the fatness of the Princess of Punt and her daughter, he observes that it was probably a result of the African ideal of beauty, as in South Africa to-day. He explains the exactness of every detail by the fact that artists accompanied the expedition, because the sea-going ships are drawn quite differently from the ordinary ships, while the princess and her donkey, the houses and trees, all appear to have been sketched by an eye-witness (*op. cit.*, 82-84).

If we take all these statements together they really afford a body of evidence from which we can draw certain geographical conclusions.

The expedition was undertaken by means of eight sailing-vessels fitted with oars and sails, which, judging by their construction, were more seaworthy than the dhows with which the Arabs sail the Indian Ocean to-day.

How long they were at sea, how long, in fact, the whole expedition lasted is not stated. But we learn that the country which they reached was a new world for the Egyptians, which disclosed to them wonder on wonder, and that its natives expressed astonishment that it was possible that the strangers could reach so distant and unknown a country.

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These natives, in the way they wear their beards, resemble the Egyptians themselves.

The shore on which the expedition encamped is shaded by leafy trees in whose branches unknown birds are seen, and at whose feet graze herds of cattle.

I ask any traveller who knows the Somali Coast whether this description matches, even in a single trait, that sun-burnt, barren, desert-like coast. Only a person who has never been in North-east Africa, or who denies that the account given in Deir-el-Bahri has any value as realism, can refer it to North-east Africa. *Per contra* it entirely matches certain regions of South-east Africa, *e.g.*, Quilimane and the mouth of the Zambesi ; or at the same time, certain portions of the Zanzibar coast. The natives, judged by the formation of their heads, belong apparently to the Punic tribes from which the Egyptians originated as well. But the Falstaffian proportions of their women, which entirely coincides with that of the Hottentots, and the way their houses were built, leave us to conclude that we have to do here with negrofied Himyarites or else with hybrids.

The world which the Egyptians entered was quite new to them. If one sails from the western shores of the Red Sea to Somaliland one does not enter a brand-new world, but everywhere there is the same sun-parched, dreary coast.

I therefore do not believe, with those who have so far commented on this matter, that the " Frankincense range of mountains " mentioned in the inscription was situated in the neighbourhood of Cape Guardafui, as this contradicts every single feature of the entire representation.

And now what did the Egyptian seamen bring

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back to Thebes from the land to which they had travelled?

First we must note that a giraffe and straight-backed oxen are among the cargo, a clear proof that it is here a question of an expedition to Africa and not to Arabia, where these animals are not to be found. Then we are told that the most important products are—golden rings, gold dust, copper, ebony and other woods, ivory, and heaps of rare balsam, cosmetics, &c. Besides this, thirty-one frankincense shrubs planted in tubs. Further, the expedition returns with liquorice, Ahem-frankincense; and lastly there were leopards and leopard skins, monkeys and baboons, greyhounds and specimens of the natives themselves among the spoil. The different articles of incense of this representation have, as I see, not all been exactly classified (see Glaser's *Das Weihrauchland und Sokotra*, p. 7). But this we can establish at once, that every one of these articles could have been brought from Africa; and from Zambesia just as well as from Somaliland. The gold and copper, however, point much more to South Africa than to North-east Africa.

If, at the present time, somebody required these articles, would he set sail to the Somali Coast? Who sails this coast but the Zanzibar traders who want to buy cow-hides? All the more valuable articles are produced in South Africa, and there 3,500 years ago one could most certainly obtain considerably more ivory than one can get there to-day. That in the second millenary B.C. gold and copper were worked there by Punic miners, we have seen. Who can show the same of Somaliland? If the Egyptians could not get these articles there it would have been no use landing anywhere else north of the mouth of the

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Zambesi, for throughout the whole length no ancient workings have been discovered. They would, at least, have had to go as far as the ancient Rhapta, the northernmost entry to the Himyaritic South African gold-fields.

With this we have carried our inquiry to the same point that we reached a little while back with the Ophir problem. We have an indirect proof that the Punt expeditions went to South Africa, because we cannot see where else they could have gone to for a cargo composed as theirs was. But in addition to such indirect evidence in support of the presence of the Ophir voyagers in South Africa, we found still other proofs. The question will be whether we can discover similar positive records there pointing to relations with the ancient Egyptians.¹ This we can most certainly do.

¹ Naturally this question does not mean whether South Africa was an ancient South Arabian or an ancient Egyptian settlement, as Professor Keane, to my great astonishment, makes me aver. I have never proposed such an alternative. Ever since Bent's explorations I have known that the mass of the South African ruins is of ancient Semitic origin. Also the Egyptian record expressly states that the Hatshepsu expedition went to a Punic country. I do not understand how Hall and Neal (*op. cit.* p. 44) manage to make Keane convert me from the Egyptian to the Himyaritic theory. It is here simply a question of discovering whether the Punic country to which the Punt voyage was made lay in South- or North-east Africa, and this inquiry must be conducted by means of ethnographical and archaeological facts.

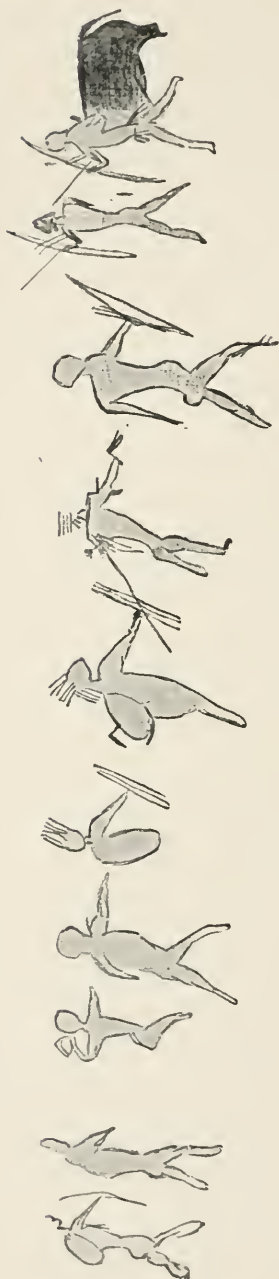
CHAPTER XVI

CONNECTION WITH ANCIENT EGYPT

IT is known that Livingstone discovered a Bantu tribe not far from the Rovuma, which had tattoo marks that reminded him of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. Now this tribe has never been met with again by any other traveller. Livingstone, also, was not an expert in such matters. This discovery of Livingstone's is, therefore, not of much value as evidence in elucidation of our problem, and I only mention the matter in passing without laying special stress upon it.

More important to my mind is the transformation of the name Ophir into Sofara, as had already occurred by the time of the Septuagint, and which arose from the ancient Egyptian prefix *Sa*, meaning "land." We have preserved it down to the present day in the word Sofala. This can hardly be explained in any other way except that Egypt stood in direct relations with the South African Eldorado, out of which such an Egyptification of the name arose.

Theodore Bent (*The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, pp. 36-37) mentions that the head-rests of the Makalanga bear a striking resemblance to the wooden head-rests of the ancient Egyptians, as we find them shown, for instance, in the British Museum. In proof of this he shows two reproductions side by side. I



RECENTLY DISCOVERED BUSHMEN'S DRAWING.
(From an original tracing of Fairbridge in Dr. Peters' possession.)

made just the same observation in Misongwe in 1899. Now this fact, as well, is of very little value as evidence in elucidation of our problem, the less so because similar head-rests are found all over Africa. But still it shows that a common dexterity extended from the Nile as far as the other side of the Zambesi.

Of unquestionably greater importance is the startling similarity of some of the Bushman paintings to ancient Egyptian frescoes. So that the two may be compared, I reproduce four such newly discovered Bushman paintings from South-east Africa, for tracings of which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fairbridge, of Umtali. Any one acquainted with Egyptian frescoes will recognise the same character in the pose of the figures in these South African paintings. The way of wearing the hair, in the second of my illustrations especially, is also quite identical with the ancient Egyptian fashion. This is far more determinative than any analogy in the shape of head-rests, as such paintings are not found all over Africa, but only to

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the south of the Zambesi. Here, therefore, it is not a question of any overland connection, but rather of relations carried on by sea; and, as it is not to be supposed that the South Africans went to Egypt to learn painting there, we must assume the opposite, that the ancient Egyptians went as far as South Africa and instructed the natives there. From this it is but a step to the expeditions to Punt, for we have no record of any other great sea journeys.

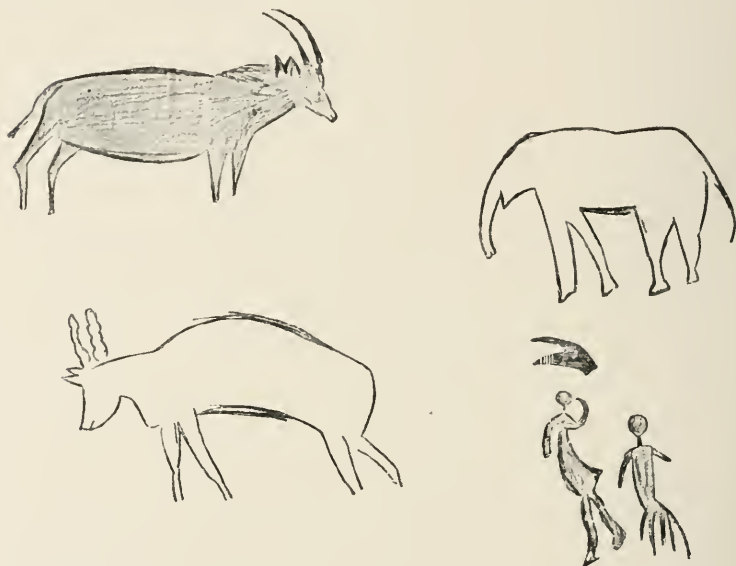
And with this we come to the Hottentot question generally. It is acknowledged that the Hottentots are closely related to the Bushmen, but that they are quite distinct anthropologically and linguistically from the surrounding negro races. Their complexion is a pale yellow, their skulls are platystenocephalous. The Hottentot language, in contrast to the negro languages, has the division into three genders;



BUSHMEN'S DRAWING, WITH HAIR DRESSED IN EGYPTIAN FASHION. (*From an original tracing of Fairbridge in Dr. Peters' possession.*)

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it does not decline and conjugate its words by means of prefixes like the Bantu, but, like the Semitic and Caucasian, with suffixes; that is to say, the changes in the form of the nouns and verbs are placed, not before, but, as with us, at the end of the words. The celebrated Egyptologist, Lepsius, pointed out the relationship of the Hottentot tongue to ancient



BUSHMEN'S DRAWING, NEAR TSUNG'ESI, IN MASHONALAND.

(From an original tracing of Fairbridge in Dr. Peters' possession.)

Egyptian. The division into three genders is in the Hottentot tongue quite similar to that of the Cushite languages of the middle Nile.

This relationship is also apparent in the religious practices of the Hottentots. The worship of the moon is foremost, like the worship of Isis in the Nile Valley. Also a green beetle, half the length of a finger and related to our stag-beetle, enjoys

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religious veneration among the Hottentots. When it flies into a village sheep are killed in its honour. This is analogous to the scarab-worship of the ancient Egyptians.

The burial of the dead is a sacred duty here, as in the Nile Valley. The bodies of relatives are placed together in graves and caves. This also reminds one of the old Egyptian customs.

Another remarkable similarity between the Hottentots and the Egyptians is the physiological fact that they are both very sensitive to a moist climate.

They go in search of dry regions. For the rest, the Hottentots have all the physiological peculiarities of bastard races. Their hands and feet are small. They are cunning and very sensual, and have a much livelier imagination than the negro races.

For us who wish to interpret the old inscription of Deir-el-Bahri, two special Hottentot peculiarities



BUSHMEN'S DRAWING. (*From an original tracing of Fairbridge in Dr. Peters' possession.*)

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should be considered. The first is the corpulence of their women, which we found particularly noticeable on the Egyptian Punt-reliefs. It arises through the prominence of the cushions of fat round the hips. The second peculiarity is the hive-like shape of their houses, which also strikes the eye as typical in the Deir-el-Bahri representation. Both characteristics are quite absent in the real Punic or Arabian tribes. Now the Prince of Punt is named Parihu in the record, and his wife's name is Ati. Both are pure Semitic names. But every traveller who has visited Arab traders in Africa knows that this has nothing to do with the ethnographical division of the members of the family. The South Arabian marries the daughters of the country and gives them Arabian names. Thus it will have been four thousand years ago; thus it is to-day. But if we look around in East Africa, where such native women, like those characterised at Deir-el-Bahri, are at home, we shall find no traces of them in North-east Africa, which is inhabited by Somalis, and where the Semitic influences were far more intense. But the same nationality has been preserved in South Africa, in the Hottentots, or *Khoikoin* as they call themselves, down to the present day. That this race formerly, that is to say before the invasion of the Bantu tribes, also inhabited South-east Africa is a generally acknowledged fact, which is also supported by the Bushman paintings in Eastern Rhodesia and in Portuguese East Africa. As this is the case, the Egyptian temple inscriptions with their remarkable details quite clearly point to this part of the Black Continent.

I do not wish to speak here authoritatively with regard to the Hottentot question, for I have no right

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to do this. But personally I consider the Hottentots to be that branch of the Bushman tribes which came into direct contact with the ancient Egyptians and received an infusion of blood from them. At that time, however, Himyaritic settlements already existed



BUSHMEN'S DRAWING ON A ROCK.

in South-east Africa, and this was, therefore, a part of the Egyptian Punt.

All these facts which I have collected here are worthy of serious consideration. They are hardly

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to be explained without assuming that direct relations existed between the ancient Egyptians and South Africa.

As a final stroke I am now in a position to produce an archæological discovery from the south of the Zambesi which points directly to the era of



BUSHMEN'S DRAWING ON FIVE MILE RIVER, NORTH SALISBURY.

Tahutmes III., therefore to the time of the great Punt expedition itself. This is the Egyptian figure which I received in May, 1901, through Mr. Birch in Umtali, which is proved to have been found about 17° S. lat. and 32° E. long., therefore in the north-western corner of the Makalanga country.

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Professor Flinders Petrie, to whom I submitted it, pronounces it a figure of Thotmes III. or one of his courtiers, and describes it as follows :—

“Upper part of an Ushabté figure of pottery impressed in a mould. On the head is an elaborate wig, in each hand a scourge instead of a hoe. On the chest is the cartouche of Tahutmes III. (about 1450 B.C.). Three lines of inscription remain below, so much effaced that only the title Osiris can be seen; but there is no trace of a cartouche with it. The wig and the scourges in the hands point to this being a figure of the king himself, but his name cannot be traced in the lower inscription. As to the source, the figure is certainly genuinely ancient, and by its smell it has been buried in moist earth (not in an Egyptian tomb), and has not been kept long by an Arab. All this agrees with the account of its finding.”



EGYPTIAN FIGURE FOUND
SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

My readers will remember that Thotmes or Tahutmes III. is one of the chief figures in the Punt pictures on the temple of Deir-el-Bahri. He is the prince who offers the sacrifice to Ammon. His effigy was found about 300 miles up-stream on the south side of the Zambesi. Professor Keane thinks that it may have reached there through a dozen channels, and therefore one is not necessarily forced to conclude that

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it points to direct relations with Egypt. But what trader would carry such an object into the interior of Africa? Petrie affirms that it had not been long in the hands of an Arab, neither had it been buried in the dry Egyptian, but in a moist soil. Therefore, apparently, it was buried where it was found, and is the record and proof of an ancient Egyptian grave south of the Zambesi in North-east Mashonaland. In this case it represents a document of the highest historical value.

I see in it a first archæological proof of the fact that the expeditions to Punt under Queen Hatschepsut went to this part of East Africa, and recognise here a very desirable confirmation of the general arguments which I have enumerated above. I am convinced that further discoveries will follow in the same district. As we see in the actual records of the rolls of the government of Thotmes III., the payments of tribute from Punt continued even after the great expedition (see Petrie, *op. cit.*, vol. ii. pp. 117 and 121; Brugsch, *op. cit.*, pp. 314-321), and gold, ivory, ebony, and leopard skins are always among the entries. It is, therefore, more than likely that the Pharaoh kept a Governor in this profitable country. The Ushabté figure on the Zambesi is a very significant signpost, if we wish to discover where that Governor had his seat. It appears that his official district was situated not far from Tete. There he appears to have died and to have been buried.

This relationship between the gold country Punt and Egypt seems to have existed at least during the rule of the whole eighteenth dynasty. Under Horemhib (1332-1328 B.C.), the last king of this house, an embassy appears from Punt bringing a number of

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heavy sacks full of gold. They speak in the following terms :—

“Hail! King of Egypt, sun of the nine foreign nations. By thy name! We have not known Egypt. Our fathers have never trodden its soil. Grant us freedom from thy hand; we will submit to thee” (Brugsch, p. 445).

Here, accordingly, just as was the case with the Hatschepsut expedition, the great distance of the country is emphasised. Here again it is a question of sacks full of gold. A land in the south, to which the Egyptians at that time undertook repeated expeditions of war, is, therefore, certainly not meant. And if any one suggests Somaliland, he will then first have to show me the places from whence the sacks full of gold were taken.

My demonstration is completed. We have seen that the Egyptian temple pictures themselves point to South and not to North Africa. The houses represented upon them as well as the female figures lead us to conclude that the natives of Punt were Hottentots. We have seen that the description of the landscape does not suit that of Somaliland, while it does suit that of Zambesia. We found traces of ancient Egyptian cultural influences to the south of the Zambesi, but above all we have seen that if the gold of Punt did not come from the Shashu country, that the Egyptian seamen must, for good or ill, have had to go to Mashonaland to fetch it.

For these reasons, I assume that where Punt is spoken of as an Eldorado, the ancient gold-fields between the Zambesi and the Limpopo are meant.

I think, therefore, that the fleet of Queen Hatschepsut sailed as far as our Quilimane, the Rhapta of

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that day, and from here established relations with the tribes of the Zambesi. The Frankincense Mountain which is mentioned in the inscription was, in that case, not Cape Guardafui, but the promontory of Rhaps. Below this the ships anchored. As I mentioned before, the modern Kiswahili name Quilimane means "on the mountain."

I assume that the Egyptians founded a station upstream, in the actual gold country itself. Thus do I explain the payments of tribute under Thotmes III. and down to Horemhib. The Ushabté figure which I brought from South Africa in 1901, and which comes from North-east Mashonaland, is probably from the tomb of the commandant of this mining station under Thotmes III. It is advisable to explore this neighbourhood thoroughly for further archæological remains dating from the time of the Egyptians.

In order to understand the relations of the northerners to this ancient Eldorado, we must not picture it as an actual Punic *state*. Otherwise everybody who liked would not have been able to go there to fetch gold from thence, as Hiram and Solomon subsequently did. South Africa was the mining country of the Himyarites. But beyond their own gold-mines there was room for others as well, and the natives themselves, apparently, had no idea of the worth of the yellow metal. That was why they gave so much of it to the strangers.

If our inquiry, therefore, has assured us that as early as 1500 B.C. the Egyptians sailed down the Indian Ocean, at least as far as the mouth of the Zambesi, and established direct trade-relations with the hinterland, then the circumnavigation of Africa which King Necho ordered about 600 B.C. also loses

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its remarkable character. For the Egyptians must at that time have been acquainted with the general shape of the African continent for many centuries.

With this we have arrived at a very different picture of the trade and cultural relations on the eastern shores of the Indian Ocean from that to which we were accustomed. Until the introduction of steam and electricity into that part of the world in our own generation, nothing has changed much there for the last 3,000-4,000 years. Travelling in Africa at that time must have been exactly the same thing as a modern African expedition with carriers, only that it was much more comfortable, for the ancients possessed an untold number of slaves. Navigation on the Indian Ocean about 1500 B.C. differed in no particular from the communication by means of dhows which unites Arabia, India, Madagascar, and Zanzibar up to the present day. South Africa, however, was the Eldorado of Thebes and Memphis, Sidon and Jerusalem, as to-day it is the chief provider of gold for London and New York, Berlin and Paris. With that, however, it takes its place once and always in the great relationships of the most ancient civilisations.



CHAPTER XVII

THE FUTURE OF ANCIENT OPHIR

THE reader who has followed me as far back as the most ancient era of South African mining operations will perhaps be inclined to take a glance also at the future development of the regions we have traversed. European enterprise has turned its attention with especial energy to this part of the world during the last few decades. The British South Africa Company on the one side, the Mozambique Company on the



SALISBURY, THE CAPITAL OF RHODESIA.

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other, have set the mighty forces of modern scientific appliances in motion to pave a way for the white race, and to secure a foundation there for European civilisation.

On the English side Cecil Rhodes was the directing force who, fighting against Dutch and Portuguese, here procured elbow-room for his people. From the Limpopo to Lake Tanganyika, from the slopes of the plateau of Mashonaland as far as beyond the Kalahari Desert, he raised the flag of Great Britain, and with that took possession of the South African tablelands to the north of the Transvaal for England.

Cecil Rhodes belonged to the same order as the Alexanders and the Napoleons, those strange dreamers who combine a lively imagination with an unscrupulous, even a brutal will-power, and by means of this combination become revolutionary world-conquerors on our planet. But while the Alexanders and Napoleons take the nations by storm with phalanges and army corps, Cecil Rhodes knew how to enlist the modern forces of capital and the European bourses in his service, and with these to conquer an empire equal in extent to British India. His bold will-power and the genius of his enterprise found the necessary understanding among his people, and the support without which even the greatest personality can achieve no lasting results in the face of the brutal opposition of the nations. England always covered his actions, even when he made mistakes; and therefore South Africa will remain lastingly British, and the English spirit of enterprise will for all time have there a great field for its activity.

Thus has Rhodesia arisen, through the genius of a single man and the co-operation of his nation; but

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it is a creation of modern capitalism, and this peculiarity gives it its character throughout. In a few years towns were beaten out of the earth—Bulawayo, Gwelo, Salisbury, Umtali, Melsetter, &c.—a railway more than 1,500 miles long joined Cape Town to Gwelo; another iron road was built through the bush of Portuguese East Africa up to the table-land of Mashonaland, from Beira to Salisbury. And with this, from the beginning, the Anglo-Saxon principle of self-government was introduced into these regions. Every town had to look after its own requirements, and received a communal representation of its own in which, certainly, the Chartered Company of South Africa preponderates for the present. Mining and land concessions were distributed in the most liberal manner. Everybody who seemed capable of bringing capital and useful work into the country was received with open arms.

The country was soon surveyed and covered with the notice-boards of the private owners of land and mines. Broad roadways completed the newly-built net of railways, and white settlements arose everywhere. The blacks were not given the right to own private property. With the day of incorporation the soil became the property of the British South Africa Company. The private farms of the negroes were included as well; and at the same time the further exploitation of the gold- and other mines was forbidden them, and a rather high hut and cattle-tax was laid on the country.

It is well known that this was the cause of the great Matabele revolt of 1896, which the Mashonas soon joined. The rebellion was put down, and then the administration of the British South Africa Company

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was extended over the whole country. Commissioners were placed in the larger towns, a mining commissioner, a civil commissioner, a native commissioner; further, a magistrate was appointed, and courts of justice were established. On the flat country rule was maintained by means of police-camps with white troops, while black policemen were placed at the service of the actual criminal department.

At the first glance all these results, which European capital had created in South Africa at a stroke, worked splendidly. I have already pointed out the disadvantages of this whole system, under which groups of capitalists who do not want to take part in the actual work of developing these regions, settle down on large land and mining rights, and by this means keep smaller men from proceeding with the real working of the country.

Another decided disadvantage in the administration of Rhodesia is the fact that a company which, on the one side, has to consider the interests of its shareholders, is, on the other, trying to carry on the administration of a state. This is in itself a contradiction, for the interests of the shareholders call for as high dividends as possible, which are only to be obtained if the cost of administration is kept down to the lowest point; while, on the other hand, the country requires advances from Europe, which can only be obtained at the expense of the shareholders. For this reason a fiscal system has been introduced into Rhodesia which presses on the actual settler very heavily, and stands directly in the way of the development of a healthy trade, and cripples the progress of agriculture and mining.

Accordingly one can only wish, in the interest of the

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colony itself, that it may soon be turned into a crown colony. How can new settlers, who only come with a small working capital, be asked to pay for all the first high charges of administration, from which those that come later profit by as well, out of their own pocket? The money which they part with in this way is naturally lost to the actual agricultural work. On this point the further development of Rhodesia will have to be organically reformed. And with this there must be a labour reform, as I explained in an earlier chapter.

Southern Rhodesia has a population of fourteen thousand whites, and about half a million natives.

Rhodesia will continue to be first and foremost a mining country. With the further development of means of intercourse, and above all of the labour question, a number of mines which so far have been worked at a loss will become remunerative. The ancient output of gold here was enormous. One need only look at the facts given by Hall and Neal, which I have mentioned in Chapter XIV., to form an approximate opinion of the extent of that ancient gold industry. But the ancients never even touched the actual wealth of gold that lay deep in the soil. These treasures, therefore, lie undisturbed down to the present day, and modern science with its deep-level working has thus an illimitable field before it. To this wealth of gold may be added, as we have seen, copper, coal, and, as soon as South Africa is economically more developed, also iron of the best quality, and with this diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. On these values the real future of Rhodesia depends.

But though the soil of this country has not the

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depth of certain regions of West Africa or South America, for all that, especially in the river valleys, there are large stretches of land where agriculture of every kind is possible, as soon as the labour question is settled in a sensible manner. Grazing especially will be possible on a large scale. Oxen and sheep, horses and donkeys, will increase rapidly, as soon as our modern hygiene knows how to fight the different microbe-sicknesses successfully. Mr. Weissenborn, at Umtali, and Mr. Colenbrander, at Bulawayo, as well as many others, have proved that all kinds of vegetables and fruit grow splendidly in this country. Herr Blöcker, himself a German forester, who reported on the nature of the forest-land of Rhodesia for the Chartered Company, believes that the cultivation of timber rationally undertaken could be made extraordinarily extensive and profitable. Add to this that the climate is cool and pleasant, and water exceptionally abundant, as is shown in my descriptions of Inyanga and Melsetter. The same conditions apply also to most other parts of Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes always took a lively interest in the agricultural development of his creation, and in his will he gave practical expression to this interest. Two model farms will always be run as an example to the settler, one in Inyanga, the other near Bulawayo, and a School of Agriculture is to be founded from the money he has left. I think that Rhodesia, should the various hindrances which I mentioned be overcome, will be able to supply its own requirements in meat, grain, and vegetables before very long. I would recommend the settlement in this country, as was once done in King William's Town in Cape Colony, of a number of carefully-selected German peasants, who, as in



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North America, Brazil, Australia, and South Africa also, have long shown themselves to be the most capable and successful pioneers of agricultural development. At the same time artisans should be sent out.

To-day the country suffers from the misfortune that it has no exports at all, and trade is actually confined to imports exclusively. In other words, the whole thing is, at bottom, paid for with European money, and of this money the Government takes an extravagantly high percentage in the shape of customs and taxes.

How high the taxation of the business people is I will show by some statistical details :—

Ale, beer, and cider, and all kinds of spirits containing more than 2 per cent. of alcohol, pay 1s. 6d. per bottle ; liqueurs and beverages containing more than 2 per cent. of alcohol, as well as methylated spirits, pay 15s. a gallon, scented liqueurs, £1 ; tobacco, 3s. 6d. per lb., cigarettes, 4s. per lb., cigars, 6s. per lb., claret, 6s. a gallon, other wines, 9s. per gallon.

One can understand the taxation of this class of goods, but what must one say to a taxation of cocoa, chocolate, honey, preserved fruits, jellies, and all other kinds of preserves manufactured with sugar, with 18s. 6d. per cwt., and to preserved fruits in bottles with 18s. 9d. per cwt. ? Each barrel of a double-barrelled rifle or shot-gun costs £1 ; the barrels alone, 15s. each ; pistols, revolvers, 5s. ; native picks and hoes, 6d. Then a 20 per cent. *ad valorem* duty is charged on blankets and sheets, on sweets, carts, carriages, and all wheeled waggons used in transporting goods or people, and on all separate parts of such

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vehicles ; 20 per cent. on medicines, perfumes, dyes, powder, soaps, and other toilet articles, shawls, neckties, &c. ; $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem* on all personal articles of clothing, on linen, woollen, or mixed stuffs, on chemicals so far as they are not manufactured (in which case they pay 20 per cent.), furniture, carpets, glassware, household articles, lamps, musical instruments, clocks, watches, jewels and jewellery, &c.—and so the list runs on. It is quite clear that trade suffers enormously by such abnormal taxation ; but industry and agriculture are also crippled. Articles of barter, as well as all licenses, are subject to the same oppressive conditions. This is the natural result of government by a trading company which has to take its working expenses where it can find them. Consequently the firms in Umtali and Salisbury can hardly be said to do a healthy trade. When a “boom” is on they earn a good deal ; in other years things are slack. But I have not yet heard of any Rhodesian farmer who has made money.

Cecil Rhodes used to take a hand here personally by making advances. He also put money into concerns as sleeping partner. He wished the cultivation of the country to advance. Many of the Rhodesian farmers will, therefore, feel his early death deeply.

In Umtali there was a great boom when he had the town removed from Old Umtali to New Umtali. He then granted, if I remember rightly, £50,000 in compensation for personal losses and trouble consequent on this removal. This £50,000 was a welcome object of speculation for the Rhodesians in Umtali. Building sites were bought, an exchange was founded, champagne flowed in streams, the money was passed

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from hand to hand, but one forgot that the whole profit really came out of the compensation granted by Rhodes; that from the soil, by trade itself, no profits had arisen. So there were gay times in Umtali about 1897. Everybody lived in clover. When the money came to an end the owners of the building sites and land and mining concessions sat as tight on their title-deeds as a hen on her eggs. They waited for the boom, so as to profit by another lively episode of the same sort. Instead of the boom came the war. Real estate, instead of rising, sank more and more. For the present fresh European capital was disinclined to engage itself in Rhodesia, and, in the place of prosperity, soon a state of general want arose, even of poverty. Those who had money enough to go away to another part of the world did so. Those who remained were in part not very desirable human material. This was the state of affairs in Rhodesia in the summer of 1901. I remember a very characteristic occurrence of this time, which throws a fairly accurate light on the attitude of the Rhodesians to Cecil Rhodes.

A German farmer of Inyanga had borrowed £1,000 of Cecil Rhodes some years back, at the time when everything was *couleur de rose*. After a time he had paid Rhodes back £200 of this £1,000. When, however, the lean years came and Rhodes arrived once more at Umtali our friend went to him and said, "Some years ago you lent me £1,000, and I honourably repaid you £200 of it. May I now ask you to let me have the £200 again?" Rhodes looked at him rather amusedly and then said, "Don't you find that your request is rather cheeky? I have come here to ask you to pay the other £800 back as well." My

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countryman did not get his £200 back again, nor has Rhodes ever seen anything of his £800.

Naturally the present decline of trade in Rhodesia is just as temporary as the stagnation of business life in South Africa generally. The natural resources of the country must, rightly handled, lead to prosperity or the "boom" that the genuine Rhodesian is in the habit of waiting for in the bar of a public-house in Bulawayo, Salisbury, or Umtali. This waiting for a boom is so childish that it is almost amusing.

At a public entertainment in Umtali a thought-reader appeared, who collected questions from the ladies and gentlemen present. Five of the questions on the first evening, when I was present, were, "When will the 'boom' come?" as though the "boom" were an individual who would arrive by railroad or ox-waggon, when, after all, a new settlement can only bring about its prosperity with the axe, with the pick, or with the spade by the sweat of the brow.

Such a period will as surely arrive in Rhodesia as it has come to the United States and the Australian bush. But the pioneer of modern civilisation in South Africa must not be the public-house; its way must be paved by the cattle-breeder, the farmer, and the miner. Every condition needful for the success of these elements exists on these plateaux, which rise to a height of from 4,000 to 7,000 feet in a well-watered country, in a splendid bracing climate, and the European race are bound to build up one of their great cultural regions here within no distant time. Then once more an active economical life will be developed in the ancient land of Ophir. Where slave labour is absent modern science will have to step in with steam

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and electricity to force the all-mother Nature to deliver up her gifts, according to the ancient law that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

An interesting point in the direction of this development will be the question whether, after Cecil Rhodes's death, the Chartered Company is sufficiently strong to carry out the Cape to Cairo Railway. The execution of this project will first of all bring a further quickening stream of European capital to Rhodesia, and at the same time create direct trading relations between Central and South Africa. Central Africa has for years been of importance to the countries of the south in two respects. On the one side, the mines have obtained a regular supply of contract-labour from these densely populated regions ; on the other, the cattle-markets to as far south as Johannesburg have for years been supplied with oxen, sheep, and goats from Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika. This interchange would naturally be increased by the building of a railway. Viewed thus, I would regard the continuation of the railroad as far as Central Africa as in every way justified.

The question of the Cape to Cairo Railroad as a whole looks different when regarded as connecting Cape Colony with Egypt. Such a railway line would pass through all the tropical rain-belts from north to south, and would, therefore, be exposed to continual disturbances. Even the railways which are laid down in Tropical Africa from east to west can hardly be used during the great rainy season. There are continuous washings away of embankments, and of the track itself, and for weeks there is literally no traffic. The great rainy season on the Mashonaland-Beira Railway

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only lasts from two to three months. A railway which crosses the whole of the rain-belt from south to north would have a rainy season the whole year round from about the 15° lat. Some calculate the pace and the time a train going at this pace will take to go from the Cape to Cairo, and then compare the result with the time a steamer takes to sail round the continent. This is foolish, for navigation is quite undisturbed by the changes of seasons, while the railway traffic will always be suffering from them somewhere. Through-trains from the south to the north there will never be in this continent of pronouncedly dry and pronouncedly wet zones.

The highway from north to south will for years to come have to be that of the waterways provided by nature. When the railway reaches the Zambesi the traffic will naturally move down-stream, then up the Shire to Lake Nyassa, then overland to Tanganyika, and from the northern end of Tanganyika overland again to the Victoria Nyanza and to the Nile, and then down the Nile. Local railroads will connect the overland roads with the waterways, or be used to avoid rapids. I cannot imagine that a theoretical railway line will be able to compete with this God-sent waterway, and for this reason consider it more advisable that the energy and capital which would be called into requisition for the carrying out of the Cape to Cairo Railway should devote itself to railway lines going from east to west on the highway formed by the Central African Lakes.

A railroad from East Africa to Lake Nyassa, from the Zanzibar coast to Lake Tanganyika, and, similarly, from Porte Alexandre in the west to Nyassa, as well as from the Upper Congo to Tanganyika, would

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without question be of more service to the economical development of the African continent than the gigantic scheme of Cecil Rhodes. At the same time, I will not deny that the execution of this scheme might possibly demolish all my arguments, and I myself should be well pleased if this were to happen.

CHAPTER XVIII

ADVANCE OF THE WHITE RACE

OF vital importance for Rhodesia is, before everything, the continuation of the Southern Railway from Gwelo to Salisbury, and, further, from Gwelo to the coal- and copper-fields on the Zambesi. Nothing short of this will really open up the mineral wealth of the north. A branch of this railway should run from Gwelo over Fort Charter and Victoria to the Upper Sabi, to open up the copper-fields discovered by me in the summer of 1901. From the Upper Sabi it should be extended to the Beira Railway, joining this line somewhere near Chimoio. At the same time the waggon-road from Umtali, which at present only runs to Mrs. Webster's Farm, must be carried down from the plateau to the Sabi, so that a more exact scientific examination of the ground may be possible.

All these are plans requiring much European capital, energy, and labour. The men who are at the head of the Chartered Company at any rate offer some surety that there will be no lack of zeal in taking over this inheritance from Cecil Rhodes. Earl Grey and his friends in London, Mr. Milton and Mr. Orpen in Salisbury, will certainly do their best in this direction. The question now will be: How far are they in a position to command international capital?

Let us now form a collective picture of the colony

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as shown by the particulars cited. The rapid settlement of a country like Rhodesia, which nowhere has a coast of its own, and, accordingly, has to rely for its imports from all sides on an extended system of railway lines, must be regarded as a wonderful achievement, which the genius of Cecil Rhodes carried out by the power of modern capitalism. The calling into being of four living cities in which an active population has settled far from the nation-uniting ocean is, perhaps, a unique instance in the history of the world. But, while a governing body of shareholders is, speaking broadly, forced to burden the colonists with the administrative charges of this country, and, therefore, has to apply the screw of taxes and duties to an extreme degree, a moment of arrestment has arisen in this development. Only the direct interference of the Home Government can help here. The British Government has an interest in seeing to it that these parts of the British Empire prosper, because they contain in themselves all the ingredients necessary for an enhancement of British political economics and, with that, of British power; it should therefore either subsidise the Chartered Company heavily, or else administer the country itself. Then, as in former years, European capital would interest itself in these regions, the railway and road systems would be carried forward, and many hundreds would gain the opportunity of making independent positions or fortunes for themselves. We should then look forward to a development in Rhodesia similar to that which has already occurred in the Transvaal, and the ancient Ophir would regain some of the importance which it possessed in the dim past.

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Cecil Rhodes once said, after the English-Portuguese frontier delimitations had practically been arranged, that Great Britain had secured as her part the fruitful and healthy tablelands, and left to Portugal the barren and unhealthy lowlying districts. The contrast, however, between Portuguese East Africa and Rhodesia is by no means so simple. With equal right a Portuguese might rise up and say that Portugal had received as her share the coasts and means of approach with the markets, while Great Britain had only obtained the productive hinterland.

As a matter of fact Rhodesia is just as much dependent on Portuguese East Africa, as Portuguese East Africa is dependent for its coast-trade on the development of Rhodesia. It is also incorrect to say that England has kept the whole of the uplands. Manicaland as far as Macequece is a well-watered and fruitful tableland, and as fine a country as any part of Rhodesia, and just as valuable as regards gold and other minerals. As we have seen, the richness in gold of Manicaland is to-day placed beyond a doubt by explorations extending over a number of years, and it is really only the life-giving stream of European capital that is wanting to secure exactly the same results in this region as in the actual Rhodesia. Mines like the Guy Fawkes, the Braganza and Richmond, the Windâhgil, need not fear comparison with the best Rhodesian mines. Add to this that the climate of Manicaland is mild and, generally speaking, bracing. The rainfalls are naturally stronger here, at the eastern margin of the plateau slopes, than on the plateaux beyond. Consequently Manicaland is full of sparkling brooks and rivers. We can consider the Pungwe, the Chimesi, the Mudza, the Inyamkarara

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and the Revuë as belonging to this country. A number of springs and brooks extend this well-watered area into almost every single cross-valley, and it continues as far as the mountain-peaks of Upper Pungwe and the Revuë steppe. Fruit and vegetable growing can be carried on everywhere, and on the mountain-slopes there is sweet grass for cattle and sheep. So here also we meet with every condition necessary to a prosperous development. Here as well the mining industry will remain the chief source of prosperity, but it will be, as in Rhodesia, supplemented by grazing and agriculture.

As in Rhodesia, the development of Manicaland, its sister-country, has been thrown back several years by the South African war; although the Mozambique Company, which here carries on the administration in the name of the Portuguese Government constantly, under the direction of the far-sighted Captain d'Andrade in Macequeçe, affords liberal assistance to every single settler. The building of roads from Macequeçe is also carried on energetically and circumspectly. Always where a mine is being seriously worked it can rely on obtaining sufficient means of communication with the railroad. With the introduction of settled conditions in the whole of South Africa, Manicaland must without question advance in prosperity.

From the heights of Manica, gazing from the mighty peak of Mount Venga, the eye wanders to the north-east, over the broad plain of the Pungwe River, far into Macombe's country. From Macequeçe the railway quickly dips down into the actual lowlands. One gets into the genuine African bush, which in parts, however, becomes real forest. In wide

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curves and windings the railway line turns to the south-east, and partly crosses, especially after the rainy season, scenes of tropical vegetation and luxuriance.

A Portuguese writer of the sixteenth century once said that it was remarkable that Nature had by preference spread her gold-fields over the most arid and parched places of the earth. It seemed as though in such spots she concentrated her energy



ON THE MASHONALAND RAILWAY.

wholly on the production of the precious metal. This observation applies without question chiefly to the secret gold-mines of parched Macombe-land, several of which have already been recovered by our expeditions. As my readers already know from our first chapter, we are actually here in the fabulous empire of the Monomotapa of the Middle Ages, or the Kingdom of Sofala. I am not yet in a position to make public more exact particulars of our discoveries, as our investigations are not yet concluded, but when

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I can do this I will propose the building of a railway line, say from Chimoio or Bamboo Creek, through the actual Macombe-land on the Middle Zambesi, perhaps with a branch line through Gorongosa. Not only would such a line open up rich gold-fields, but also coal- and diamond-mines. This would be the simplest way of providing a final solution to the troublesome Macombe question, which at present cripples every enterprise there.

Macombe-land contains a great supply of labour material, which should at last be made use of in opening up the country. Even the most independent native chief cannot stand out lastingly against the building of a railway. I devoutly hope that I shall be allowed to take a practical hand in the settling of this matter next time I am in South Africa. These whole regions, which contain about the same area as the ancient Kingdom of Sofala mentioned above, stand at present under the administration of the Mozambique Company, which is trying to develop them after the pattern of the British South Africa Company—with this advantage, however, that it derives real, sound revenues from the duties levied on the coast, and therefore need not burden the settlers engaged here in agricultural pursuits with a quantity of charges like those of the English company. Portuguese duties are considerably less than the Rhodesian. Five per cent. *ad valorem* on all articles is the general duty that is raised in Beira, Chinde, Quilimane, &c. In this there is nothing oppressive. The land also is, in part, splendidly adapted for the cultivation of tropical produce. On the Lower Zambesi as well as on the Pungwe and Busi the best quality of sugar grows; cotton and tobacco soil are

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found in many and extensive spots. Coffee, tea, vanilla and other spices can without question be grown as well. The coasts as far south as Delagoa Bay offer all the natural conditions needful for plantations of the cocoanut tree. Throughout, all the general conditions of the Zanzibar coast are prevalent here; only that the winters are considerably cooler, and therefore those that live on the coast have a real season in which to recuperate.

Of the coast towns, Beira especially has developed



THE HAND RAILWAY AT BEIRA.

with surprising rapidity. Those who, like myself, had seen the place in 1892 were surprised when they saw it again in March, 1899, that is to say, after an existence of seven years. In place of the old bleak lagoon one found a sea of houses, and streets with red tiles and roofs. Beira lies $19^{\circ} 50'$ south latitude and $34^{\circ} 50'$ east longitude at the common estuary of the Pungwe and Busi Rivers, both of which are navigable by small ships for about one hundred miles. The bay into which these two rivers empty themselves is open

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to ocean-going steamships ; and the town, whose name really means bar or sand, owes its origin to this circumstance. Now one always sees a number of more or less large vessels in the harbour, and at present Portuguese, English, or German ships of war riding at anchor. There, where ten years ago stood a few huts, are now about four thousand inhabitants, one thousand of whom are Europeans. Life at Beira is very gay, in certain directions even frivolous. The place has all the drawbacks of an international seaport. The Mozambique Company, which has here its seat of government, does much in the direction of building roads and other improvements. Here the firms of Philippi & Co., whose principal, Herr Minck, is the German consul, Suter & Co., the Manica Land Trading Company, The Standard Bank of South Africa, The Bank of Africa, and others, have their head offices on the coast. A newspaper, issued once a week, the *Beira Post*, gives the inhabitants news from the great world. The streets themselves are exceedingly dusty and sandy, but on the side-walks there is good asphalt pavement for foot-passengers, and the personal traffic as well as the freight traffic is carried on by means of a peculiar kind of "trolley" on rails, which, in the hot hours of the day, under the burning sun of summer-time, is a great relief.

The future of Beira depends entirely on the development of the gold-fields of the hinterland, that is to say on Manicaland and Rhodesia. But at present it has taken, and will maintain, the place of the ancient Sofala, which lay more to the south.

Beira is the seat of the Portuguese Government of Sofala, and, therefore, full of Portuguese officials. The English element, however, is very strongly

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represented, as Beira is at the same time the starting-place of the Beira-Mashonaland Railway, an English enterprise with a very independent concession. This railway crosses the Pungwe at Fontesvilla, forty miles from Beira, and then turns, as we have seen, by way



FONTESVILLA, ON THE PUNGWE.

of Bamboo Creek and Chimoio into the uplands of Manica. Its importance will only show itself fully when the branch line I have proposed into the Upper Sabi Valley and into Macombe's country is carried out.

CHAPTER XIX

MINES, RAILWAYS, AND HARBOURS

LIBERAL, generally speaking, as the administration of the mines is in Manicaland, under the direction of the far-sighted Captain d'Andrade, just as slow and narrow is in many respects the general administration of the Mozambique Company in Beira, which differs, very much to its disadvantage, from the policy pursued in Macequeçe. Here a regular bureaucracy has settled down, which seems to think that it owns the country. It is chiefly this circumstance which prevents any large investments of capital in the Portuguese colony, and hinders the progress of the country. Some reform is, therefore, necessary in this place.

The Delagoa Bay Railway lawsuit is still remembered by everybody. A similar thing can happen anew every day under a narrow-minded governor. Here are several examples of the short-sighted policy pursued. They could neither wage war nor make a treaty of peace with Macombe. I had made a good beginning, by setting to work in his country, towards slowly opening this region up for European enterprise and thus preparing the way for the Mozambique Company. Suddenly I was forbidden to have any further intercourse with Macombe, and with this the

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work that was begun was brought sharply to a standstill.

The banks of the Zambesi are in places very fertile, and every wise administration would make them accessible to private enterprise as far as is possible. The Mozambique Company, however, declares a strip eighty metres wide on the banks of the river to be crown land, forbids the building of all private houses on this strip, and thereby robs the valley of its chief value, that of direct communication with the waterway. For what reason this law was passed is quite incomprehensible.

Taking it as a whole, the Portuguese administration is a peculiar mixture of old monopolistic ideas with modern notions of colonial policy. The conquistadores who broke into East Africa in the sixteenth century naturally kept the country for themselves, so as to plunder these regions for the crown of Portugal and their own pockets, just as their countrymen and the Spaniards, *à la* Cortez and Pizarro, behaved in South America. The principles of agricultural work and civic liberty were only later introduced by the English and the Dutch into the world overseas. To-day the more intelligent of the Portuguese officials, such as Captain d'Andrade, in Macequece, or Colonel Machado, of the Zambesi Company, quite see that Portugal also must honestly accept the Anglo-Saxon system of the "open door" if it hopes to keep its colonies even for another hundred years. But these men find some difficulty in making themselves heard against prejudices hundreds of years old. That the Great Powers of Northern Europe will not allow the rights of their subjects in Africa to be injured by so small a power as Portugal, must certainly

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be clear to the most conservative statesman in Lisbon.

We Germans have hardly a right to laugh at this colonial administration of Portugal, as long as we ourselves are practically committing similar mistakes, without, on the other hand, taking up the progressive standpoint which the Mozambique Company, at least as regards the mining industry, has adopted. Have *we* an honest autonomy, the "open door" for all? Do not *our* colonies also suffer from an impossible system of bureaucracy, a short-sighted monopoly by the State? We shall only be able to exchange our glass-houses for dwellings of a more substantial kind if we take a leaf out of England's colonial policy.

As England gained a foothold in Beira by the Mashonaland Railway Concession and a Customs treaty, which gives goods destined for the British hinterland duty-free transit through Portuguese territory, so in Chinde, the actual harbour of the Zambesi, England has procured for herself an exceptional position through the so-called "British Concession." The navigable Chinde estuary was discovered by an English naval officer, and the Zambesi was thus opened up to modern navigation. This was the desired point of departure for the London diplomatists to obtain the lease of a "free port" on the Bay of Chinde from Portugal. This leasehold is the "British Concession" already mentioned, or, as one can already read on the English packing-cases there, "British Chinde."

British Chinde was at first only five acres in extent, but for all that it has lately expanded to twenty-five acres, and is enclosed and separated from Chinde proper by a palisade. All goods which are landed there are quite independent of the Portuguese customs

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officials in Chinde, and if they are forwarded from thence into British territory the Portuguese Customs administration has nothing whatever to do with them. Only the goods which go from the "concession" into the Portuguese hinterland have to pay duty at some



CAPTAIN D'ANDRADE, DIRECTOR OF MINES, MACEQUEÇE.

place of call on the Zambesi—at Lacedonia or, perhaps, Sena.

Unfortunately the harbour of Chinde does not permit of the entry of large steamships. A bar that is collecting more and more sand prevents their entry

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into the inner harbour. The large boats of the German East Africa Line, therefore, remain outside this bar ; the traffic with the inner harbour is carried on by means of the little *Adjutant*, the direct traffic between Chinde and Beira by means of the old *Peters*.

From Chinde five lines of river steamers carry on the traffic to Tete and to Lake Nyassa :—

- (1) The African International Flotilla and Transport Company.
- (2) The African Lakes Company.
- (3) Sharrer's Zambesi Traffic Company.
- (4) Messrs. Deuss Teixeira and Company.
- (5) The British Central Africa Transit Company.

Altogether last year there were 110 British, 25 Portuguese, and 6 German vessels on the Zambesi, Shire, and Lake Nyassa, and five Portuguese and two English gunboats do police duty there. I have no doubt whatever that when the progressive movement gets the upper hand in Portuguese colonial administration the Zambesi will soon become the scene of extensive economic enterprises. So gigantic a stream, with fertile alluvial banks and rich stores of mineral wealth in the background, combined with an inexhaustible supply of labour can, reasonably administered, be very rapidly developed into a field of investment for international capital. Here one finds rich country for the planting of sugar, cotton, and tobacco ; here is coal close to the river ; here we found gold and diamonds. What more can one want ? I only hope that Germany will join in there at the start. Round about the Lupata Gorge I have created German interests. Men like Deuss, A. Herfurth, &c., are opening up other channels. German capital has to

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decide whether our nation shall participate in the exploitation of the Zambesi or not.

The population of Chinde, including the steamboat employés, is estimated at 300 whites and 3,000 blacks. The town has miserable sandy streets, but, thanks to the regularity of the sea-breeze, a comparatively healthy climate. Fever is far less prevalent here than in Beira and Delagoa Bay.

North of Chinde, at the northernmost estuary of the Zambesi, now choked up with sand, lies Quilimane, the original port of entry to the Ophir of old, whose ancient name of Rhapta has been preserved to this day in the coast-town of Parapat. Quilimane or Rhapta was the nearest gateway to the actual gold-fields in the days of South Arabian rule. Down to Livingstone's time the trade on the Zambesi was chiefly carried on through this place. Even to-day much of the produce of Nyassa reaches the world's markets by way of Quilimane. For all that, however, the place is naturally falling into decay, as the transport of goods overland cannot compete for any length of time with the carriage by water which Chinde offers. Only if the Chinde bar should be lastingly blocked up by sand and the "Qua-qua" (the name of the Quilimane arm of the Zambesi) canal had to be built, would this town have a chance of regaining its old importance. Nowadays when passing from Chinde to Quilimane it feels as though one had exchanged South-east Africa for the actual Zanzibar coast, breathing genuine, unadulterated Swahili air under the palm-trees of Quilimane.

I consider that the ancient Ophir coast-line extends southwards to beyond Inhambane. This is the natural harbour of Gazaland, and its name alone betrays that

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it belonged to the Punic world. Inhambane lies $23^{\circ} 50'$ S. lat. and $35^{\circ} 25'$ E. long., and has a good and wide harbour. Its chief claim to importance nowadays arises from the fact that the Shangans of Gazaland, the best labour material for the working of the South African mines, are shipped from here. Gazaland, between the Limpopo and Sabi, is strewn with ruins of the ancient civilisation that once flourished there; well watered, it is a splendid country for agriculture or cattle-raising. A short time ago a company with a nominal capital of £1,200,000 was founded in Lisbon to exploit this region.

Between Inhambane and Beira lies what was once the actual port of Sofala, which has now lost its importance, as it can no longer be used by modern ocean-going steamships. Some distance to the south of it the River Sabi flows into the Indian Ocean, and here, accordingly, we may consider that we have reached the centre of the Sabæan dominion in South Africa.

This, briefly stated, is the land of Ophir of ancient history, as it appears to us to-day. Its modern development depends, apart from its natural resources, on the policy of two companies, the Mozambique Company and the British South Africa Company. If we are to look forward hopefully they must work hand in hand, for the one has control of the coast, while the other has the greater part of the healthy and fertile hinterland.

The rulers of the ancient world could dispose of the immeasurable labour-power of slavery, with which it was enabled to build up pyramids in the north of Africa; and in the south it could carry out mining operations for at least a thousand years, that not only provided the markets of Asia Minor and Arabia, but

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also the whole of the Mediterranean regions, with practically all their supplies of the yellow metal. Yes, as far as the Rhine and the Danube flowed this stream from South Africa, and the gold of the Nibelungs, which tempted German heroes to treachery, battle, and murder, probably came from the countries between the Zambesi and the Sabi.

Our own age has put aside slavery for good and all. Instead of it we use the mechanical powers of steam and electricity to force old Africa to yield up her treasures. Without human direction, however, these forces cannot be put to economic uses. European brain-power and African muscle-power will have to be yoked together through all time if the giant problem of opening up the Black Continent to civilisation is to be successfully solved. To reach this end we must work towards a rational organisation of the African labour question.

If Europe is able to solve this question in a practicable fashion, then the ancient land of Ophir is on the threshold of a new golden age. The two gateways leading up the Zambesi, and from Beira to the tablelands, will again stand open for the entry of economic labour and northern intelligence into auri-ferous South Africa.

If we look back on the past of our species, this period of human history often appears to us as unjustifiably and excessively prolonged. Actually, we are rather on the threshold of an immense development. The human race still stands at the stage of childhood, and probably essential changes are imminent, so that the century that we have just entered will be just as much in advance of the nineteenth as the nineteenth was superior to the eighteenth in all

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scientific discoveries and inventions. The solution of the problem of the flying-machine, the exploitation of the inexhaustible treasures of the ocean, the practical preparation of animal foods chemically, perhaps the opening up of communications with other planets through the perfection of wireless telegraphy—all these are tasks which open up far-reaching vistas in the progress of our race.

One thing is clear, that the power of man over the forces of our planet grows ever more absolute, and that the white race in particular exploits step by step, and decade by decade, with a never-growing disregard, every zone of the world in order to supply its needs.

In this process the dark continent, especially South Africa, with its abundance of minerals, its healthy and well-watered plateaux, its in part fertile and luxuriant lowlands, will always play a more and more prominent part. If not so exclusively as three thousand years ago, for to-day other gold-fields are competing with it, the Ophir of ancient history will again become an essential factor in successful enterprise.

As I marched over the highlands of Inyanga and Melsetter, or lay camped in the well-watered mountains of Manicaland, visions of such a future for this mysterious land of ruins rose up before me. Again I saw cities arise in which an industrious European population levied wealth from above the soil and below it. Once more my eyes saw sacred temples. But Baal was not worshipped in them, for over their ruins stood the cross, the symbol of renunciation and peace. Thus the civilisation of Christ, so mysterious in its combination of world-conquering energy and world-abandoning sacrifice, will lay its hand on the land that was the Eldorado of the Book of the Kings.

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Men like Albuquerque and Cecil Rhodes have introduced the sovereignty of the European world into these regions. The discoveries of Karl Mauch and Theodore Bent have, for the first time, turned the thoughts of modern science seriously towards South Africa as holding the solution of the Ophir question. I, here, have followed paths that others have laid open. But I dare to hope that the explorations recorded in this book have built a firm foundation for the South African theory of Ophir, and that they will contribute vigorously towards directing the European spirit of enterprise to this land of promise.

APPENDIX

PARTICULARS OF A FIND OF COINS IN INYANGA (RHODESIA)

EUROPEAN COINS.

Gold.

Holland.—Ducat of West Friesland, 1598.

Silver.

Spain.—Dollar of Charles III., 1777; and also of 1782.

These two pieces are counter-marked with Chinese characters called chops, and were formerly the principal medium of commerce in China. They are now superseded by the Mexican Dollar, but still current in Formosa.

Austria.—Dollar of Maria Theresia 1790. These dollars were frequently restruck during the last century for circulation in Abyssinia.

Sweden.—Rigsdales of Gustavus III., 1788.

Copper Coins.

Portugal.—10 Rees piece of Johannes V., dated 1749; and 10 Rees piece of Josephus I., dated 1765.

Hungary.—2 Groschel piece of Maria Theresia, dated 1763.

GRAECO-INDIAN COINS.

Alexander's successors, including

Eukratides, 180–160 B.C.

Appollodotus, 135 B.C.

Straton II., about 120 B.C.

Hurribha.

Nameless King, about 25 A.D.

Late Indo-Seydhic coins till about 215 A.D.

APPENDIX

Patan Sultans of Hindostan.

4 coins about 1488-1545 A.D.

INDIA COINS GENERALLY.

Silver.

Nizam Dominions.—Native Rupee, 1125 A.H.

Roma Hanba.—Temple piece, date uncertain.

Copper.

Bhopal, 1302-1303 and 1305 A.H.

Chamba.

Delhi, Early Sultans.

Kandahar, about 900 A.D.

Kashmir, 1 antique and 2 modern coins.

Mysore, 1 modern coin.

Nepal, 1 modern coin.

Sebh, 1 modern coin.

Siam, 1/4 fuang, King Somdet Phra Paramendi Muhu, about 1850.

RUDOLPH FRENTZEL,

Member London Numismatic Society.

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